Jan. 20, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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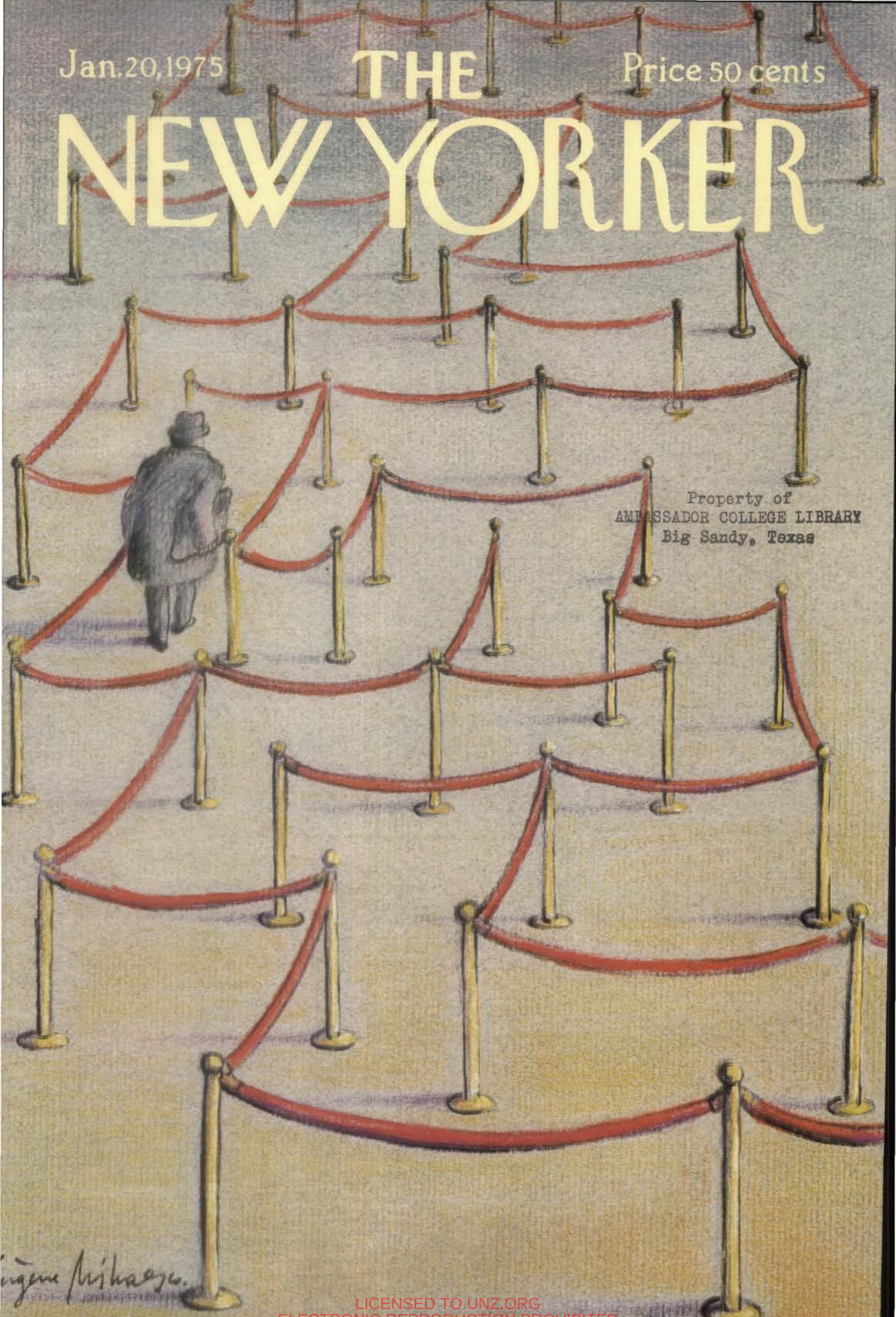
Eugene Mihaesco

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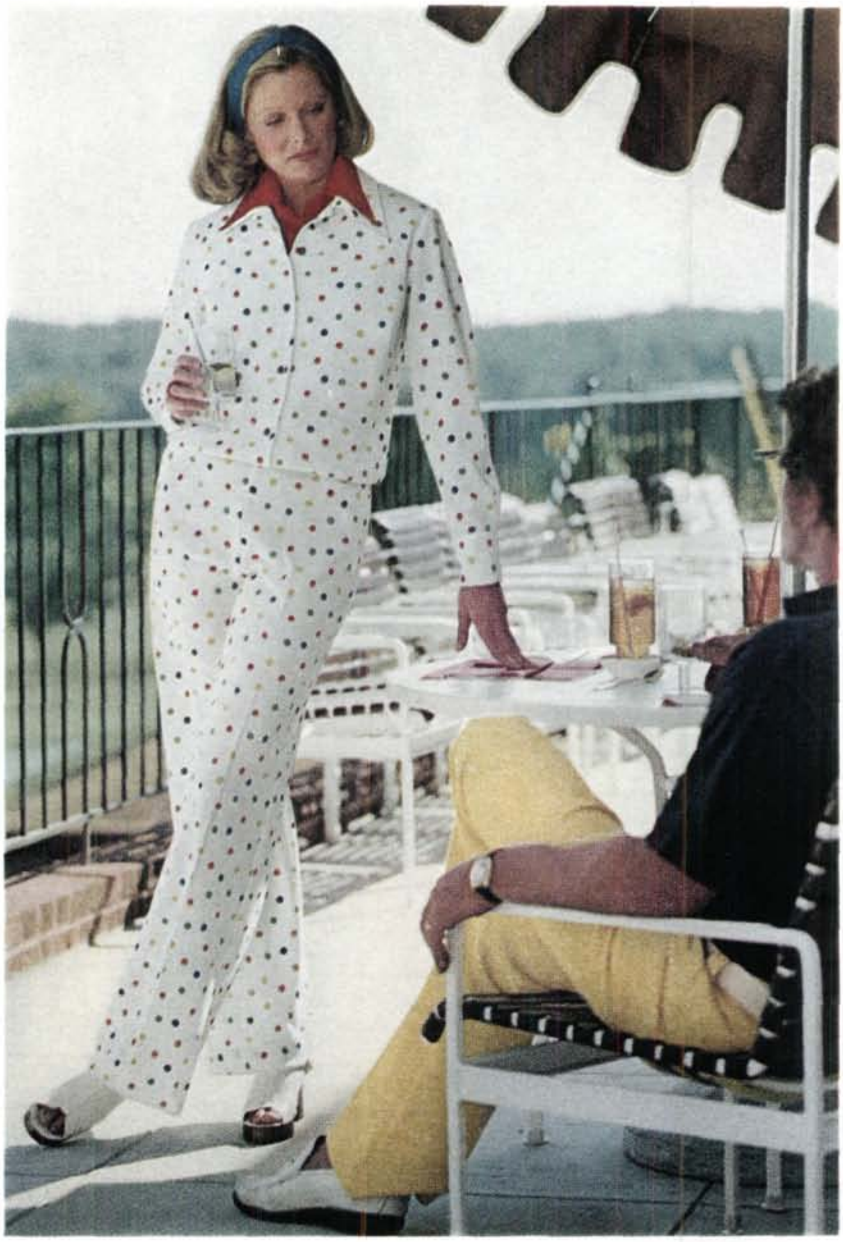

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Richard Kiley, Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

All Over Town—A failed farce by Murray Schisgal. Eleven doors in a set are witty, but not witty enough. Directed by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Big Winner—David Opatoshu and Stan Porter in a Yiddish musical based on a 1922 play by Sholom Aleichem. The music is by Sol Kaplan, and Wolf Younin wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Opatoshu. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Black Picture Show—Bill Gunn shows signs of being a brilliant playwright, but this comedy about a black writer and his troubled soul is one of yesterday's burdens. Well acted by Dick Anthony Williams, Carol Cole, Linda Miller, and Albert Hall. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9.)

Black Theatre Series—The last in a series of productions: Roger Furman's "The Long Black Block," performed by the New Heritage Repertory Theatre. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24-25, at 8, and final performance Sunday, Jan. 26, at 3.)

Blasts and Bravos: An Evening with H. L. Mencken—Paul Shyre in a one-man show that he adapted from the writings of Mr. Mencken. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 16, at 6:45. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—Elizabeth Ashley, Fred Gwynne, Keir Dullea, and Kate Reid in a fine revival of Tennessee Williams' melodrama about sex, money, and family ties in the Deep South. Directed by Michael Kahn. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 8.)

Diamond Studs—A musical about Jesse James, with a book by Jim Wann and music and lyrics by Bland Simpson and Mr. Wann. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Enter a Free Man—An early play by Tom Stoppard, written in an uncharacteristically down-to-earth vein but well worth a visit. An admirable production. (Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. CI 6-7277. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 19.)

Equity Library Theatre—A musical, NEW GIRL IN TOWN, by George Abbott and Bob Merrill, based on O'Neill's "Anna Christie," is the fourth show in this season's series of eight. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 26. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who multilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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God's Favorite—Neil Simon's repulsive retelling, in contemporary urban-Jewish patois, of the Book of Job. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

In Praise of Love—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel all give exquisite lessons in the art of acting; their vehicle, by Terence Rattigan, is not an exquisite lesson in the art of playwriting but it will serve. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Madhouse Company of London—Horseplay by some gifted clowns in a pleasant cabaret setting. (Brooklyn Navy Yard, downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:3
Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but t
magic tricks by Doug Henning make up f
it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-639
Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Ma
inées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, a
Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The Measures Taken—Bertolt Brecht's pla
translated by Eric Bentley. (Public, 4
Lafayette St. 677-6350. Thursday and F
day at 7:30; Saturday at 7:30 and 9:30; a
Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Clos
Sunday, Jan. 19.)

The Nothing Kid and **Standard Safety**—T
short comedies written and directed by Jul
Bovasso. The lines are often very funny, a
the cast is delightful. (La Mama Annex,
E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursdays through Su
days at 7:30.)

Of Mice and Men—A very fine revival of t
Steinbeck play of 1937. With James Ea
Jones and Kevin Conway. (Brooks Atkinso
256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays throu
Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays a
Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Philemon—A tenderhearted, overlong music
about a clown in Antioch, some two thousa

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ULTIMA II
CHARLES REVSON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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years ago. By Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, who wrote "The Fantasticks." (Portfolio Studio, 341 W. 47th St. CI 6-6755. Fridays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 26.)

PRETZELS—A fresh-faced, fresh-voiced, barely postgraduate revue, starring Jane Curtin, John Forster, Timothy Jerome, and Judy Kahan. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE RITZ—A comedy by Terrence McNally, with Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller. Directed by Robert Drivas. Previews through Saturday, Jan. 18. Opens officially on Monday, Jan. 20. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE RIVALS—Richard Brinsley Sheridan's comedy, with Jane Connell, Christopher Hewett, Susan Watson, and Richard Monette. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

SCAPINO—Jim Dale and a dozen other able actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and funny in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE SEAGULL and **OUR LATE NIGHT**—An unsuccessful production of Chekhov's great play and a successful production of a new comedy by Wallace Shawn. **THE SEAGULL:** Wednesday, Jan. 15, and Friday, Jan. 17, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 18, at 7; Sunday, Jan. 19, at 3; and Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 21-25, at 7:30. . . . **OUR LATE NIGHT:** Thursday, Jan. 16, at 7:30, and Saturday, Jan. 18, at 10:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

SHENANDOAH—Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES—A witty revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. John Wood is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund, Thursday, Jan. 23, at midnight.)

SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD and **THE ISLAND**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD**, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND**, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 2 and 8. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF THEOPHILUS MAITLAND—A musical with a book by Vinnette Carroll (who also directed) and music and lyrics by Micki Grant. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 7:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 16. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE WAGER—Mark Medoff's sentimental farce, about a pair of graduate students and a professor and his pretty wife, is only rarely as funny or shrewd as it is meant to be, but it is well acted, under Anthony Perkins' direction. Kristoffer Tabori is good, in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Kenneth Gilman and John Heard. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 19.)

WHERE'S CHARLEY?—A pretty-to-look-at but disappointing revival of the Frank Loesser musical. Starring Raul Julia. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE WIZ—An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

YENTL THE YESHIVA BOY—A play adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's short story by Leah Napolin and Mr. Singer. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 19.)

LONG RUNS—**CANDIDE:** A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,129 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of the-atre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. . . . **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a compan headed by Jo Jo Starbuck, Ken Shelley, Ann Galmarini, and Freddie Trenkler. (Madiso Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31s and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 15 at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 16-17, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 18, at 11, 3, an 8:30; and final performances Sunday, Jan 19, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Pulcinella." . . . ¶ Thursday Jan. 16, at 8: "Bugaku," "Stravinsky Violi Concerto," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 17, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 18, a 2: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8 "Concerto Barocco," "Episodes," and "Wh Cares?" . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 19, at 1: "Th Goldberg Variations" and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 19, at 7: "Sinfonietta," "Prodigal Son," and "The Concert." . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Pulcinella." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 22-23, at 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Dybbu Variations" and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Saltarelli," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8 "Swan Lake," "Sinfonietta," and "Wh Cares?" (New York State Theatre, Lincol Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb 16.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday, Jan. 15 at 8: "Concerto," "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," an "The River." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8 "Napoli Divertissements," "Dark Elegies," "Diana and Acteon Pas de Deux," an "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan 17, at 8: "Billy the Kid" and "La Fille Ma Gardée." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2: "Harbinger" and "La Fille Mal Gardée." . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Le Jeune Homm et la Mort," "The River," "Unfinished Symphony," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan 19, at 2: "Harbinger" and "La Fille Ma Gardée." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 19, at 7:30: "Le Sylphides," "Dark Elegies," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Billy the Kid" and "La Fille Mal Gardée." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 22 at 8: "Pas de Quatre," "Dark Elegies," "Grand Pas Classique," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Harbinger," "Gemini" (première), "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 8 "Harbinger," "Unfinished Symphony," "Fal River Legend," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2: "Billy the Kid," "Pas d Quatre," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Fal River Legend," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." (City Center 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Feb. 2.)

NUREYEV AND FRIENDS—With Merle Park, Loui Falco, leading soloists of the Paul Taylo Dance Company, and others, in a five-wee engagement. The program: "Apollo," "Th Moor's Pavane," "Aureole," and "Flowe Festival in Genzano Pas de Deux." (Uris 51st St. west of Broadway, 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2. Through Saturday, Jan. 25.)

KAZUKO HIRABAYASHI DANCE THEATRE—"Silence" (première), "Nympheas" (première), "Nigh of the Four Moons with Lone Shadow," an "Mudai." (Hunter College Playhouse, Par Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24-25, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.

DAVID AMRAM—St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). Frenc horn, guitar, piano, and wooden flutes, wit

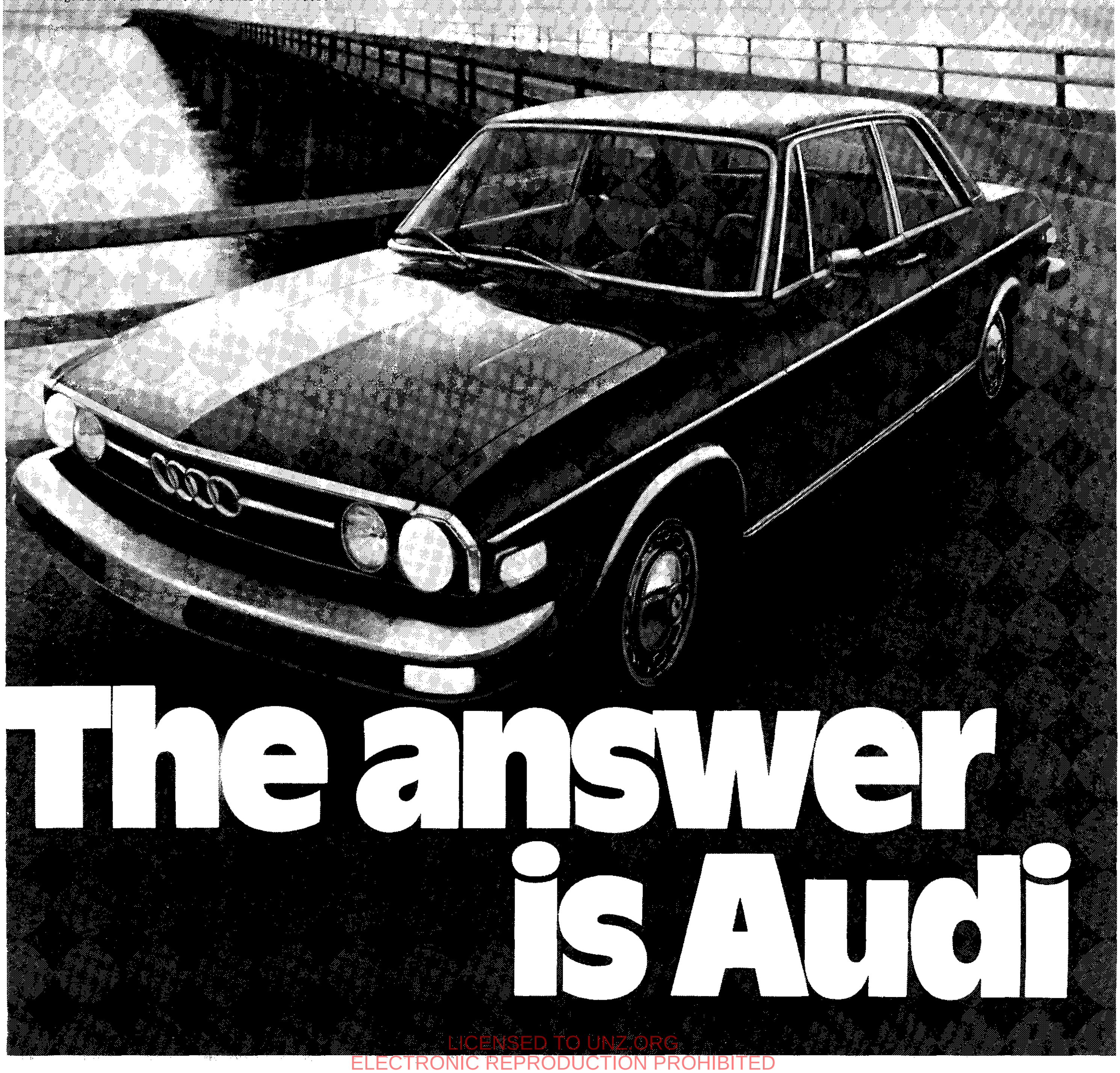
Q. What 1974 luxury car was $4975 last January and is still available at $4975 this January?

It was quite a year for price increases. Most cars went up several hundred dollars. But the Audi 100LS is still the same price this January as it was last January. And it's still available.

The Audi is a full-sized luxury car, extraordinarily comfortable. Its seats were orthopedically designed to help prevent fatigue; it has the legroom and headroom of some cars twice the price; it's the only luxury car that combines front-wheel drive, torsion crank rear axle, front disc brakes, rack-and-pinion steering. And it's German engineered to last. And to get about 24 miles to the gallon.*

It may go up in February. But this month you can get it for $4975.†
Unquestionably.

†Suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. West Coast slightly higher. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, additional.
*Mileage based on German Industry Standard DIN-70030.



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a quartet. Mondays at ten. . . . ¶ Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). With Pepper Adams, Jerry Dodgion, Herb Bushler, Al Harewood, and Charlie Chin. Through Sunday, Jan. 19, from nine to two.

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a combo, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Drums, leading the current Messengers. From nine to two, beginning Tuesday, Jan. 21.

Mike Bloomfield—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Electric guitar, with Barry Goldberg, Mark Naftalin, Nick Gravenites, Roger Troy, and others. Beginning Friday, Jan. 24, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Bricktop and Hugh Shannon—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Songs. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from ten until two; Shannon is here alone on Tuesdays as well.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Anita Ellis and Ellis Larkins—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Vocals and piano, respectively. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-fifteen; through Thursday, Jan. 23.

Bill Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, with bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Marty Morrell, starting Tuesday, Jan. 21, at ten.

Gil Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading fifteen or so musicians. Monday, Jan. 20, at ten.

Terry Gibbs—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Vibraharp, with Barry Harris, Milt Hinton, and Ray Mosca; from nine-fifteen to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Sonny Greer, Russell Procope, and Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 22-23, from nine to one.

Helen Humes and Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Jazz and blues singer and piano, respectively. Beginning Friday, Jan. 24, from eight to one.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. . . . ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). From nine-thirty to two, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Marian McPartland—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, from nine-thirty to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with Jo Jones and Paul Quinichette; Saturdays and Sundays, from nine to one.

Roswell Rudd—St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). Trombone and French horn, leading a quartet, Tuesdays through Sundays, from ten.

Pharoah Sanders—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Tenor saxophone, leading a quintet, from ten, through Sunday, Jan. 19.

Sarah Vaughan—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Vocals with a quintet, beginning Monday, Jan. 20, at dinner and supper.

Doc Watson—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Guitar and folk songs, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 16-19.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two. . . . ¶ Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785). Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, from ten to two.

Mary Lou Williams—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, except Sunday, through Thursday, Jan. 23.

●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Occupying the ground floor of a newly and artlessly renovated apartment house, this Chelsea pub is unmercifully cluttered with nautical artifacts. Drummer Jual Curtis is perched with his trio on the tiny, three-foot-high bandstand from nine-thirty to two-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. English soul food: fish-and-chips, steak-and-kidney pie, and shepherd's pie.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—A pleasant, low-keyed little hideaway just off Sheridan Square, frequented on Monday nights by feverish devotees of Chicago jazz and Dixieland. The Monday-night band, known as the Grove Street Stompers, is composed of avocational musicians: they may just be tired businessmen when they begin, but by eleven-thirty or so, they have taken on the loose and limber and perspiring attributes of authentic jazzmen. The rest of the week—Tuesday through Saturday—is claimed by singer and pianist Mabel Godwin from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock club (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house offers a top-notch sound system and a sensible seating arrangement of three tiers of aisled tables. On Wednesday, Jan. 15, the Guess Who, one of Canada's claims to rock-and-roll fame, has the run of the place. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 16-19, singer and guitarist Doc Watson trades sets with bluesman Leon Redbone. Watson, who is from the mountains of North Carolina, is, in his early fifties, already a legendary folk musician. He sings and stunningly flat-picks a repertoire that ranges from "Gonna Lay Down My Old Guitar" to "Little Stream of Whisky" to "The Sheik of Araby." His son, Merle, will accompany him, as usual, and so will three other young musicians of rural persuasion. The proceedings revert to less complicated musical forms Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 20-22, when two rock bands, the Turtles and the Hello People, will alternate. Mike Bloomfield, whose reputation has so often come under fire since the mid-sixties when he came to prominence—some say he picked up his licks from B. B. King; others say he copped his chops from Robbie Robertson—remains for many listeners the consummate rock-and-blues guitarist. On Friday, Jan. 24, he returns to the city with his fellow northern Californians—what amounts to the core of the again-defunct Electric Flag, a super blues group that last fall enjoyed one of the most eagerly awaited and shortest-lived reunions in memory. Bloomfield will be sharing the stage with two zealous and intelligent keyboard players, Mark Naftalin and Barry Goldberg; bassist and vocalist Roger Troy; drummer George Rains, who replaces Buddy Miles; Nick Gravenites, a wonderfully expressive singer; and a three-piece horn section. Guitarist Don Preston and his band will appear opposite Bloomfield and company. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Thursday, Jan. 23. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this warm and friendly bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Mike Mainieri, on vibraharp, and pianist Warren Bernhardt occupy the corner through Saturday, Jan. 18. Sundays, Jaki Byard, an accomplished pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is on his two-month winter sabbatical, and the Café (for January, anyway) is offering no fewer than two groups—or, rather, one group, Manhattan Transfer, and one person, Marian McPartland. The Carlyle's original good plan had been to put Manhattan Transfer in the Café and Marian McPartland in the Bemelmans Bar, long one of the city's pleasantest open secrets. But, for whatever reason, this went agley, and the two attractions have been herded into the Café—and in a consummately mismanaged fashion: Manhattan Transfer is top banana, and Marian McPartland what amounts to third or fourth. On opening night, she was never introduced (nor was any annunciatory notice taken of her in the lobby outside the room), she played in semi-darkness at the rear of the stage (which has been moved to the south end of the room), and she had to contend with an audience that ceaselessly roared and chomped and boomed. The swaybacked intermission pianists at the old Jimmy Ryan's were accorded more courtesy. Marian McPartland reacted predictably by playing with a fire and brilliance (and astounding volume) that overran every obstacle, and eventually even allowed her to deliver a soft, floating "I'll Be Around." She also got off a multi-layered, multi-tempo "Royal Garden Blues," a dazzling "Little Rock Getaway," a "Hey Jude" full of waterfalls and hanging gardens, a perhaps overly resplendent "Clothed Woman," a pyramidal "Indiana," and two Fats Wallers—"Ain't Misbehavin'" and "Honeysuckle Rose"—that were harmonic marvels. She is playing without accompaniment, and she proves a pianistic maxim: no first-rate pianist needs rhythmic help. Manhattan Transfer is, with its Bob Fosse movements and excited dress, a sort of Berlin, 1931, vocal quartet, made up of two men and two women, and it sings, in a campy way, material from the thirties and forties and fifties that was largely campy from the start. How, for Melvin's sake, do you poke fun at such self-mockery as "Flat Foot Floogee"? The group's backing—piano, guitar, bass, and drums—was merciless. The pianist frequently didn't know the chords, and the drummer decorated everything with foot-pedal bombs. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Although Earl Hines has swum through period after period during his extraordinary career (his ebullient early originality, a cocktail interlude, a Dixieland one, and his present Jamesian prolixity), his best students (Teddy Wilson, Billy Kyle, Jess Stacy, Erroll Garner, Mary Lou Williams), once they perfected their visions of his teachings, have been remarkably steadfast and rewarding. None, though, has been more unquenchable than Mary Lou Williams. The decades go by, but her playing—with its startling, steely single-note lines; tight, almost harsh chordal passages; and flashing, exploratory rhythmic sense—continues to surprise and delight and instruct. In her early days, one heard the steps of her idols in her work; now one hears the graceful sources on which her myriad admirers draw. Through Thursday, Jan. 23. Helen Humes, one of several ex-Basie vocalists now on the loose (she sang with the late-thirties version of the band), will be singing blues and ballads with the able and courtly backing of Ellis Larkins, starting Friday, Jan. 24. Dick Hyman claims the keyboard on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dinner.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—In its latest incarnation—over the last decade this address became the site of such multifarious operations as world-famous jazz club, discothèque, and neighborhood bar-and-grill—the Five Spot has renewed its interest in jazz and contemporary music. David Amram, master of the French horn, guitar, oud, Pakistani flute, and other instruments, offers his pleasant hodgepodge of musical conceits, some of them in-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

volving West Indian and Middle Eastern motifs. His sextet includes baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams; Jerry Dodgion, on alto sax; bassist Herb Bushler; guitarist Charlie Chin; and Al Harewood, on drums. Through Sunday, Jan. 19. Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers come in for two weeks starting Tuesday, Jan. 21. Pianist Dave Matthews pilots a twelve-piece band on Mondays. Music from nine to two.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist Lee Konitz swaps solos with pianist Dick Katz and bassist Wilbur Little. Lynn Crane takes time out from her proprietary duties to sing along with the trio on a couple of tunes per set. Snacks.

Jacques at the Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Pianist Lance Hayward plays here nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky leads a Dixieland band from eight to two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The conversationalists are, for the most part, sundry businesspersons. The performers are vibraharpist Terry Gibbs, pianist Barry Harris, bassist Milt Hinton, and Ray Mosca on drums. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one. The New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Jazz Orchestra, a Dixieland sextet, reigns on Mondays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **bird cage**, Ellis Larkins, a musician of diffident strength and vast popularity, is playing solo piano and also accompanies singer Anita Ellis. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-fifteen; through Thursday, Jan. 23. On Friday, Jan. 24, singer Larry Kert and his pianist provide the music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The management has thoughtfully installed two bicycle racks just outside this upper West Side hangout. One can keep tabs on one's bike from the sidewalk gallery, which has windows made of the same type of plastic that separates taxi passengers from taxi-drivers. Thursday through Tuesday, Jan. 16-21, an exemplary rhythm-and-blues quartet—comprising guitarist Cornell Dupree; bassist Gordon Edwards; Richard Tee, on piano; and drummer Chris Parker—takes on the music chores, from ten until three. Dinner.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—This modest restaurant and bar, which presents classical and, sometimes, folk music nightly from seven to eleven (from six on Sundays), makes a pleasant, relaxed alternative to the rigidities of the concert hall. The decorations include a characteristically brooding, steely-eyed portrait of Beethoven, a guitar-shaped poster that enumerates the recording artists for a small blues label, and regimented rows of hanging plastic plants and a few preserved palms. The musicians are young, proficient, and usually amenable to requests. Soloists perform weekdays; chamber duos, trios, and quartets take over on Fridays and Saturdays.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The most exotic night spot for blocks and blocks, and it boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, mammoth potted palms, an enthusiastic clientele, and a forties campiness. Right now (Tuesdays through Saturdays), Novella Nelson, a striking young woman, performs a

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

program of often heavily dramatic vocals at nine and midnight. Usually seated on a stool, Miss Nelson forcefully, and sometimes gruellingly, attacks and reconstructs a variety of songs, from "Happy Talk" to "Why Don't You Do Right?" She is abetted by a trio led by the distinguished bassist, Richard Davis. Sundays are turned over to singer Joanne Baretta; Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—Occupying a long, narrow, bowling lane of a basement room, this jazz club—barely two months old—has already acquired the character and mood of an established hangout for musicians and aficionados. The walls are a colorful Art Moderne jumble of concentric curves, parallel lines, cloud outlines, and lightning bolts. The music is a colorful interaction. Tuesdays through Sundays, between trombonist Roswell Rudd and his most able sidepersons—pianist Hod O'Brian, bassist Brian Torff (except Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 15-16, when Harvey Schwartz is there), drummer Beaver Harris, and vocalist Sheila Jordan (who is there on Fridays and Saturdays). Mondays have been allocated to David Amram and some musician friends: guitarist Charlie Chin, bassist Torff, and drummer Harris. Music from about ten.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—In these two small second-story rooms, Bricktop, famous for her Paris night club in the twenties and thirties, and now in her frisky eighties, is singing with Hugh Shannon, an international café-society singer and pianist. Shannon begins alone, tossing off some Porter, Hart, Coward, and even, if less successfully, Stevie Wonder tunes. After a break, he plays for and occasionally sings with Bricktop, whose unmiked voice is amazingly strong, clear, and vibrant. Shannon performs from ten to two Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Bricktop makes her appearance Wednesdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Trumpeter Chet Baker and his youthful, eager combo work out on Mondays and Tuesdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, Lee Konitz plays pensively lyrical alto-saxophone fantasies. The Tom Harrell quintet takes over on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, and pianist Albert Dailey arrives with a trio Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24-25. The satisfying guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma retains the Sunday-night slot. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty until two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; and Sundays from nine until two. Snacks.

Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The dark emptiness of nighttime SoHo streets belies the fashionable, steaming activity found in some of the neighborhood hangouts. This after-hours gallery-loft, though among the less congested, is one of the more animated. The source for the commotion is the bandstand, where drummer Rashied Ali and his quartet—James Vass, David Durrah, and Benny Wilson—play intense, rigorous, free-form jazz that lies somewhere beyond John Coltrane, approaching the intricacies of Cecil Taylor. Ali, the proprietor, spent several years playing with those saxophonists who are now considered the vanguard of sixties jazz—Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, and the late Albert Ayler and Coltrane. Thursdays through Sundays from nine to three. Soul food and nonalcoholic beverages.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An airy, spacious restaurant with clear-varnished pine-panelled walls, a picture window filled with huge hanging plants, and a black-marble-topped bar. The musicians play in an acoustically perfect corner—so good, in fact, that recently a quiet,

well-mannered crowd (every table was taken
was treated to a twenty-minute classical-gu
tar—no amplifiers—solo by Bucky Pizzarell
Pizzarelli is here from nine to one o
Wednesday nights for the rest of the mont
On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, tw
more splendid pickers, Chuck Wayne and Jo
Puma, trade solos from ten to two. Piani
Dick Katz performs with bassist Chuck I
raels on the following Friday and Saturda
(Jan. 24-25). Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11
St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, in t
thirties, the Vanguard was considered a boh
mian curiosity. Today, some of the best m
sicians in the world do their best work her
Pharoah Sanders, a case in point, heads up a
intensely rhythmic quintet through Sunda
Jan. 19. On Tuesday, Jan. 21, Bill Evans b
gins playing heady games with his drumme
Marty Morrell, and his bassist, Eddie Gome
On Monday, Jan. 20, pianist-composer-sa
Gil Evans brings in his fifteen-piece aggreg
tion. Evans, looking more like a prematurel
gray rock star than the sixty-two-year-o
jazz patriarch that he is, leads one of the ve
few successful up-to-date big bands. In add
tion to his assortment of tubas, French horn
timpani, several bushels of percussion instr
ments, and synthesizer, he has surrounde
himself with some of the best young mus
cians around. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th S
(924-9723)—Convenient to a New York Cit
truck route, but not much else, this bar h
red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gol
Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from t
ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten fee
soul-food kitchen. Other assets: Nat Jones o
piano, and a bassist perform Thursday
through Sundays, and pianist Neil Fox and
bassist collaborate Mondays through Wedne
days. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th S
(666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled r
treat primarily patronized by Columbia st
dents. The music that is keeping the student
here from their studies these days is neith
folk nor rock or glitter. It is jazz—an
somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mo
days and Tuesdays belong to the Swing A
Stars—Eddie Durham on trombone and gu
tar, drummer Sam Woodyard, Franc Wi
liams on trumpet, and pianist Robin Clar
Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 15-16, an
Fridays, a bop-oriented quintet holds fort
On Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 22-2
Tiny Grimes, a four-string tenor guitaris
plays bebopping blues with his bassist, Te
Cromwell, and his drummer, Ronnie Col
Boogie-woogie pianist Sammy Price wor
with drummer Jo Jones and tenor saxopho
ist Paul Quinichette on Saturdays and Su
days. Music from nine to one.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—I
the **café**, pianist Herb Winner, with the a
sistance of two singing instrumentalist
plays dance music from seven-thirty
twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturday
Pianist Steven Weltner is on duty Sunday
from eight-thirty to midnight, and Monday
from nine to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—
Soprano Lisa Carroll finishes her stay in th
persian room on Saturday, Jan. 18. Monda
Jan. 20, brings on the songs of Hildegard
At ten Mondays through Thursdays, and a
nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays an
Saturdays. Dancing to the Barry Levitt tri
and the René Martel threesome from seve
to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The **plaza re**
taurant provides dinner music by violini
George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstei
Their hours are seven-thirty to ten-thir
Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Monday
through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen an
pianist Jules Kuti play in the **palm cour**
from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and piani
Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thir
ty to one. Saturdays from four-thirty to mid
night, and Sundays from four to seve
Sandu Marcu supplies violin music. Mi
Andrews returns to the keyboard Sunday
from seven-thirty to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7
8970)—The grand rooftop is presenting th
Christopher David Company at dinner an

upper through Saturday, Jan. 18. Dance mu- ic begins at eight.

NBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7- 090)—On this sixty-fifth-floor height, Elea- ior Fell plays harp from seven to eleven, uesdays through Sundays.

REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL -4500)—The **MAISONETTE** goes back into busi- ess on Monday, Jan. 20, when Sarah aughan will commence singing at dinner nd supper. Anthony Terini's band will sup- ly the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . The **ST. REGIS ROOM** is host to pianist Joan t. James Tuesdays through Saturdays, from even to midnight.

ART

lless otherwise noted, galleries are open sdays through Saturdays from around 10 or o between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

IERICK FRIESEKE (1874-1939)—A large exhibi- on of oil paintings and a few watercolors by n American Impressionist who is currently njoying a revival—as what Impressionist n't? Frieseke's subjects are women in gar- ens, women at their dressing tables, women ewing, women strolling with parasols, wom- n lying nude outdoors, women playing with ieir nurse-held children. His paintings have n intimate domestic atmosphere reminiscent f Mary Cassatt, and they are similarly uched by the Japanese influence. Frieseke's lors are delicate, almost pretty, and, in a w instances—such as a large composition of icent blues, greens, pinks, and mauves called The Hammock"—are the unmistakable pal- tte of this painter, who studied with Whis- er and told an interviewer in 1912 that "no rtist [in the Impressionist School] has influ- nced me except, perhaps, Renoir." Through aturday, Jan. 18. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 7th St.)

HÈLE AMATEAU—Oil and sand paintings on invas, some with shapes suggesting vege- ible forms; first solo show here. Through an. 30. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

EL APPEL—Oil paintings from the early six- es by a founding member of the Cobra roup. Through Feb. 15. (Gimpel, 1040 Mad- on Ave., at 79th St.)

ERT BIRMELIN—A series of paintings and rawings entitled "Apartment Living" and ealing with some of the more unusual prob- ms related thereto. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

ID LEE BROWN—Abstract steel sculptures. hrough Jan. 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison ve., at 79th St.)

N BROWNE (1907-61)—Abstract paintings om the nineteen-thirties. Through Feb. 1. Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

R CAMPUS—A closed-circuit installation of ameras and projectors in which the viewer a participant. Through Jan. 30. (Bykert, 4 E. 81st St.)

O—Nightmarish images of a violent inner orld, done in incongruously gentle pastel nes. Through Jan. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Iadison Ave., at 77th St.)

AR DE MEJO—Naïve paintings of sports enes. Through Feb. 1. (Graham, 1014 Mad- on Ave., at 78th St.)

FINE—Sculptures, and a single sixteen-foot ainting done in various mediums; also, a eries of collage and pencil drawings. hrough Feb. 1. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. pen Mondays.)

FRANCIS—Oils, gouaches, and drawings, ex- cuted in the fifties. Through Jan. 29. Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

IEL GILBERT—Semi-abstract landscapes and ill-lifes. Through Feb. 1. (Alonzo, 26 E. 3rd St.)

CHAIM GROSS—Handwoven Aubusson tapestries of his designs. Through Jan. 31. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

TOM HARDY—Welded-bronze pieces. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GILLIAN JAGGER—Large abstractions made from nylon fibre and based on the anatomy of the horse. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

ALEXEJ VON JAWLENSKY (1864-1941)—A show of paintings, with emphasis on portraits completed in the early part of this century. Through Feb. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

FLOYD JOHNSON—Stained and sprayed abstract paintings in a bannerlike format. Through Feb. 22. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

ISMAËL DE LA SERNA (1887-1968)—Paintings and collages by one of the Cubist stalwarts. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

BRUNO LUCCHESI—Bronze and terra-cotta genre sculptures. Starts Saturday, Jan. 18. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE (1898-1967)—Paintings by the Belgian Surrealist, the earliest one done in 1923 and the latest in 1966. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Davlyn, 975 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

HENRI MICHAUX—Paintings done with India ink and acrylics. Through Feb. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

HENRY MOORE—Recent lithographs and etchings by the British sculptor. Through Jan. 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Recent paintings and collages that have some of the qualities of elemental forces. Through Feb. 1. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

SEYMOUR PEARLSTEIN—Paintings and drawings. Through Tuesday, Jan. 21. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

KEVIN PEARSH—Abstract paintings based on the figure by an Australian; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

LEE SAVAGE—Paintings of figures, including several "Bicentennial" notables, among them the Father of Our Country as naked as a jaybird. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

SALVATORE SCARPITTA—Eight life-size sleds, constructed from wood and other materials, plus some large cut-out-canvas wall pieces. Through Feb. 1. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

WILLIAM SCOTT—Drawings (abstracts, still-lifes, figures) in blue gouache, pencil, ink, and charcoal. Through Feb. 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

VINCENT SMITH—Watercolors of African scenes. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

SERGIO GONZALEZ TORNERO—Surrealistic paintings by a Chilean artist who lives in this country; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 8. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

ANTON VAN DALEN—Wood and painted-wood constructions derived from the form of the automobile, plus some drawings. Through Feb. 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

CORA KELLEY WARD—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 1. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

HALSTED S. WELLES—Carved sculptures; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by James Rosenquist, Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and others. Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Marsden Hartley, Childe Hassam, and Clyde Linds. Through Jan. 29. . . . **DEITCHER,** 20 E. 67th St.: Drawings, mostly, by Fernando Botero, Oscar Bluemner, Christo, and others. Through Feb. 1. . . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Feb. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A diversified exhibit that includes oils by Léger, gouaches by Calder, and bronzes by Maillol. Through Feb. 1. . . . **PHOENIX,** 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twenty-one women artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. . . . **RAYDON,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An exhibit of European portraiture includes paintings and sculptures by Bernini, Gainsborough, and Van Dyck. Through March 3. . . . **STONE,** 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Richard Hickam and Jon Friedman, and constructions by Maureen McCabe. Through Jan. 31. . . . **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Matta, Kokoschka, and Picasso. Through Feb. 1. . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.: Drawings by five artists—Billy Al Bengston, John Duff, Pierre Haubensak, Frederick Wardy, and Mia Westerlund. Through Feb. 8. . . . **ZIERLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Avery, Burchfield, Stuart Davis, and other Americans. Through Jan. 30.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ELEANOR ANTIN—Paintings and drawings. Starts Thursday, Jan. 16. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM-ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU (1825-1905)—A show of seven works by the nineteenth-century French Salon painter. It is running concurrently with his show at the New York Cultural Center. Through Feb. 1. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

KATHLEEN COOKE—Drawings of animals and nudes. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

ALLAN D'ARCANGELO—Paintings. Through Feb. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

PAUL FEELEY (1910-66)—Paintings of emblematic color structures. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

HERBERT FERBER—New welded-steel sculptures. Through Jan. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

MARY FRANK—Six large terra-cotta pieces incorporating human, animal, and natural forms, by a leading sculptor. Through Feb. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

IAN HORNAK—Realist landscapes, some rugged and some pastoral, touched with a sense of mystery. Through Thursday, Jan. 23. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

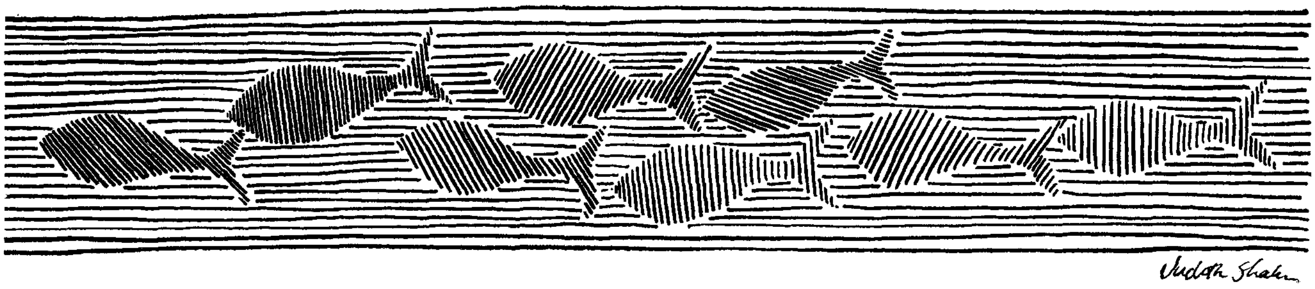
MATTA—A comprehensive show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures done over the last forty years by this noted Chilean Surrealist. Through Feb. 15. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DEMETRIUS MAVROUDIS—Abstract sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

DONA NELSON—Abstract paintings usually based on a grid and striking a balance between symmetrical and asymmetrical elements. Through Jan. 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

JO ANNE SCHNEIDER—Paintings, some of shoes, others of brooms and dustpans. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

TIGER TATEISHI—Paintings by a Japanese artist



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

who lives in Italy; first one-man show here. Through Feb. 1. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Realist egg-tempera paintings: expertly rendered sun-kissed children, nuns with headdresses like gull wings, and a sombre, change-of-pace picture or two. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

John Willenbecher—Constructions. Through Jan. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Alice Neel, Jack Beal, and Elaine de Kooning are among the painters represented in an exhibit of informal portraits of the artists' families and friends. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.). . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: An unusually rich collection of paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century Europeans, including practically every Name you can think of—Klee, Léger, Picasso, Arp, Delvaux, Giacometti, and so on. Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—At the **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Calder, Cornell, Nevelson, Noguchi, and David Smith. Through Feb. 22. . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Pieces by Chryssa, Robert Indiana, George Rickey, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 25.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—Ordinary, everyday words typed over and over again on sheets of paper and neatly posted on the gallery wall in the evident hope of thereby gaining some extra dimension. Through Feb. 5. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Ellie Bernstein—Large abstract paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Thursday, Jan. 23. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

Robert Blue—Realistic airbrushed paintings of women disporting themselves in sadomasochistic attitudes; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

Bruce Boice—Acrylics on canvas; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Tom Boutis—Explorations of the square, done in pale acrylics and with strips of the canvas left unpainted. Through Jan. 30. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Gretna Campbell—Landscapes of Maine, and several studies of female nudes. Through Thursday, Jan. 23. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Betsy Damon and Debbie Jones—Carved-wood sculptures and drawings, the joint efforts of the two artists. Through Wednesday, Jan. 22. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Dean Fleming—Abstract acrylic paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 1. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

Emily Fuller / Joan Gardner—Paint and metal powders, cut-glass tinsel, sand, and flour are sewn into sleeves of plastic sheeting that are suspended in groups from the walls and ceiling. / Drawings, some of which served as inspirations for the images in an animated color film by the artist, which is also on view. Through Jan. 29. (55 Mercer Street.)

Mary Grigoriadis—A varied paint surface contrasts with large areas of raw linen in these symmetrical works composed of geometric forms. Through Wednesday, Jan. 22. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Gerald Hann / Robert Perine—Expertly painted surrealist enlargements of prickly tidal debris—lobster shells, crab claws, sea-urchin spines, eelgrass. / Watercolors that seem to be based on studies of the earth's crust. Through Thursday, Jan. 23. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Arthur Kern—Polyester-resin sculptures of men, women, and horses, done with taxidermic realism and surrealistic touches by a New Orleans artist. Through Tuesday, Jan. 21. (South Houston Gallery, 98 Prince St.)

Barbara Kruger—Sewn-and-painted wall constructions. Through Jan. 31. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St.)

Mary Mann / Helen Iranyi—Lightweight sculptures, predominantly of fibre glass, that are suspended and that move. / Abstract paintings

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done in bright, translucent colors. Through Jan. 30. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Bruce Nauman—Concentric circles marked out in masking tape on the floor. The artist's explanations hang on the walls. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Three installations that incorporate, among other things, films, moving objects, and sound. Through Jan. 29. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Mimi Smith / Gary William Smith—Wall drawings of household objects, executed in string and tape measures. / Squinched-up-looking floor pieces made of sorely abused chairs. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Joan Witek—Black-and-white drawings, paintings, and constructions, all on the theme of the square. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At the **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: David Novros has selected this show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Mark di Suvero and Joanna Pousette-Dart. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. . . . **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Works on paper by Kes Zapkus, and paintings by James Dearing and Elizabeth Murray. Through Feb. 5. . . . **EMMERICH**, 420 West Broadway: Large paintings by Helen Frankenthaler, Morris Louis, Kenneth Noland, and others. Through Wednesday, Jan. 22. . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Jake Berthot, sculptures by Don Sunseri, photographs by Thomas Arndt, and conceptual objects by Al Souza. Through Saturday, Jan 25.

OTHER GALLERIES

David Alexander / Paul Narkiewicz—Paintings, including a twelve-foot diptych entitled "Waterlilies." / A series of oil and watercolor landscapes. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

J. Gordon Carr—Watercolors, many of boats and the sea. Through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Kenneth Noland—Early circle paintings. Through Jan. 31. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

David Slivka—Painted wood sculptures, one, monumental in size, exhibited outside, and four smaller works inside. Through Feb. 28. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St. . . . ¶ Another enormous piece, entitled "Machu Picchu," at Grace Plaza, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.)

Richard Van Buren—Strange shapes, some resembling oversize insects, in poured-and-pigmented fibre glass. Through Jan. 30. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Group Show—Traditional African art (masks, figures, and so forth) from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through Feb. 1. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Nancy Hellebrand / Brett Weston—Portraits of London working-class people in their sleazy living quarters, by a young American photographer working under the influence of Diane Arbus. What gives these depressing pictures their distinction is the leitmotif of pattern that runs through them—the patterns of richly printed wallpapers, drapes, slipcovers, rugs, bedspreads, and clothes—which contrasts with the bleak, white faces of the sitters, and which brings into chilling relief their spiritual (and sometimes physical) poverty. / Abstractions based on natural and structural forms, by a son of Edward Weston. Through Feb. 1. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jared Bark—Pictures taken in photo booths.
Some are of the inhabitants of the varic
cities the artist visited as he travelled alo
the coast of California. Others are abstr
images. Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Web
420 West Broadway.)

Ruth Breil—Photographs. Through Jan.
(Portogallo, 72 W. 45th St. Open Monda
closed Saturdays.)

Lee Friedlander—Photographs taken within
last decade. Through Feb. 9. (Museum
Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11
6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sunda
noon to 6.)

Eva Rubinstein and Joseph Saltzer—Photograp
Through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Neikrug,
E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays
to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Doris Ulmann (1882-1934)—A large show
platinum prints and gravures by a photog
pher known for her portraits of Appalach
craftsmen and Southern blacks. Thro
Saturday, Jan. 18. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th
Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madi
Ave., at 79th St.: Man Ray, T. H. Emers
and Julia M. Cameron are among those r
resented in this show of more than fifty p
tographs. Through March 1. (Open M
days.). . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAP**
1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Three sho
photographs by Cartier-Bresson taken
Russia during visits in 1954 and 1973; "Cl
sics of Documentary Photography" by Ro
Capa, David Seymour, Lewis W. Hine,
man Vishniac, Werner Bischof, and I
Weiner; and color photographs by, am
others, Ernst Haas, Gordon Parks, Marc
boud, Howard Sochurek, and Jay Maisel.
through Feb. 15. (Open Sundays.). . .
TOWN Y GALLERY, 344 E. 14th St.: A large
hibition called "Coming of Age in Ameri
A Critical Exhibition Comparing Our A
tudes Toward Youth and Aging." Thro
Jan. 26. (Sundays through Thursdays, n
to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.). . . **SOHO PHOTO**,
W. 13th St.: Phillip Leonian, Kenneth
ston, John Mast, Paul Zengara, and oth
Through Jan. 28. (Fridays through Sunday
to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.). . . **W**
NEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th
A historical survey of American photogra
from 1841 to the present, made up of ab
two hundred and fifty pictures by eig
five ranking photographers. Through Sun
Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tues
evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circl
Man Ray is largely known for his experim
tal and portrait photography, and vaguely
membered for having played Robin to Ma
Duchamp's Batman in the Dada days. T
enormous retrospective, occupying t
floors, of paintings, drawings, collages,
semblages, ready-mades, rayographs,
photographs—the first retrospective the ar
has received on the East Coast—shows
to be an impressive painter along with eve
thing else. Among his early Cubist work
painting entitled "A.D. MCMXIV" (19
expresses the clash of ignorant mechani
armies by means of blocky, brutal, robot-
figures dressed in blue and orange jump s
that extend over their heads, some rid
gray Trojan horses and others locked i
kind of bumbling hand-to-hand combat. F
Ray's Surrealist period there is "A l'heur
l'observatoire—les amoureux" (1932-34)
long, narrow painting of a pair of red
floating serenely in a cloudy blue sky ov
green landscape, which anticipated, and
haps inspired, Wesselmann's lips—and "I
trait Imaginaire de D. A. F. de Sade" (19
which looks like a portrait of Benja
Franklin from a distance. The Dada ass
blages and ready-mades are handsome b
now that their shock value has depreciate
a little boring. (The iron with the nails,
metronome and the eye, the loaf of b
painted blue, etc.) A wall of photograph
artists, writers, and composers, among t
Jules Pascin, Georges Braque, James Jo
André Breton, Virginia Woolf, T. S. E
Joan Miró, Pablo Picasso, and Ar
Schoenberg, confirms Ray's reputation as
of the great portrait photographers of
century, in spite of the terrible prints sh
here. (A few of Ray's own original print
small, precise, delicately toned—are on vi
and they point up the trouble with the

ones, made, one gathers, at a drugstore.) There are a number of unsuccessful, and even outright hideous, paintings in the show (most of the ones done after the Second World War fall into this category), but even the worst among them are interesting—are touched with the mysterious authority that a life in art confers on all its creations, like laugh wrinkles on a face. Man Ray will be eighty-five next August. Through March 2. . . . ¶ Twenty-three paintings by the nineteenth-century French Salon painter William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905). Through Feb. 2. A complementary show is at the Hammer Galleries, 51 E. 57th St. Through Feb. 1. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ETROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit jointly organized by the museum and the National Museums of France to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the first Impressionist exhibition in Paris. It includes works from the museum and from the Louvre, as well as from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Some, such as Renoir's "Le Moulin de la Galette," have never before been shown in this country. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ A selection of late-nineteenth-century French prints by Manet and Toulouse-Lautrec, among others, along with the Japanese Ukiyo-e woodcuts that influenced them. Through May 11. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Also visible: Clark Gable's dressing gown. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Five small, luminous paintings of scenes closely observed from nature by a young California realist, Maxwell Hendler, make up the first in a series of exhibits focussing on artists whose achievements are not yet recognized by the general public. Through Sunday, Jan. 19. . . . ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Jan. 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

USEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—American prints (1913-63), including examples by John Marin and Robert Rauschenberg. Through March 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

UGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Venezuelan artist Jesús Rafael Soto, including a new walk-through construction made of plastic filaments. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Modern sculptures by, among others, Brancusi, Arp, and Boccioni, from the Lydia and Harry Lewis Winston collection and from the museum's collection. Through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

HITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The first stage of a biennial survey of contemporary American art (including paintings, sculptures, and video tapes) by artists who have not had solo shows in New York and have not participated in previous Whitney biennials or annuals starts Monday, Jan. 20. The second stage will open Monday, Jan. 27, and the third stage, Tuesday, Feb. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

HITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Christo, Rafael Ferrer, Robert Rauschenberg, and others used nontraditional studio processes, such as sewing and wrapping, to create these works in mixed mediums. Through Thursday, Jan. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

ROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Sunday, Jan. 19. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures and other Asian puppets arranged so that they seem to be enacting a drama. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

SIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of art from the collection of John D. Rockefeller 3rd. Among the pieces on view are Chinese bronzes from the Chou, Han, and T'ang dynasties; Japanese wood sculptures from

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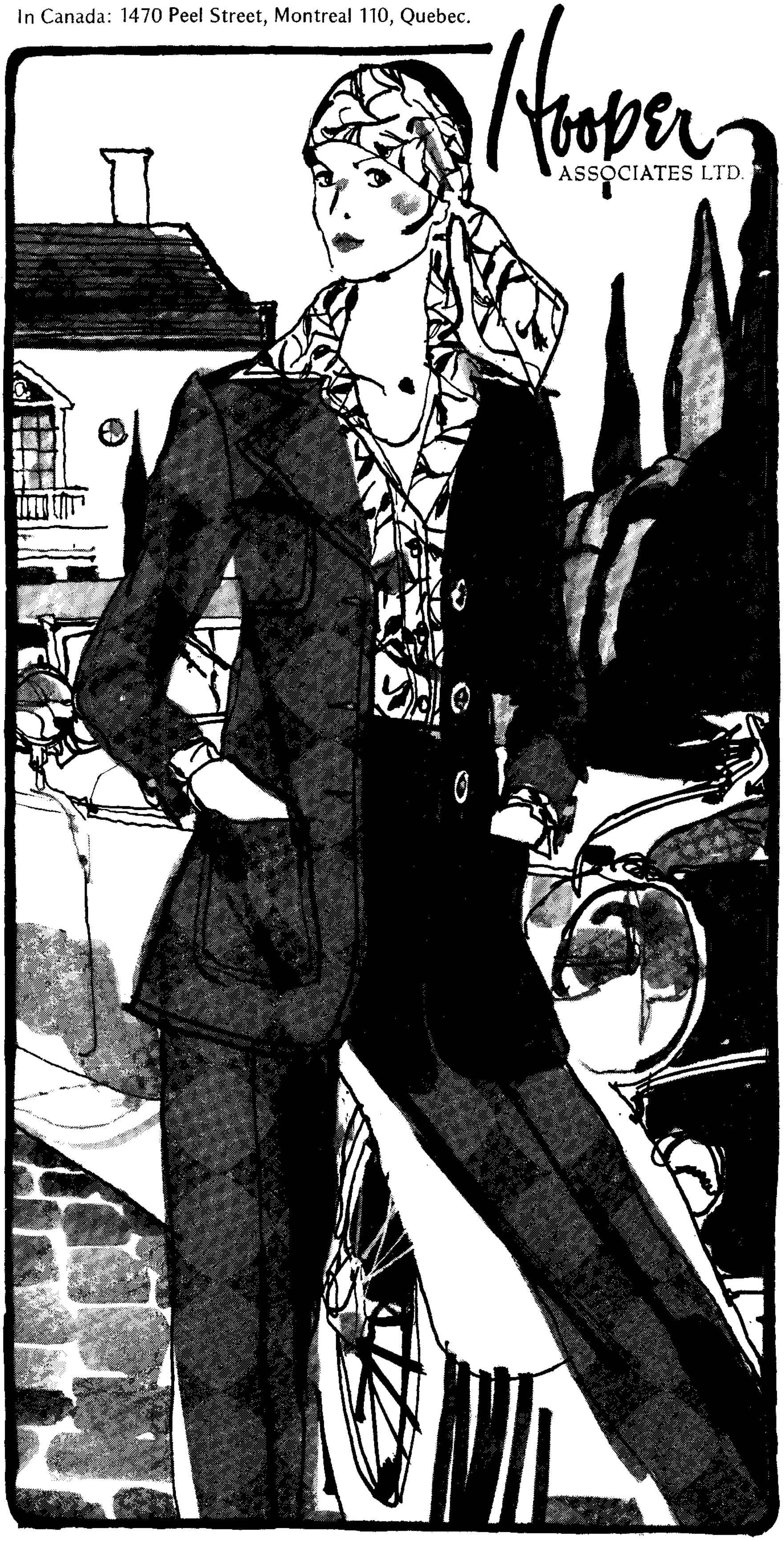

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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the Kamakura period; stone and bronze sculptures from India and Southeast Asia; and paintings from China and Japan. Starts Thursday, Jan. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Jan. 15, from 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans, done in Suchow, China, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from the John M. Crawford, Jr., collection. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Forms in Metal," a joint exhibit with the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, is a show of utilitarian objects (for instance, silver by Paul Revere and pewter by Ashbil Griswold) on loan from museums and private collections and dating from 1700 through the nineteen-forties. Starts Thursday, Jan. 16. (Daily, except Mondays and Wednesday, Jan. 15, from 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A selection of a hundred and fifty volumes—novels, scientific works, nature studies—demonstrating the first use (in 1844) and later progress (through 1914) of photography as illustration. Through Feb. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of photographs, taken in May, 1938, of the large apartment in Vienna where Sigmund Freud lived and worked for nearly fifty years. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of drawings—from the sixteenth century to the present—of stage designs from the collection of Donald Oenslager. . . . ¶ Medieval manuscripts from the William S. Glazier collection. . . . ¶ A small display of various early editions (including a first edition of 1516) of Ludovico Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." All through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs. Through Sunday, Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—In a joint effort with the Finch College Museum of Art, this museum is showing functional and sculptural pieces made by metalsmiths from 1940 to the present. . . . ¶ A selection of stained-glass panels designed and made by Robert Sowers. Both start Friday, Jan. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 15-16, from 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibit celebrating great women of the New York stage from 1904 to the present includes costumes, paintings (such as a portrait of Ruth Draper by John Singer Sargent), drawings, posters, and sculptures. Through May 30. . . . ¶ Paper toys, among them dolls, doll houses, animals, games, and puzzles, dating from the early nineteenth century. Through March 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display observing the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Robert Frost. Among the articles on view are manuscripts, first editions, and correspondence. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 9 to 9.) . . . ¶ An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young includes some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature in 1941. Through April 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A show of models and sketches by contemporary scene and costume designers. Two notable exhibits are Ming Cho Lee's set for "Boris Godunov" and David Mitchell's set for "Short Eyes." Through March 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings, prints, murals, and photographs by a number of artists. Through Sunday, Jan. 19. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 15: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Kiri Te Kanawa, Roberta Peters, Roger Soyer, Stuart Burrows, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Michalski, and Richard T. Gill; conducted by Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 16: "Don Pasquale," with Adriana Maliponte, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 17: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 18: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Joann Grillo, Carlotta Ordassy, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Anna Moffo, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 18: "Madame Butterfly," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Shirley Love, Barry Morell, Theodor Uppman, and Nico Castel; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 20: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Kiri Te Kanawa, Roberta Peters, Roger Soyer, Stuart Burrows, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Michalski, and Richard T. Gill; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 21: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 22: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Harry Theyard, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 23: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Kiri Te Kanawa, Roberta Peters, Roger Soyer, Stuart Burrows, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 24: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 25: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Harry Theyard, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 25: "Don Pasquale," with Adriana Maliponte, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni; Max Rudolf. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Bronx Opera Company—A double bill of one-act operas sung in English: Franz Schubert's "The Conspirators" and Jacques Offenbach's "Ba-Ta-Clan." Staged by Louis Galterio and conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 17, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 24, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 28, at 7:30 (all with Nicanor Zabaleta, harp, and Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute).

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Jan. 15, and Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30, both with Josephine Veasey, mezzo-soprano.
. . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 18, at
with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, and Rich-
ard Cassilly, tenor.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkir
conducting a program of music by Giovanr
Battista Sammartini, with Bonita Glenn, sc
prano; Joan Caplan, mezzo-soprano; Charle
Bressler, tenor; and Gerald Tarack, violi
(Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 15,
8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directin
a program of Viennese music, with Kiri T
Kanawa, soprano; Gregory Singer, violi
Lori Singer, cello; the Gregg Smith Singer
and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 3
Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 1
from 7 to 11.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldma
conducting, with Claudio Arrau, pian
(Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metr
politan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 87
5512. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30, and Sunda
Jan. 19, at 5:30. All seats have been sol
and only standing room is left.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee d
recting a performance of Tchaikovsky
opera "Eugene Onegin," in concert form ar
in English, with Alpha Floyd, sopran
Diane Curry and Jennifer Jones, mezzo-s
pranos; Adam Petroski, tenor; Robert Goo
loe, baritone; Benjamin Matthews, bass; ar
the Symphony of the New World Choru
(Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunda
Jan. 19, at 3.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherma
conducting a performance of Strauss's ope
"Daphne" in concert form, with Elisabe
Carron, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-s
prano; Richard Kness, tenor; and other
(Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wedne
day, Jan. 22, at 7:30.)

Israel Chamber Orchestra—Gary Bertini co
ducting, with Pinchas Zukerman, violi
(Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

All-Beethoven Concert—Charlotte Bergen co
ducting a symphony orchestra, with Charl
Treger, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturda
Jan. 25, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Sacra of New York—Richard Weste
burg directing the first in a series of thr
concerts of Bach cantatas, this one wi
Shirley Love, contralto, and Charles Bressle
tenor. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metr
politan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 87
5512. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Oberlin College Choir—Daniel Moe directin
(Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Ha
Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Michel Debost and Christian Ivaldi—Flute a
piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 1
at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber musi
(Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metr
politan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 87
5512. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8. All seats ha
been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Prospective Encounters with Members of the Ne
York Philharmonic**—Pierre Boulez conduc
ing the first of two programs of contempora
chamber music, this one with Richard Frisc
baritone, and Jon Deak, bass. Both the pe
formances will take place between eight a
ten, with periods before and after devot
to "encounters"—possibly even confront
tions—between the artists and the audienc
(Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave.
7th St. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8. For informati
about tickets, call 799-9595.)

Louis Bagger—Harpsichord. (Town Hall. J
2-4536. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2.)

Waverly Consort—A program of vocal and i
strumental music called "The Italian B
roque: Claudio Monteverdi and His Co
temporaries," with Jan DeGaetani, mezz
soprano, and Edward Smith, harpsichor
(Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Pascal Rogé—Piano. (Hunter College Assemb
Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Su
day, Jan. 19, at 2:15.)

Arthur MacKenzie—Piano. (Carnegie Ha
Sunday, Jan. 19, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—
Jaime Laredo and Ani Kavafian, violin; Wa

ter Trampler, viola; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Richard Goode, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 5, and Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 7:30.)

ANTHONY NEWMAN—Harpsichord, in the first in a series of four all-Bach programs, this one with Ani Kavafian, violin; Paula Robison and Renée Siebert, flute; and a string ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

MAURIZIO POLLINI—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

PAUL SPERRY—Tenor, in a program of American music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

LEAGUE-ISCM—The second in this season's series of five programs, this one a program of music by Canadian composers, performed by the Lyric Arts Trio and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

SUSAN STARR—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 6.)

JAMES DICK—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

JOHN WION—Flute, with the Tokyo String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

BOEHM QUINTETTE—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French chamber music for winds. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

GRIGORY SOKOLOV—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

REY DE LA TORRE—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

ALDO CICCOLINI—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

CARLOS MONTOYA—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

TOKYO STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

GRETE SULTAN—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

GYORGY SANDOR—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

NOTE—James Tocco will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 2, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Jan. 20, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope. A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 5:45: MAX MORATH. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 5:45: SYLVIA SYMS.

SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, at 7:30 and midnight; Sunday, Jan. 19, at 7; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 21-22, at 8.

NEW YORK JAZZ REPERTORY COMPANY—The first of two programs of the music of Count Basie, this one covering the years 1929 to 1950, with Buddy Tate, Earl Warren, Paul Quinichette, Jo Jones, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

COUNTRY IN NEW YORK—The fourth in a series of five concerts, this one with Buck Owens, Susan Raye, and Larry Gatlin. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 7.)

ALVIN LEE & CO., GENTLE GIANT, AND AMERICAN TEARS—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 541-7290.

CLARK TERRY QUARTET—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 3. No tickets necessary.

J. GEILS BAND—Academy of Music. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Chicago, Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City-Omaha, Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Sunday, Jan. 19, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:05.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Thursday, Jan. 23, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:05.

RACING—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at noon; through Tuesday, May 27. . . . LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Weekdays, except Thursdays, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1; through Saturday, May 31. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 15.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERETTAS—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 18-19, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, Jan. 25, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 and 3:30.). . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz." (Hotel Opera, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 866-0016.). . . ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE: "Brave Little Tailor." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sol." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30 and on Wednesday, Jan. 15, from 8 to 10 A.M.

ET ALIA

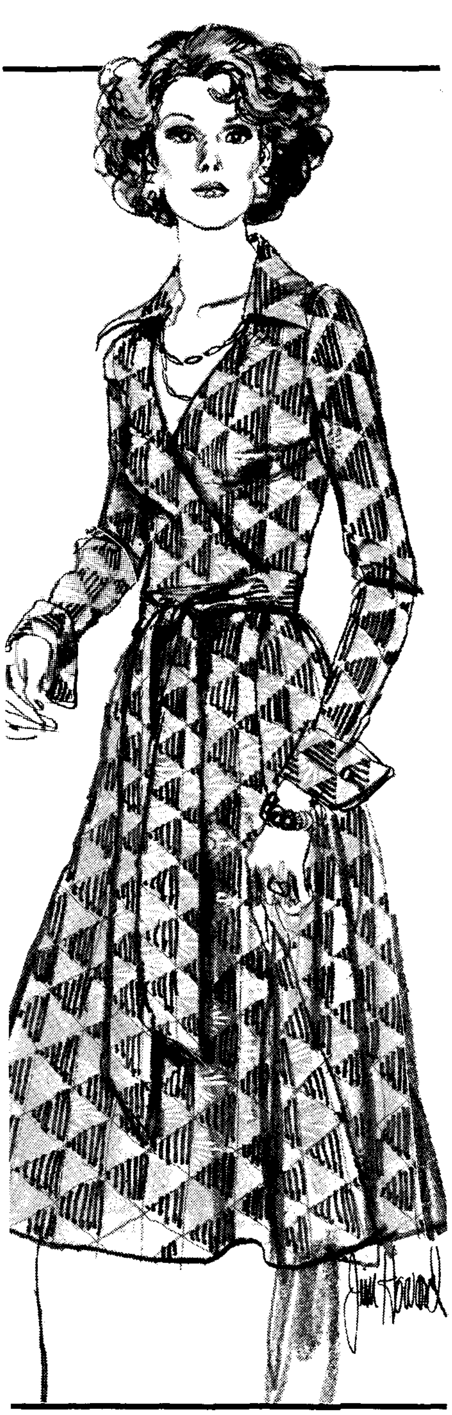
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

LECTURE—Harold Rosenberg speaking about contemporary art. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 4. Admission is free.)

NATIONAL BOAT SHOW—The sixty-fifth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, canoes, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 15-17, from noon to 10; Saturday, Jan. 18, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, Jan. 19, from noon to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 16, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from many sources. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, at 2: Art Nouveau, Art Deco, and nineteenth-century porcelains, furniture, and decorations; from several owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 10:15 and 2: Books, autographs, and manuscripts; from various collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Jan. 23, at 2: Japanese swords, fittings, and armor, and Japanese, Korean, Tibetan, Nepalese, Indian, and Southeast Asian works of art; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 23, at 2: Jewelry, from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 18.

MONTALDO'S



Princess Diane Von Furstenberg has done it again!

The princess believes in clothes you can feel comfortable in...and look fantastic in. And that's how the "Diane dress" happened. This nifty knit wrap is made in Italy of a predominately green or turquoise cotton and rayon fan print. 4 to 16 sizes. $84.

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Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh, Richmond, Columbus, St. Louis, Denver, Colorado Springs.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 18: "The Outlaw" and "The Front Page."
Jan. 19-21: "Winterset" and "Street Scene."
From Jan. 22: "M" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Jan. 21: "Death Wish" and "Serpico."
From Jan. 22: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three" and "Juggernaut."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Brother of the Wind."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 21: "Law and Disorder."
From Jan. 22: "Death Wish."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Young Frankenstein."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Steppenwolf."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Young Frankenstein."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Front Page."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Macon County Line."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Man with the Golden Gun."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Brother of the Wind."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Lenny."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Stavisky."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
Jan. 15: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" and "Man Is Not a Bird."
Jan. 16-22: "Badlands" and "Rebel Without a Cause."
From Jan. 23: "Faustine."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Freebie and the Bean."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lacombe, Lucien."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Godfather, Part II."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 21: "Death Wish."
From Jan. 22: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

JULIET 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Macon County Line."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Death Wish."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"American Graffiti" and "The Sting."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Godfather, Part II."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather, Part II."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Freebie and the Bean."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Abby."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Man with the Golden Gun."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through the afternoon of Jan. 21: "The Odessa File."
From Jan. 22: "The Gambler."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 21: "Death Wish."
From Jan. 22: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Man with the Golden Gun."

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 21 at one or another of the theatres: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three" and "Juggernaut"/"Blazing Saddles" and "The Producers"/"Harry & Tonto" and "Cinderella Liberty" / "Sleeper," "Bananas," and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
From Jan. 22: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Jan. 21: "El Topo" and "Fellini Satyricon."
Jan. 22-23: "King of Hearts" and "How I Won the War."
Note: Sunday, Jan. 19, one performance, at noon: "The Boys in the Band."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Brother of the Wind."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Jan. 15: "The Little Prince."
From Jan. 16: Theatre temporarily closed.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Earthquake."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Jan. 18: "The Gambler."
From Jan. 19: "Paperback Hero."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Front Page."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 15: Theatre closed.
Jan. 16: "The Barber of Seville" and "Romeo and Juliet."
Jan. 17: "Brewster McCloud" and "Little Murders."
Jan. 18: "The Seventh Seal" and "The Magician."
Jan. 19: "Great Expectations" and "The Ol
Curiosity Shop."
Jan. 20: Theatre closed.
Jan. 21: "Torment" and "Port of Call."
Jan. 22: "Forbidden Games" and "Sunda
and Cybèle."
Jan. 23: "Beauty and the Beast" and "L
Visiteurs du Soir."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Emmanuelle."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Young Frankenstein."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 21: "Death Wish" and "Se
pico."
From Jan. 22: To be announced.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Les Violons du Bal."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Jan. 18: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté
From Jan. 19: "Lacombe, Lucien."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Jan. 21: "Macon County Line."
From Jan. 22: "The Gambler."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"American Graffiti" and "The Sting."

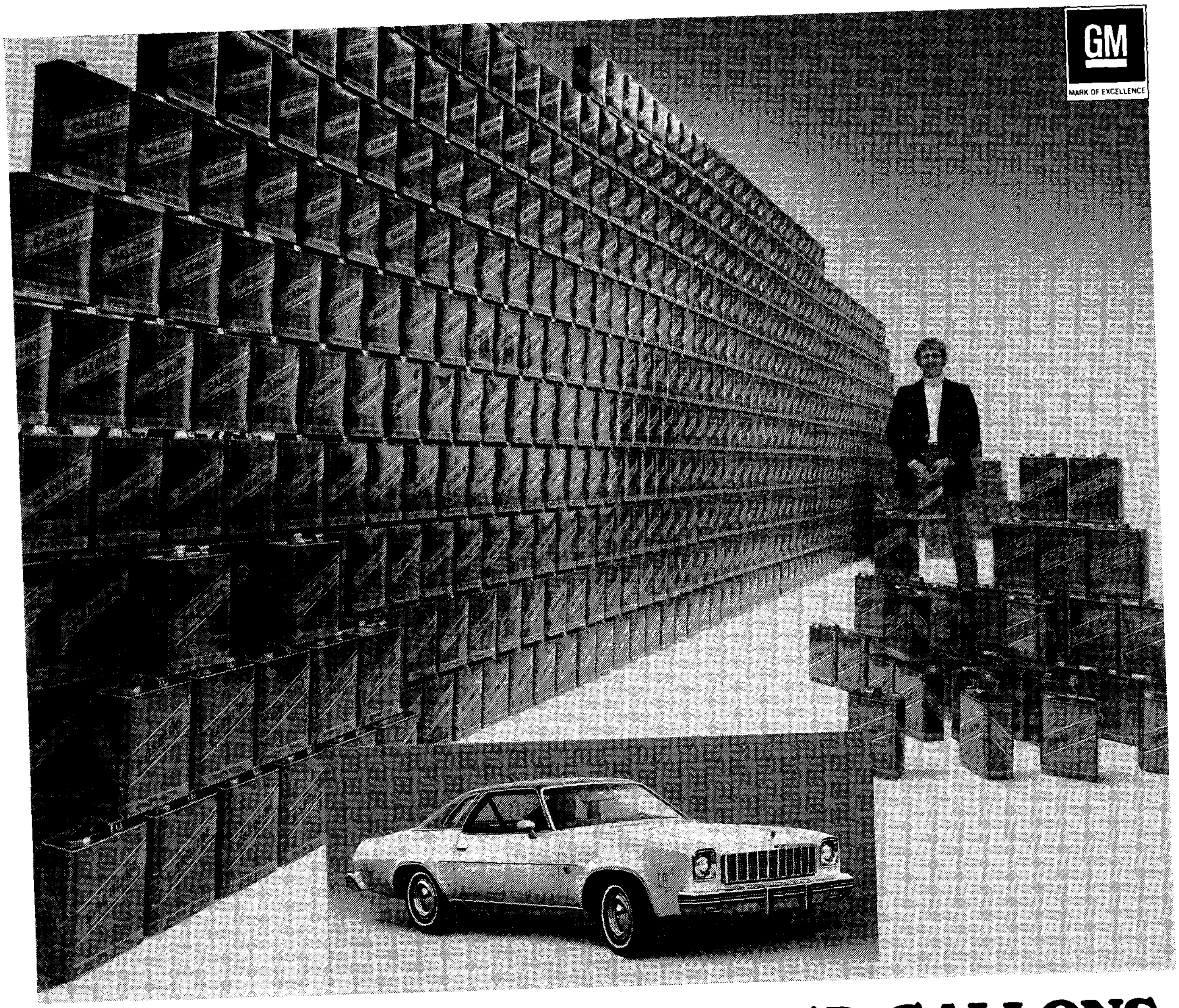
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Jan. 21: "Law and Disorder" a
"California Split."
From Jan. 22: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 21: "Brother of the Wind."
From Jan. 22: "The Taking of Pelham O
Two Three" and "Juggernaut."

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (95
7078)—Jan. 15 at 5:30: "Moscow Laugh
(1934), in Russian, directed by Grig
Alexandrov; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan.
at 5:30: "Escape-Risk" (1974), in Germa
directed by Markus Imhoff, with Wolfra
Berger; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at
and Jan. 17 at 2: "Once a Liar . . . or Brin
ing Up Viktor" (1973), in German, direct
by June Kovach; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Ja
17 at 5:30 and Jan. 18 at noon: "Crossroad
(1928), a Japanese silent film, directed
Teinosuke Kinugasa; Japanese inter-titl
only. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 3: "Escape-Risk.".
¶ Jan. 18 at 5:30: "The Red Train" (1973
in French, directed by Peter Ammann; En
lish subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 12:30 and
"Street of the Flowerboxes" (1973),
rected by David A. Tapper. . . . ¶ Jan. 19
5:30 and Jan. 20 at 2: "The Mountain Pe
ple" (1974), in German, directed by Fre
Murer; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 20
5:30: "The Wedding March" (1928), a Ge
man silent film, directed by Erich von Str
heim; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at
"Voyage to Italy" (1953), directed by R
berto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman a
George Sanders. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 5:30: A pr
gram of films by Peter Gidal. . . . ¶ Jan. 22
5:30: "Voyage to Italy.". . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 5:3
A program of six films made by D. W. Gri
fith in 1908. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 8: A program
six films made by D. W. Griffith in 1909. (
limited number of tickets are available, b
only to those applying for them in person
the museum after 11 on the day of the sho
ing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Ticke
for the showings at 8 will not be accepted b
fore 7:30.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circ
(LT 1-2311)—Jan. 16: To be announced. .
¶ Jan. 17: "General della Rovere" (1959),
Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, wi
Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messeme



YOU COULD USE 801 FEWER GALLONS OF GAS TO GO 50,000 MILES WITH OUR '75 CHEVELLE THAN WITH OUR '74.

Based on results rom published EPA City riving Tests, which tress stop-and-go city-ype driving, a '75 Chevelle standard 350-2 V8 en-ine) using unleaded fuel ith our new Chevrolet fficiency System showed 28% mileage improve-ent over its '74 counter-art using leaded fuel.

In GM Proving round tests, which tress suburban-type riving, the mileage mprovement was 22%.

So even using this ower percentage figure, he difference could amount to 801 fewer gallons of gas over 50,000 miles (about four years' average use).

A gas savings of $380.

Your exact savings will depend on leaded and unleaded fuel prices in your area.

But using 52¢ and 53¢ a gallon respectively, the '75 Chevelle 801-gallon improvement could save you $380.

Maintenance savings: $348.

Comparing Owner's Manual recommended service over 50,000 miles for '75 and '74 Chevelles with standard V8 engines, we found this: a '75 Chevelle using unleaded fuel could save you $348 in parts, lubricants and labor over a '74 using leaded fuel.

That $348 figure was arrived at using current list prices for parts and $11 an hour for labor.

Think about *that* the next time you take your car in for service.

Have you checked the present trade-in value of your car?

If not, do it soon.

Many used car prices, you see, have risen dramatically since last spring. So your car may be worth more in trade on a new Chevelle than you might think.

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See *all* the reasons why. At your Chevrolet dealer's.

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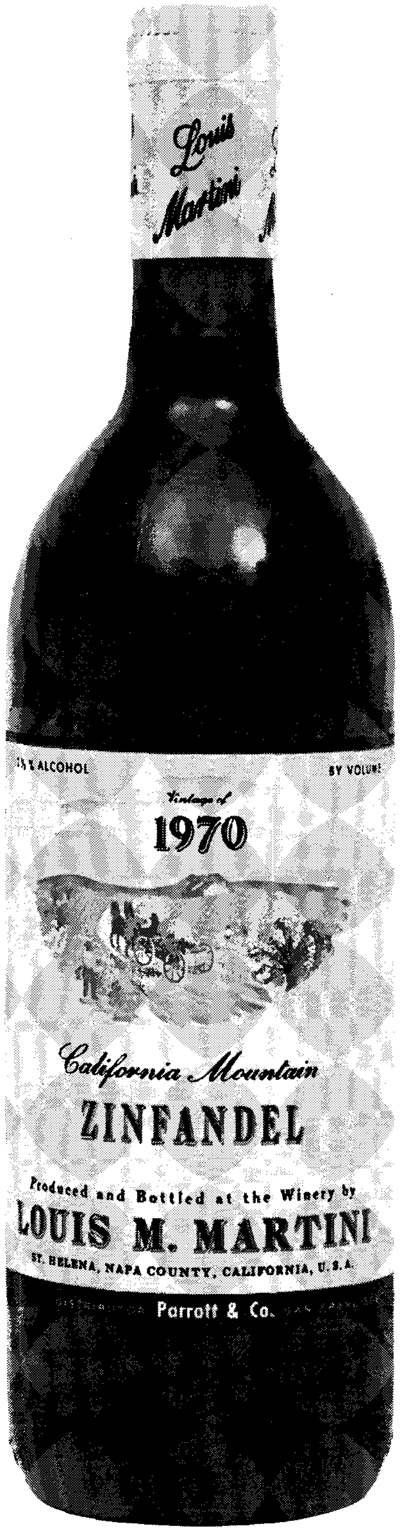

Louis M. Martini always said: "The best salesman I have is in the bottle."

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English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 18-19: "A Page of Madness" (1926), a Japanese silent film, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa; no titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 23: "The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond" (1960), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Ray Danton. (Showings Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30, and Fridays at 2:30 and 5:30. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 21: "Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain," directed by Joel L. Freed-
man. Showings at noon (except Wednesday
1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 c
Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 22:
program of four films done by Sidney Pete
son during the late forties. Showings at noc
(except Wednesday), 2, and 4. Call des
(861-5322) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (22
0010)—Programs by Dreyer, Dovzhenk
Cocteau, Cornell, Mann, Eisenstein, Flahert
Frampton, and others. Showings Jan. 15-
at 5, 7, and 9:30; Jan. 17 at 6, 8, and 10; Ja
18 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Jan. 19 at 8; ar
Jan. 21-23 at 5, 7, and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OL

Abby—With William Marshall and Terry Carter, directed by William Girdler. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, town oddities. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/74.) (Plaza.)

American Graffiti (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (8/13/73) (U.A. East, and Symphony.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (72nd Street East; starting Jan. 22.)

Badlands—Set at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who start a killing spree in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 16-22.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 21.)

The Barber of Seville (1947)—Rossini's opera, with Tito Gobbi, Giulio Neri, Giulietta Simionato, and Irene Genna. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 16.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau
first full-length film is perhaps the mo
imaginative and charming of all fairy-ta
movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérar
makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives
an enchanted landscape that suggests t
sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gu
tave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beaut
Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Carn
gie Hall Cinema; Jan. 23.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chac
with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of co
edy. The story is about a modern black hi
ster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff
a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Ge
Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to r
deem some of the film, but most of the ca
(including Brooks himself) mug and smi
and shout insults at each other. Brooks's cel
brated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: t
old gags here never were very funny; r
hashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/7
(Quad Cinema; through Jan. 21.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering
homosexuals like the gathering of bitc
ladies in "The Women," but with a fortie
movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Je
a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and o
who is nellie, and so on. They crack jok
while their hearts are breaking. (Elgi
Sunday, Jan. 19, one performance, at noon.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altma
film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewst
(Bud Cort), who is building wings for hi
self, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome w
is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of ma
murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Bo
Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who d
serts him when he loses his virginity. T
idea seems to be left over from a Victori
fable, but the style of the picture is parodist
and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. T
whole thing is amorphous and rather sil
(Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 17.)

Brother of the Wind—A wildlife movie phot
graphed in the Canadian Rockies. Direct
by, and with, Dick Robinson. (Cinema V
lage, Ciné Malibu, and Guild. . . . ¶ Olympi
through Jan. 21.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautif
smoky, funny film about gambling, with El
ott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker a
George Segal as a magazine writer wi
something clenched about him. Gould's pe
formance is perfect, disguising an abandon
face in a gregarious ape's mask. Segal has e
tirely entered into Altman's quixotic styl
As with gambling itself, the impulses of t
characters seem a matter of luck or catastr
phe, lived out in a world denuded of ever
thing that can't be hocked. The film seems
be being improvised. We catch at events a
personalities by the ends of threads. T
sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-ra
screenplay is full of murmurs and dense
packed with talk, recorded on eight track
often with eleven mikes going at once. Th
is Altman's best film since "McCabe & M
Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerou
with a kindly eye for the out-of-ste
(8/19/74) (Thalia; through Jan. 21.)

Cinderella Liberty (1973)—A sordid, messy a
fair between a Baptist sailor (James Caa
and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), co
bined with a high-minded interracial bi
brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, b
her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway-
stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Ryd
picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's nov
wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have t
knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the fi
is a soggy experience. (1/21/74) (Quad Ci
ema; through Jan. 21.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsib

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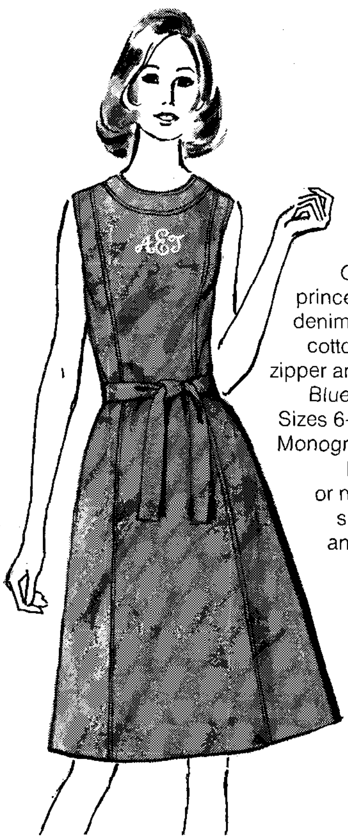

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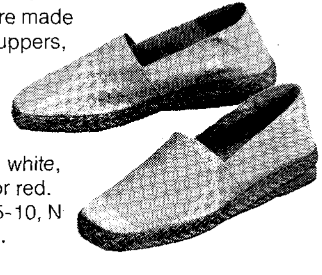

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, 8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Jan. 22.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 21.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté—The theme of Buñuel's latest turns out to be freedom in the sense of "chance": the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is a piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 18.)

Faustine—With Muriel Catala, directed by Nina Companeez. In French. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Jan. 23.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a stage panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Elgin; through Jan. 21.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence and war. On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and a peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. A harshly ironic classic of the French postwar period. With Brigitte Fossey. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 22.)

Freebie and the Bean—With Alan Arkin and James Caan, directed by Richard Rush. (Beekman, and 86th St. East.)

The Front Page (1931)—The first movie version, directed by Lewis Milestone, stays closer to the Hecht-and-MacArthur play than the Howard Hawks version or the new one by Billy Wilder. The play is a dialogue comedy, but dialogue of the speediest, most rapid-fire variety, which succeeds in this film as it does on the stage. Adolphe Menjou is sharp and adroit as Walter Burns; Pat O'Brien is a trace too stolid as Hildy Johnson. As the heroine, Mary O'Brian makes her occasional wan entrances; Edward Everett Horton is the fastidious health-crank reporter. With Mae Clarke as the neurotic prostitute, and Walter Catlett. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 18.)

The Front Page—Billy Wilder's current version. Jack Lemmon is Hildy Johnson, and Walter Matthau is Walter Burns. (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing off. (10/14/74) (Festival; through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Jan. 22.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Ciné.)

Great Expectations (1946)—David Lean directed this elegant and satisfying production, which is one of the most memorable of all the many Dickens films. John Mills is Pip; Jean Simmons is Estella as a young girl, and then Valerie Hobson takes over the role; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; Finlay Currie is Magwich; Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 19.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 21.)

How I Won the War (1967)—Richard Lester's big try that failed—an anti-war black comedy, from a script by Charles Wood, and with ideas and techniques from the Theatres of Cruelty and the Absurd. Similar to "Catch-22." With Michael Crawford and John Lennon. (Elgin; Jan. 22-23.)

Juggernaut—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Jan. 22.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; Jan. 22-23.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 19.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones—A concert on film. (Playboy.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest

Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (Gramercy, and Thalia; through Jan. 21.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and, having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Cinema I.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 17.)

The Little Prince—The Saint-Exupéry book, the first of the modern mystic-quest books to become a pop hit, is a distillation of melancholy, and it comes close to being self-glorifying, masochistic mush. Possibly something might have been made of the material if Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the movie script, along with the lyrics for Frederick Loewe's music, had a more delicate feeling for spiritual yearning. The director, Stanley Donen, is handicapped by the intractably graceless writing and by the Big Broadway sound of the Lerner-Loewe score. Bob Fosse's snake-in-the-grass dance number is the film's high spot, and Gene Wilder, as a red fox, triumphs over some of his material. As the child Prince, Steven Warner holds the screen affectingly; as the author-aviator, Richard Kiley is pleasant enough but colorless. (12/2/74) (Music Hall; Jan. 15.)

The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing—an unexpected comedian. In French. (5/6/74) (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 15.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase; the film is similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 22.)

Macon County Line—With Alan Vint and Cheryl Waters, directed by Richard Compton. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through Jan. 21.)

The Magician (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met . . ." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 18.)

Man Is Not a Bird (1966)—A Yugoslav film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 15.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—In 1955, Hitchcock remade in color this thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination. The later version starred James Stewart and Doris Day; this first version features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has Hitchcock's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but he seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes—a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version. Nova Pilbeam plays the kidnapped child. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 22.)

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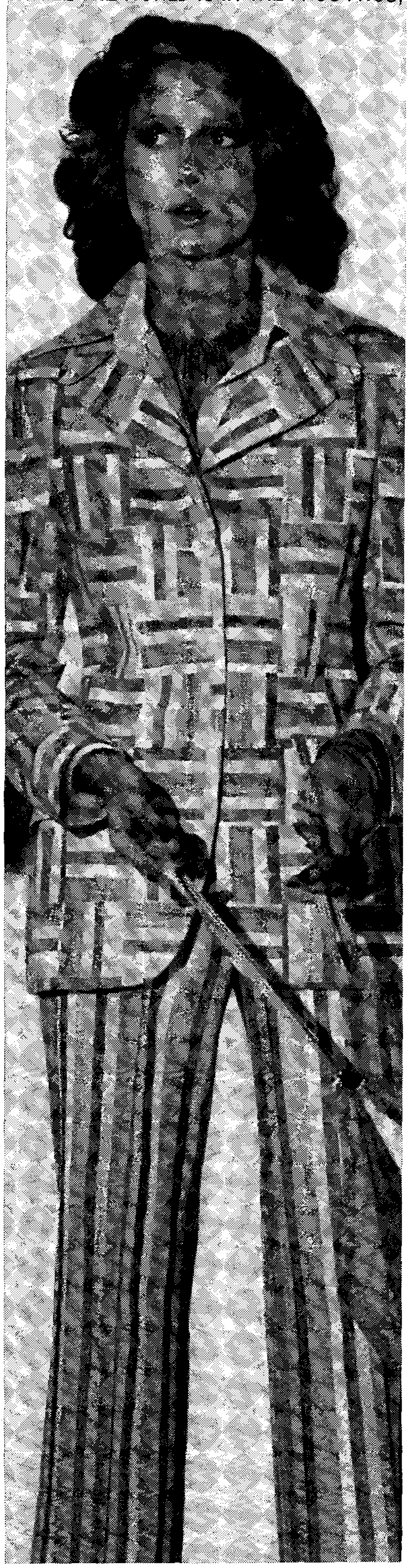

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

most dispirited of the Bond series. This one is set in the Orient; the production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die"), and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villain Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the film's only attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond, Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Hervé Villechaize. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Greenwich.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Waverly; through the afternoon of Jan. 21.)

Old Curiosity Shop (1935)—A British film, from the novel by Charles Dickens, with Hay Petrie and Elaine Benson, directed by Charles Bentley. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 19.)

The Outlaw (1947)—As producer-director and bra designer, Howard Hughes manages to create the definitive burlesque of cowtown dramas, and without even trying. Jane Russell swings her bosom around and shows her love for frail, seedy Billy the Kid (Jack Buetel) by hitting him over the head with a coffeepot and putting sand in his water flasks when he is setting out across the desert. To reciprocate, he ties her up with wet thongs and leaves her out in the sun. Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell provide a little relief from the amorous games. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 18.)

Paperback Hero—With Keir Dullea and Elizabeth Ashley, directed by Peter Pearson. (Festival; starting Jan. 19.)

Port of Call (1948)—About a girl stranded in a harbor city. An untypical Ingmar Bergman film, made when he was being influenced by Rossellini and was experimenting with documentary realism. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 21.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 21.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 16-22.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 16.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Art, Fine Arts, Trans-Lux 85th St., and New Yorker.)

Serpico (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (St. Marks Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through Jan. 21.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 18.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 21.)

Stavisky—About the French swindler of the thirties, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II.)

Steppenwolf—Based on the Hermann Hesse novel, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda. Directed by Fred Haines. (Eastside Cinema.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties: the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (U. A. East, and Symphony.)

Street Scene (1931)—Samuel Goldwyn, who had a high regard for dramatists, produced this remarkably faithful version of Elmer Rice's famous play, with eight members of the original Broadway cast, including the lovely and gifted young Sylvia Sidney, and Beulah Bondi as the venomous old harpy. David Landau plays the man who murders his wife (Estelle Taylor). The intelligent direction is by King Vidor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 19-21.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). Directed by Serge Bourguignon. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 22.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 8th St. Playhouse, and Olympia; *starting Jan. 22.)*

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; through Jan. 21.)

Torment (1947)—Alf Sjöberg directed this famous study of adolescent despair and mean-spirited, authoritarian education. It was written by the twenty-five-year-old Ingmar Bergman, who worked on it as Sjöberg's assistant. (The following year, Bergman became a director.) Stig Järrel plays the sadist schoolmaster; the student and the shopgirl whom he victimizes are played by Alf Kjellin and Mai Zetterling (who have also become directors). Gunnar Björnstrand and others of Bergman's troupe may be glimpsed in small roles, looking very young. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 21.)

THE TOWERING INFERNO—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that comprise the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

ES VIOLONS DU BAL—With Marie-José Nat and Jean-Louis Trintignant, directed by Michel Drach. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Regency.)

ES VISITEURS DU SOIR (1942; American title, "The Devil's Envoys")—A romance based on a French legend: "And so in the beautiful month of May, 1485, the Devil sent on earth two of his creatures in order to drive the human beings to despair." The director, Marcel Carné, and the writers, Jacques Prévert and Pierre Laroche, intended a magical and seductive film poem, and they certainly had the cast for it—Arletty, with her incomparably lustrous eyes, Jules Berry, Marie Déa, and Alain Cuny (who in his youth, unfortunately, looked like a wooden Indian). But it turns allegorical and becomes rather slow and overstylized. Perhaps the sentiments (the Devil himself is unable to corrupt true lovers) are a little too fragrant. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 23.)

WINTERSET (1936)—Maxwell Anderson's most famous verse drama—a blend of "Romeo and Juliet" and the Sacco-Vanzetti case—was widely held to be the supremely eloquent last word on the unconquerable soul of man. Burgess Meredith, who mastered the cadences for Broadway, made his first screen appearance as Mio, giving fine voice and excellent interpretation to the soaring banalities that one might—in a romantic mood—mistake for poetry. Even with Anderson's poetics slightly trimmed by the adapter, Anthony Veiller, the play is still in a grand manner that just won't do on the screen. But there are fine moments in the performances, and there's something childishly touching in the florid dramatic effects. With Edward Ellis as Judge Gaunt, Margo as Miriamne, Eduardo Ciannelli as Trock Estrella, Stanley Ridges as Shadow, Maurice Moscovitch as Esdras, Paul Guilfoyle as Garth Esdras. It's a clue to Anderson's popularity at the time that the actors are forever identified with the characters they played here. Directed by Alfred Santell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 19-21.)

WOMAN UNDER THE INFLUENCE—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I. and Columbia II.)

OUNG FRANKENSTEIN—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think; you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the pictures it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Murray Hill, Sutton, and Paramount.)

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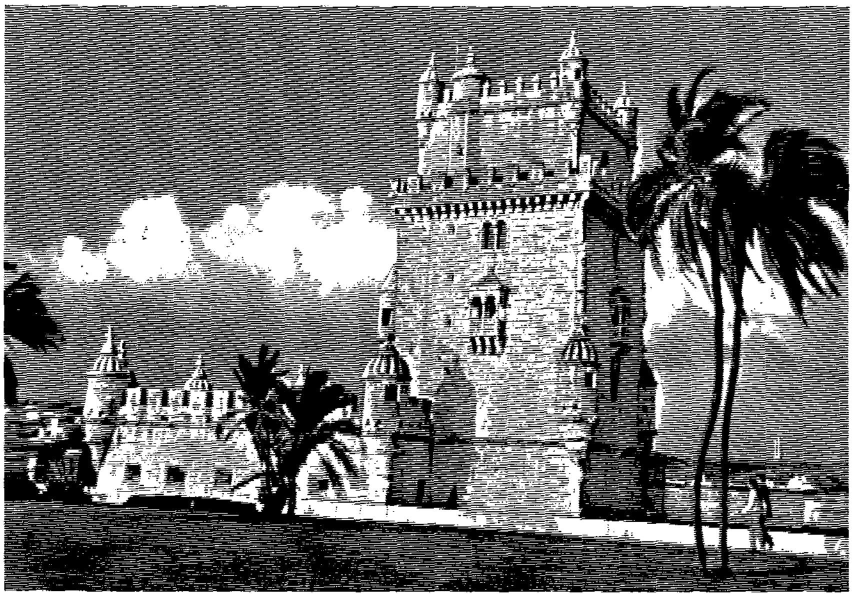

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOT long ago, we had occasion to remark that, because of the world's interdependence, wealthy people who consumed too much food or oil in one part of the globe would actually be taking it out of the hands of people in other parts of the globe. Then we came upon news of a man to whom this statement had no application. He was Private Teruo Nakamura, of the Japanese Imperial Army, who had spent the last thirty years in hiding in the jungle on the Indonesian sland of Morotai, and who was lured back to civilization, in December, by a group singing the Japanese national anthem near his hiding place. Nakamura, who was reported to be in excellent physical condition, had survived on a diet of homegrown potatoes and wild bananas. If Nakamura ate twice as many potatoes one year, no one starved n some other part of the globe as a result. And if wealthy people somewhere on the globe ate twice as much beef as they once did, Nakamura did not starve. He, like any other person or tribe that has managed to survive in isolation on our highly organized planet, stood outside the manifold crises that everybody has been reading about in recent months. We thought of Nakamura again when we read another recent bit of news: Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's intimation, in an interview printed in *Business Week*, that the United States might use military force n the Middle East if the cumulative actions of the oil cartel should eventually threaten "strangulation of the industrialized world." We weren't ready to set off into the jungle to get away from the energy crisis, but Nakamura's successful thirty years away from civilization, with its interdependence and its crises, did make us start to wonder just what the perilous military moves that Mr. Kissinger was willing to contemplate would be about.

We recalled that it was just lately that the conditions for an oil crisis had ripened. On the one hand, the conditions of this particular crisis were not, as is sometimes suggested, the dwindling of global reserves over the long term to the point where the flow of oil would inevitably begin to decline—although one day that point will be reached—nor were they, on the other hand, simply a sudden increase in economic unscrupulousness and political recklessness in the Arab world, as is also sometimes suggested. The conditions that made the oil crisis possible were the rise in demand for oil in the last decade or so among certain industrialized nations—to the point where those nations came to depend specifically on Middle Eastern oil for much of their economic growth. When this point of dependence was reached, the oil producers' quasi monopoly became feasible, and the embargo and the price rises followed. Keeping in mind the recent origin of this particular crisis—the crisis that Mr. Kissinger may be prepared to risk war over—one can give an answer of sorts to the question of what the war would be about. It would be about whether we, the industrialized nations, would be allowed to maintain the amount of economic development which was made possible by our use of imported oil over the last few years—or, to put it differently, it would be about the amount of development we would now have to give up in order to end our dependence on imported oil.

The years in which the industrialized nations' dependence grew, of course, did not witness the disappearance of poverty; more characteristically, they were years in which families who were already well-off bought their place in the country or their second car. In the case of the United States, at least, the use of imported oil has spelled the difference between abundance and superabundance, and no one has suggested that a return to poverty would be required to end our dependence, and thereby avoid the threat of war. A fifty-five-mile-an-hour speed limit has been imposed here. No one has suggested a speed limit of thirty. Yet Americans know that the war that Mr. Kissinger's contemplation of the use of force implies could be the one that reduces the speed limit of us all to zero. In other words, to take the very long view—the view from the Indonesian jungle, as it were—what the industrialized world seems to have done is to build an interdependent system that is technically precocious but politically backward. One product of the system is the prosperity now enjoyed by the world's rich nations; another product is the proliferation of nuclear warheads that now sit in silos in five or six countries and threaten to put an end to all countries. This system's promise is that of superabundance; its peril that of extinction. Mr. Kissinger's statement seems to mean that this nation is ready to risk extinction in order to guarantee superabundance—that this nation is ready to risk all in order to guarantee the second car and the fifty-five-mile-an-hour speed limit. It is a thought to make one wonder whether Private Nakamura may not have been on to something after all.

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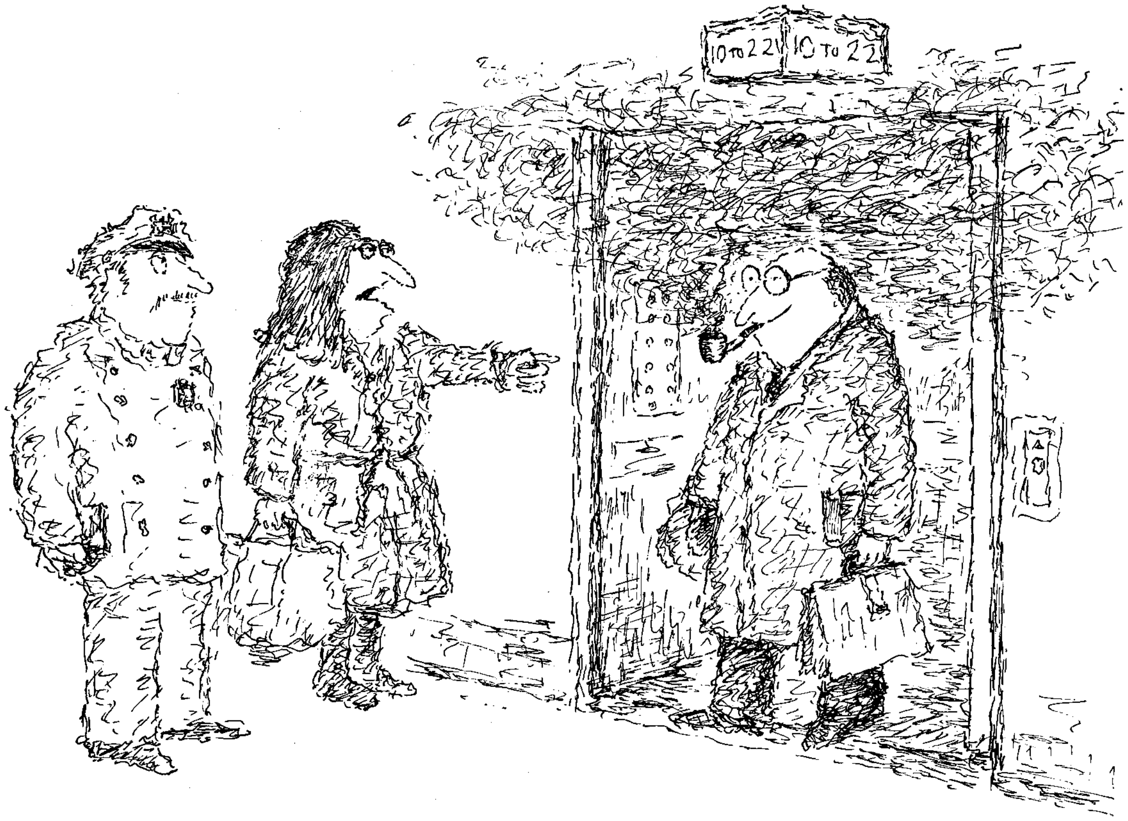
Rehearsal

WHEN Mikhail Baryshnikov, the dazzling twenty-six-year-old star of Leningrad's Kirov Ballet, decided last summer to make his career in the West, the dance world reacted with amazement, anticipation, and shock. The Russians were predictably outraged to learn that one of their leading classical dancers had deserted the company that had trained him. (In point of fact, Mr. Baryshnikov defected in Toronto from a third-rate Bolshoi touring company to which he had been lent.) Ballet companies all over the world checked their rosters for possible partners—Mr. Baryshnikov stands five feet seven and requires a very small ballerina—and began bidding for his



"*Officer, arrest that man!*"

services. After several months of negotiations, it was announced that Mr. Baryshnikov would divide his time between several foreign companies and the American Ballet Theatre, in which he would dance a more eclectic repertoire, ranging from classical roles ("Giselle," "La Sylphide"), through knockabout comedy ("Coppélia," "La Fille Mal Gardée"), to contemporary works (Balanchine's "Theme and Variations," Petit's "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort"). We dropped in at the City Center recently to see how Mr. Baryshnikov was adjusting to America, and found him onstage rehearsing "Fille," a ballet he dances with either of two partners—Balanchine-trained Gelsey Kirkland and Kirov-trained Natalia Makarova. As we took a seat, Mr. Baryshnikov, a delicate-looking young man with tousled blond hair, a pale oval face, deep-set blue eyes, a pointed nose, and a small, determined mouth, was turning Miss Kirkland in a series of rapid pirouettes just inside the footlights on the left side of the stage. He stopped her in an elegant arabesque, dipped slightly to his right, lifted his partner onto his shoulder in a single, fluid movement, and backed slowly toward the center of the stage. Miss Kirkland, a tiny, round-faced girl, who was wearing black tights, a short-sleeved pink blouse, and a white tulle practice skirt, slid to the floor and signalled to the rehearsal pianist to stop.

"I'd like to try that again, please," she said, with an audible sniffle. Mr. Baryshnikov, who was wearing black tights and a dark-red turtleneck, looked back at the corner where they had been dancing, and shook his head. "You cannot do pirouette there," he said, pantomiming a possible tumble into the wings. Miss Kirkland nodded, and the two dancers tried the step in a different spot. Then, after pausing to catch his breath, Mr. Baryshnikov ran through his solo variations, as A.B.T. dancers materialized in the wings to watch. He whirled around on one foot with incredible speed, tossed off a series of linked brisés volés moving diagonally downstage from left to right, and rose effortlessly toward the roof in two great, backward-turning leaps, bending his left leg in midair and extending it in a perfect arabesque as he landed. (This combination of steps is a Baryshnikov invention.) Then he circled the stage in a series of grands jetés that ended with a gravity-defying jump into the wings past the startled pianist.

Mr. Baryshnikov reappeared a few minutes later, holding a mug of tea, just as Natalia Makarova, his alternate partner, walked onstage and began to kiss everybody in sight. Miss Makarova, a fragile, blond Kirov émigrée, who has become an established international star, wore a crisp white tulle skirt over a turquoise leotard and puffed furiously on a cigarette in a long, shiny black holder. When the pianist began the first pas de deux, she stepped in front of Mr. Baryshnikov, rose on point, and slowly extended her right leg sidewise, exhaling a cloud of smoke. Mr. Baryshnikov removed the cigarette holder from her mouth and danced a few steps with it clenched between his teeth. Then he stamped out the cigarette, laid the holder on top of the piano, and got down to business. The rehearsal proceeded smoothly, punctuated by laughter, rapid bursts of Russian, and an occasional scream from Miss Makarova, who yells whenever she makes a mistake.

When the rehearsal was over, we went back to Mr. Baryshnikov's dressing room and asked, through an interpreter, how many roles he had learned during the past month.

"Five," Mr. Baryshnikov said, counting on his fingers. "'La Sylphide,' 'Fille,' 'Coppélia,' 'Patineurs,' and 'Le Jeune Homme et la Mort.' Also a new production of 'Giselle' and 'Bayadère' last summer and Balanchine's 'Theme and Variations' in the fall."

"The word has got around that Mischa learns very quickly," said our interpreter. Mr. Baryshnikov, who understands more English than he admits, looked embarrassed. "He says he's fortunate to have received very good schooling, first in Riga and later at the Kirov," said the interpreter. "In Russia, he was dancing five or six times a month. Here he is dancing four or five times a week. The entire pace of his life has accelerated enormously."

We asked Mr. Baryshnikov how he approached a new role, and he replied that there were two separate problems—choreography and characterization. "In nonsensical, comic ballets like 'Coppélia' and 'Fille,' my character—a foolish young boy—is quite specific, but there is room to add individual variations, provided you work within the style of the choreography," he said. "In 'Giselle,' you can't change the steps, but you can make decisions about the character of Albrecht, the hero."

"How about modern ballet?" we asked.

"With Balanchine, you dance the music and Balanchine," replied Mr. Baryshnikov. "Not yourself. But to dance one of his works—even if you are only a tool of Balanchine—is a very great honor. Roland Petit, who re-choreographed 'Le Jeune Homme et la Mort' for me in Paris last month, is primarily interested in the interaction of people—in the over-all emotional sense that a ballet conveys. As a contemporary dancer, I am always looking for contemporary ballets—for example, I would like very much to dance MacMillan's 'Romeo and Juliet' and Robbins' 'Dances at a Gathering'—but it's not so much a question of technique as of maturity. There are many roles that will have to wait until I have the emotional depth to do them justice."

"Ask Mischa about his first big part at the Kirov," said the interpreter.

"What was it?" we asked.

"Adam, in 'Creation of the World,' " replied Mr. Baryshnikov, with a smile. "One must begin somewhere—*da?*"

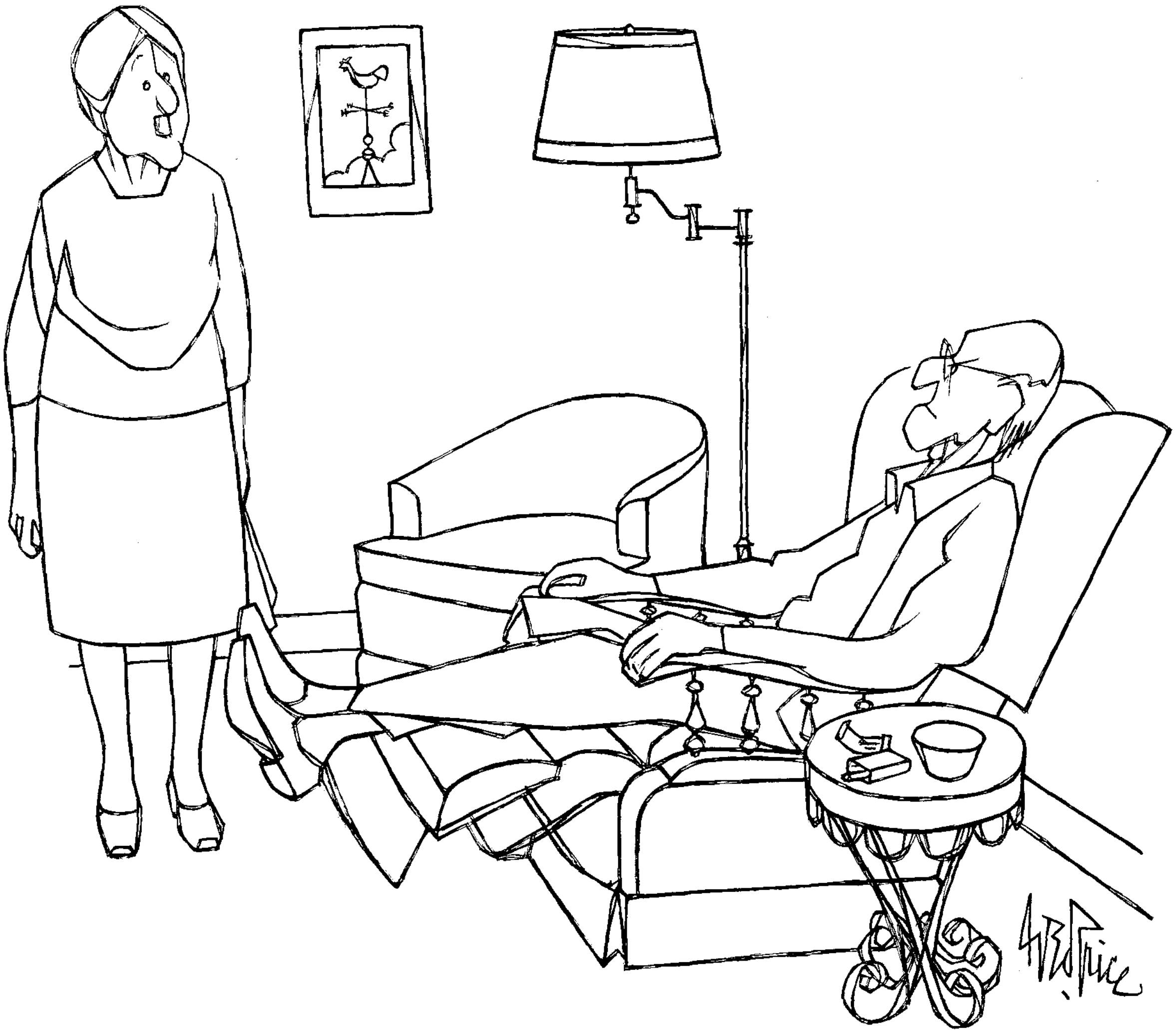
Cox at Cambridge

WE recently nipped over to London, dodged through King's Cross Station (where bombers haven't feared to tread), and entrained for Cambridge to keep a mid-afternoon appointment with Archibald Cox, the Harvard law professor and former Watergate Special Prosecutor, who is spending the current academic year as a visiting Fellow of Sidney Sussex College. As we learned from a little background reading during the train journey, Sidney Sussex has never been among the largest or wealthiest of the Cambridge colleges; nor, as we later observed, is it one of the showiest. It was founded in 1596 with a bequest of five thousand pounds from Lady Frances Sidney, Countess of Sussex, and is secluded behind a high wall running along Sidney Street, a narrow thoroughfare usually congested with cars, trucks, and whizzing bicycles. Behind the wall are peaceful courts, stately trees, large gardens, and architecturally sensible buildings that make it, as the founder instructed, "a goodly and godly monument for the maintenance of learning."

Presenting ourself at the porter's lodge at the arranged time, we were immediately escorted by a gray-haired retainer to a rose brick building in Cloister Court and thence up a flight of stone steps to a door marked with a wooden plaque reading "Professor A. Cox." "Come in. Come in," a voice said, answering the retainer's gentle knock, and Professor A. Cox warmly welcomed us to his rather Spartan quarters. "If I had my books and pictures here, the room would look a bit less spare. I did bring some of my books, but, *glory*, the cost is just prohibitive. I'm afraid I don't have much to offer in the way of hospitality except the inevitable sherry. Oh, yes," he added, motioning to us to sit in one of the room's two more or less easy chairs. "I did have the good luck to find a bottle of bourbon yesterday, if that would be of interest."

Having declined the spirits, with gratitude, we asked Mr. Cox how he happened to be teaching in England.

"Well, I wouldn't be here at *all* if I had better *manners*," he said, chuckling—he chuckles and smiles a great deal, probably because he is very relaxed and self-possessed—and he distributed himself in the other easy chair, putting his feet up on a Formica-topped coffee table. Six feet three, lean, and fit-looking, his graying hair cropped very short, he was wearing the international professorial gear—a tweed jacket and gray flannel slacks—along with an American insignia in the form of a pink shirt with a button-down collar. He speaks with a distinctly Cambridge (Mass.) accent and with great verve, emphasizing words through sudden and arresting changes in the pitch and volume of his voice. "I *accepted* the invitation to come here—I think the full title of the chair I occupy is Pitt Professor of American History and Institutions; Henry Commager, both the Rostows, and other friends of mine had held it—*long before* Watergate. Back in '69 or '70. If I'd had proper *manners*, I'd have written the people here in the summer of '73 that there



"Do you suppose you could accept a criticism, which, though not exactly constructive, nevertheless is right on?"

was virtually no chance I'd be able to take the post. But I'm a procrastinator, and then, too, I would read Evans and Novak, and begin to think maybe I *would* be available. At any rate, happily, I never wrote."

We asked if the Pitt Professor always resides at Sidney Sussex.

"The chair is passed around. I had invitations from three colleges, and I understand there was a fourth, but it never reached me. I chose Sidney partly because it is small, partly because the Master here is Vice-Chancellor of the University, and partly because he wrote me much the most amusing letter. The last sentence went something like 'It may not be wholly irrelevant to remind you, in view of your recent activities'—remember, this was last winter—'that Oliver Cromwell was a student at Sidney Sussex.' That tickled me, and made up my mind. If you have no real basis for choice, you might as well choose the man who makes you laugh."

His regular work at the university, Mr. Cox continued, consists of lecturing twice a week on American Constitutional law. "The course is designed for LL.B. candidates, who have already got their bachelor-of-arts degree, but it also attracts undergraduates, including several Americans, and quite a number of older men, who obviously can't be students at the University but are very faithful in their attendance. It's fun but hard to work out lectures directed at such a varied audience. Of course, this method of teaching is different from the one used in American law schools. At home, we don't really lecture; we concentrate on discussing court decisions. So this is really a new experience. I find I have to write the lectures down, and that takes a great deal of time, because writing is a very slow process for me. Then, too, people have been after me a good deal to talk, so I've been kept quite busy, though I've certainly not kept the kind of pace one kept at Watergate. In fact, I go home and have tea with my wife many days, and do a little reading and writing afterward. I'm reading Trollope—the Palliser novels—and keep interrupting my wife to read her paragraphs that particularly strike me. We have a nice flat on Chaucer Road—very quiet and pleasant. It's a little over a mile from here. I bicycle back and forth, which is the way to get around in Cambridge. The bicycling is another thing that's new. My legs aren't in bad shape, because I've always done a lot of walking. Even during the Watergate affair, I had a few weekends when I did fifteen miles or so on the Appalachian Trail. On weekends here, there's nothing I like better than to bicycle down the towpath as far as I can, or out into the little villages. Come to think of it, I guess I haven't done much *work* on weekends. Oh, yes, I'm afraid I'm adapting to the life. You know, people are awfully *late* in England. *Glory!* At home, we always get up at six-thirty. Here, we don't get up until *seven*-thirty, and still there's very little traffic on the streets when I come down to the college. Oh, we've become very slipshod. I've even talked about taking *Thursday afternoons* off, but I don't know whether I will. I keep *telling* myself that I won't. *Glory!* Well, at least I still get up and work a *regular week.*"

Mr. Cox's study (his quarters also include a bedroom, and he shares a bath and a kitchenette with students in the building) didn't look as if it belonged to a man who has given himself over wholly to a life of idleness. Notebooks and tablets, their pages covered with careful handwriting in ink, were spread over the desk, cabinets, and coffee table. Most of that writing, he said, had to do with lectures he had agreed to give at Oxford; Trinity College, Dublin; and the Universities of Edinburgh, Keele, Wales, and Southampton. "I've planned those trips so there will be a couple of free days on either side of the performance to allow a little sightseeing. At Oxford, I will be giving the Chichele Lectures—a series of four—which will all be on aspects of American Constitutional law, but at the other universities I will be talking a good deal about Watergate. Of course, that's mainly what people want me to talk about, and I don't mind. I don't know any secrets anymore, so there are no problems of that kind. I've talked on the subject here at Sidney on a couple of evenings, taking questions afterward, and I find that the English know quite a lot about Watergate. Of course, there are a lot of misunderstandings, too. I suppose the most common is the one that goes: American public life has always been corrupt. What's new about Watergate? As a matter of fact, when you arrived I was addressing myself to that very question in the lecture for Trinity College, Dublin."

"How do you handle that one?"

"For one thing, I express the personal opinion that, for all the rather cynical acceptance of a degree of corruption in the big municipalities and in some county courthouses, I don't think corruption *is* characteristic of public life in America. I *really* don't, if you take the country as a whole. Second, I explain that the scale and the systematization of Watergate were *vastly* different from anything we'd seen. No *politician* ever would have *supposed* that he could put the bite on corporations as baldly and as broadly as that. Of course, we know—but a lot of people here don't realize—that the men responsible for Watergate were *not* politicians. I explain that the *real politicians*—Sam Ervin and others—were on the other side of the fence. The Haldemans, the Ehrlichmans, the Mitchells were strangers in politics. President Nixon, too, in *many ways*. The Watergate crew—advertising men, corporate managers, corporation lawyers—went into politics with little understanding of the process and *none* of the trust in people which are really the factors in making a democratic political system work. Furthermore, I point out that while we may have become sort of cynically acquiescent, we always hung on to our right to throw the rascals out, either by the electoral process or by investigation and criminal prosecution. And Watergate was an attempt to pervert both of those, which made it wholly different. I go on from there to discuss the Constitutional crisis, but I will spare you the whole speech."

Mr. Cox rose and turned up the gas heater in his fireplace. "We're in a very cold wing of the college," he said, resuming his relaxed position. "About this time of day, you know it. The most enjoyable part of these lectures about Watergate is the questions that are asked afterward, though I must say it's very rare now to get a new one. They go over ground that's become very familiar to Americans. If I'm in the mood, I answer questions about my personal involvement by telling a story that might be titled 'The Last Ten Days of Archibald Cox,' but mostly the answers are in general terms."

We asked Mr. Cox how he has kept

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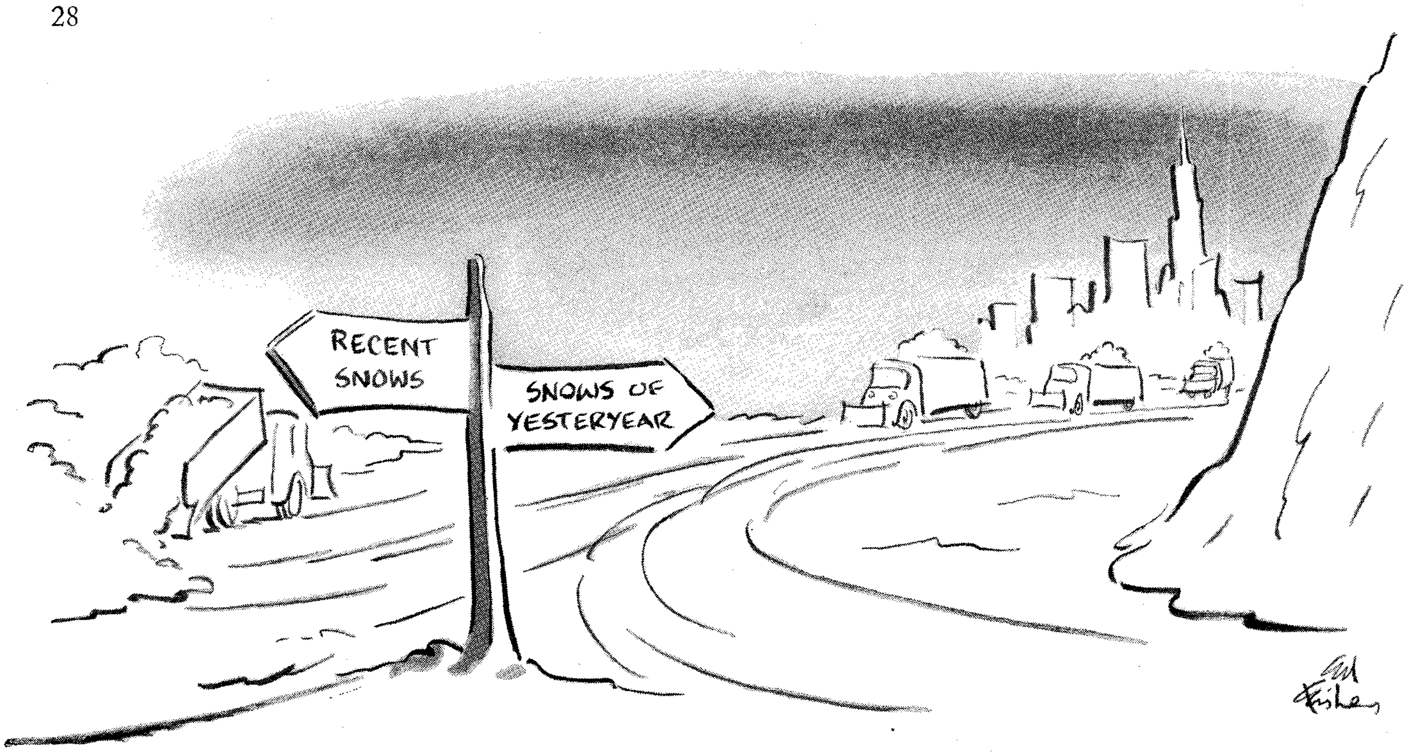
up with Watergate developments since leaving Washington.

"Like most people, by reading the newspapers," he said. "At home, the New York *Times*. Over here, the London *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and *Time* or *Newsweek*. I have, naturally, followed it all with great interest, but I haven't been one of those people who have fastened on every detail as it came out in the newspapers and read every word of the extracts. I was the most frustrated man on earth, I'm sure, on the day the Supreme Court tapes case was argued last summer. I wanted very much to go down and hear the oral argument. After all, it had been *my* case to begin with, and, having been Solicitor General for more than four years, I always sort of figured that the Supreme Court was my area. Happily, it dawned on me that it wouldn't do at all for me to be there. The people handling the case would have thought I was sort of looking over their shoulder, and the press might have misunderstood my being there. I think I was quite genuinely just curious, but it seemed prudent to throttle my curiosity."

"Were you fairly certain of the outcome?"

"No, I couldn't feel quite that sure. A lot of people did. When I was Special Prosecutor, my staff would say, 'When it goes to the Supreme Court, it's ten to one we'll win.' And I would say, 'You're crazy. Don't be talking that way.' I was trying to cool them off a bit. I thought the odds were in our favor, but at about six to four. However, once you'd read the opinion, it all seemed perfectly obvious. It couldn't have been otherwise. Of course, it really would have been dis-



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astrous if the decision had gone the other way, because what was at stake was whether our President has the qualities of a king or is under the law. Which reminds me: When I was introduced here one day to a visiting Swedish scholar, he attacked me with great excitement. 'The chief of state can't be subject to the orders of the court,' he said. 'It can't be. It's unthinkable.' I said, 'Well, I'm sorry. It can't be *un*thinkable, because Americans have been thinking it for quite a while.' And I really believe they have been *thinking* it from the beginning, but there had never been a hundred-per-cent test of it. Watergate finally buttoned it down."

"What other aspects of Watergate caused you the most concern?"

"It did seem sort of touch and go in the fall of '73 whether the President would get away with defying the orders of the lower court. I found that a very worrisome thing. Franklin Roosevelt is said to have prepared a message during the New Deal days that if the Court decided the gold-clause case against him, he would disregard the decision. There have been other instances. Lincoln, at the start of the Civil War, disregarded habeas-corpus writs issued by a federal court. Jefferson clearly was prepared to disobey John Marshall. I was mindful of these things in the fall of '73. I didn't have any doubt what the issue was, and I didn't have any doubt of my desire to make it a national issue, but I didn't feel altogether confident of the outcome. Could the legal theory be made to hold in fact? The bonds of law—court decisions—are very fragile things. If the Executive challenges them, there is always a question. The great thing about the events of the Saturday-night massacre and General Haig's 'fire storm' was the most marvellously clear demonstration of people's appreciation of whether we *would* be a government of law, *and* of their capacity for forcing it. Here was a President reëlected the year before by an overwhelming majority. He announces he's going to disobey the law. And scarcely more than twenty-four hours later he's been forced to right-about-face—and really not by the leadership. I think it was really by the people. They did a great deal better than their leaders in lots of ways. One of the things I've been saying here is that I think the response of the American people is proof that they still remain a highly moral, idealistic people. I think it does remain to be seen just how that feeling will be focussed. What one hopes is that someone will come along with the ability to crystallize it, to rekindle our faith in ourselves."

It was now getting on toward five o'clock. Instead of going home for tea, Mr. Cox said, he was staying on to have dinner at the college, because he had accepted an invitation to talk to the Sidney Sussex law students that evening about American Constitutional law. "I suppose I could have begged off, on the ground that I've talked to them twice before, but that's a professor's *job*. A professor is *supposed* to talk to students. Furthermore, I *enjoy* it."

Much as we had enjoyed talking to Mr. Cox, we felt that it was time to leave, and as we prepared to do so, we asked if he planned to write a book about Watergate.

"No, I don't. I have been asked, of course, but I really shan't. My friends think it shocking that I won't do it, but if I'm going to write something, I have to *want* to write it. For some reason, I just don't have any *want* to write about Watergate."

Mr. Cox saw us down the stairs and out into Cloister Court. It was tranquil and deserted. We put one final question: "Do you miss the excitement of Watergate?"

Mr. Cox smiled, and shook his head. "I don't mean to run down the excitement. It was a hell of a lot of fun. I like to be involved in big things and tense things. But no. I remember when I stopped being Solicitor General and went back to Harvard, people would say, 'Are you having trouble decompressing?' They would say that this one and that one who had come back from Washington were having trouble decompressing. I really never quite grasped what the fuss was all about. I asked my wife this morning, 'Do you think I've had any trouble decompressing, or have I just been fooling myself?' Either she was being a good wife or I haven't been fooling myself, because she said no. I guess I was blessed with a good digestion and an equable temperament. I wouldn't have missed having some of that excitement in my life, but, equally, I wouldn't have missed having some Academe, including my visit to this particular grove."

A TOTAL DISASTER

Mr. Melvin Bloom
Gem-of-the-Ocean Pictures
Culver City, California

DEAR MELVIN:

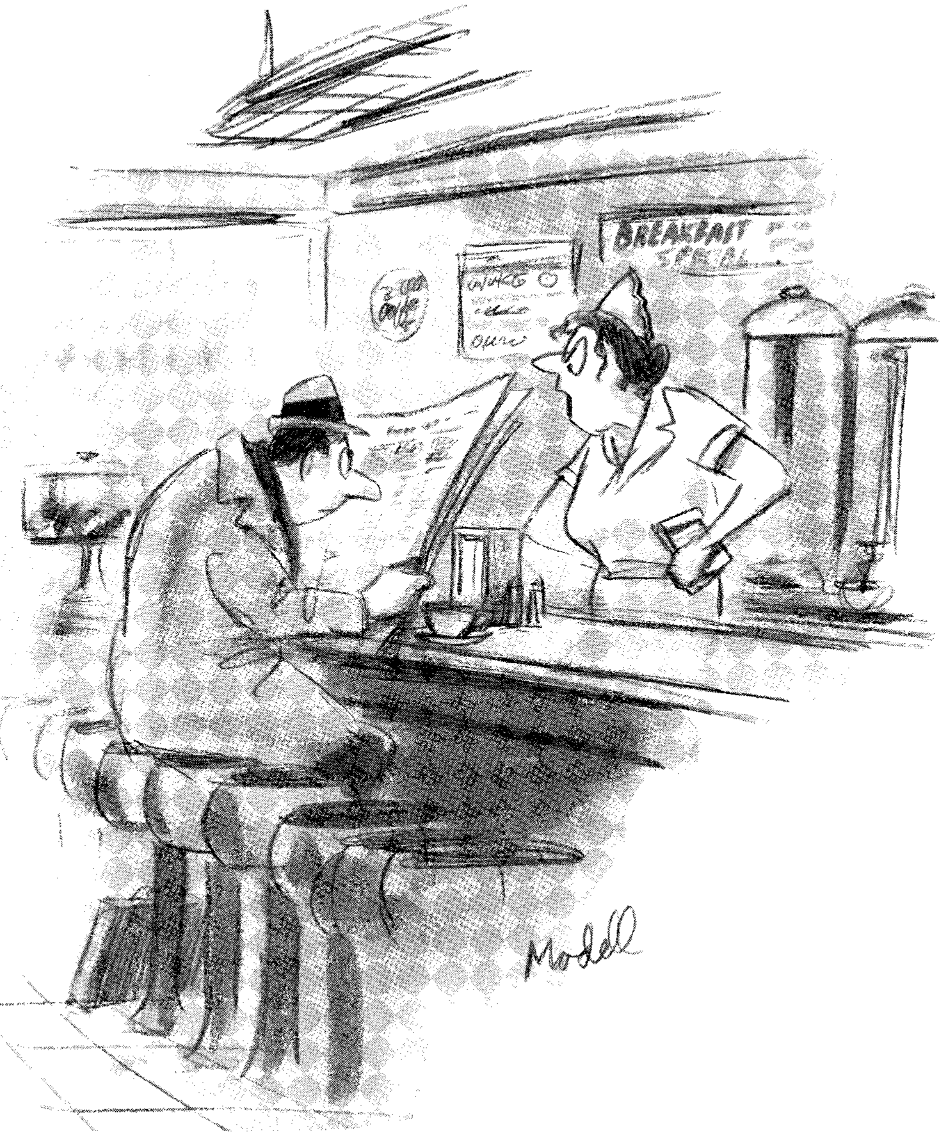
FIRST off, thanks a mil for your letter. I had feared there might be some residual bad vibes between us since your bosses, the Money Men, turned down the screen treatment I did for you last year, and we blew the $7,800 W.G.A.W. minimum. You were perfectly right about the treatment. My central character (a Jack Nicholson type playing a Wally Beery type in a seventies-type thirties film) lacked solid motivation, and the story line was short on jeopardy. Those five other writers you brought in on spec did the best they could, but by the time they got the feel of the thing their unemployment benefits and amphetamines had run out. I appreciate your trust in me, Melvin, since, as you said yourself, not many people *deliver* these days. Why, Mickey Cohen was on TV just the other night, and he said he wouldn't start up a gang today—no way. "You just can't trust people anymore," he said.

Anyway, you open your letter by asking me if I have any screen ideas in my fertile brain, and I'm going to tell you, yes I do, and lay one right on you, if you keep in mind, of course, that this is just a letter and I can't go into much detail. You remember "The Poseidon Adventure"? (Is Hope a Republican?) You're *au courant* with "Earthquake" and "The Towering Inferno," right? Well, here's a bare-bones outline for a story that I think would make the ultimate catastrophe flicker, or catastropic. A smashing success, if you'll excuse the expression.

Like this. People are beginning to freak out all over L.A., and Chief Raymond Zinfandel (played by Heston) suspects someone on the left (or maybe the right, or possibly the middle) has spiked the city reservoir with LSD-25. It's being eyedroppered into Chatsworth Reservoir or the Colorado River or wherever the hell the water comes from. (I missed "Chinatown.") Heston takes personal charge of the investigation, but before he can really get cooking, a nuclear power plant in Sebastopol (Calif.) blows up. Some yo-yo of a technician there pulls the control rods out of the core to polish them with Rally wax, gets absorbed in watching a "Rhoda" seg on TV, and forgets to slip the rods back in, thus allowing the neutrons to run wild, as the little devils like to do the minute you step out of the room. Since the plant is built directly over the San Guadalupe Fault, it triggers a huge earthquake—twelve on the Richter. The earthquake causes a power outage all over the world. There are no lights in the whole goddam *world*. People start killing each other for birthday candles. None of the airliners in the sky can land (no radio, no "Fasten Seat Belts" signs), so this gives us a chance to do flashback closeups on the messed-up lives of various people on these planes, possibly living their last few hours. Now, we're gonna need a helluva lot of actors in all these planes, so I suggest we get Crawford (Joan and Broderick), Nicholson, Huston, Brando, Raquel, Liz, Richard, Caan, Reynolds (Debbie and Burt), Ol' Blue Eyes (or Blue Mouth, as the three-dot columnists call him now), McQueen, Redford, Perrine, and maybe Bertolucci, Buñuel, and Bergman (Ingmar) doing cameos.

In San Francisco, meanwhile, 1,200 commuters are stranded in a BART train in the collapsed trans-bay tube, but they don't panic; they're used to this happening every week on Bay Area Reckless Transit. Here for closeups we can use Red Buttons, Borgnine, Bergman (Ingrid), Bette Davis, Newman (Paul and Phyllis), Bergen (Candy and Edgar), Redgrave (Michael, Vanessa, and Lynn), Faye Dunaway, Sir Ralph, Sir John, Young (Robert, Loretta, and Gig), Princess Lee, Streisand, Shirley MacLaine, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Bacall, O. J. Simpson, Moms Mabley, and Cher. Maybe even Ronald Reagan. He could play the retired T.W.A. captain turned subway motorman, on his last run before retirement, who refuses to go by the book. (They say Ron's at liberty again and reading scripts—which, come to think of it, is really what he's been doing for the last eight years.)

Meanwhile, tidal waves have turned sixteen cruise ships on their sides. Swinging singles and Jewish couples on their third honeymoon are literally

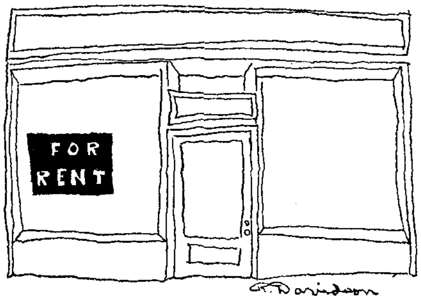


"Are you going to eat your whole breakfast with that damn paper in your face?"

walking on the walls and the portholes. They are mad as wet hornets and demanding refunds and everything, but actually they are all sinking. We could use Tony Orlando and Dawn (or one of Dawn) for the young couple whose marriage is in trouble. Or Julie and David, who are about to hit the lecture circuit together and probably need the exposure. Olivier and Shirley Temple Black are a racially mixed marriage (any races will do) who have been passing but decide to come out of the closet when and if they ever get back ashore. Matthau is a Presidential Hopeful who is voyaging in secret company with his illegitimate daughter (Maria Muldaur), but when she is injured in the capsizing and suddenly needs a transfusion of this very rare blood type, Walter must Face Up to Things. . . . Do you begin to see how all this *builds*? Actually, we'll need boatloads of Namies for this bit, and as soon as I get time to grab a notepad and stroll down the Walk of Fame on Hollywood Bull, where they have all those stars stuck in concrete, I should come up with some really outrageous casting ideas.

Back to the story. Truck and rail transportation is also shut down (although the Teamsters are still drawing full pay), and there is only a twelve-hour supply of food left in the cities. Now people are killing each other for Hostess Twinkies, Pepperidge Farm Cinnamon-Nut Buns, and frozen Mexidinners. This is where we bring in the big man, the star of the picture, Charles Bronson, and his sidekick (they frequently kick each other in the side), Clint Eastwood. There is only one way out of this impending apocalypse, and they know it. Civil rights be damned! They've got to cut through all the red tape and pussyfooting in Washington and Moscow and Saudi Arabia, even if it means offing a few hundred thousand people—so they bite on their bazookas and do it. *How* they do it, and how they save the rest of the world, I'll explain when you send me the standard boilerplate contract for writing a screen treatment. I can promise you a drum-tight 60-pp. treatment *within two weeks*. I know, I know—it took me seven weeks to do a page and a half the last time, but I was into the Wild Turkey then, and you'd be amazed how fast I can write when my pencil can actually form legible letters.

Oh, I left out some things. There's a subplot. A deadly virus has been filtrated into every high-rise-office air-conditioner by the Arab-Jewish Freedom League (C.I.O.). A heaping teaspoon of this odorless, tasteless, invisible fluid can kill the entire human race (or air-conditioned part thereof), and there is only forty-eight hours in which to diagnose the problem and immunize everybody in the world. Gregory Peck (who else?) gets the call. Also, America's entire new fleet of lighter-than-air (Zeppelin-type) transports have suddenly gone nose-down in the sky, because of all the nuclear turbulence, and will somehow have to be landed like asparagus stalks. There is only one man who can perform this ticklish task—Oberleutnant Hans Zimmerman, played by Dylan, who is not only on the ground but happens to be mountain-climbing God knows where in the Himalayas on his furlough. (The Zeppelin bit is not a sci-fi hash dream, by the way. Right this minute, Lockheed or Grumman or somebody is working on giant jet planes inflated with helium—planes that are ten times bigger than your everyday Ultra-Large Crude Carrier. In order for crewmen to get from the front to the back of these Z-planes, they have to ride Honda 250s and carry a lunch. I mean, we can meld that great "Hell's Angels" footage with "The Wild One" and multiply by ten.)



By the way, I decided to scrub the Mafia sequence, which was in my first thumbnail outline. I had it that the Mob offers to take control of all the rescue operations if they are allowed to skim twenty-five per cent off the top and receive immunity for the duration (of the world). On second thought, I decided that this was a bit preposterous. I mean, we do want to keep this thing realistic and believable for your average moviegoer. Also, I think the Eyeties are getting a bit up to here with always being the black hats in movies.

Though money is your end of the business, I'd like to suggest that we get most of the people involved below the

WORSENING SITUATION

Like a rainstorm, he said, the braided colors
Wash over me and are no help. Or like one
At a feast who eats not, for he cannot choose
From among the smoking dishes. This severed hand
Stands for life, and wander as it will,
East or west, north or south, it is ever
A stranger who walks beside me. O seasons,
Booths, chaleur, dark-hatted charlatans
On the outskirts of some rural fête,
The name you drop and never say is mine, mine!
Some day I'll claim to you how all used up
I am because of you but in the meantime the ride
Continues. Everyone is along for the ride,
It seems. Besides, what else is there?
The annual games? True, there are occasions
For white uniforms and a special language
Kept secret from the others. The limes
Are duly sliced. I know all this
But can't seem to keep it from affecting me,
Every day, all day. I've tried recreation,
Reading until late at night, train rides,
And romance.
One day a man called while I was out
And left this message: "You got the whole thing wrong
From start to finish. Luckily, there's still time
To correct the situation, but you must act fast.
See me at your earliest convenience. And please
Tell no one of this. Much besides your life depends on it."
I thought nothing of it at the time. Lately
I've been looking at old-fashioned plaids, fingering
Starched white collars, wondering whether there's a way
To get them really white again. My wife
Thinks I'm in Oslo—Oslo, France, that is.

—John Ashbery

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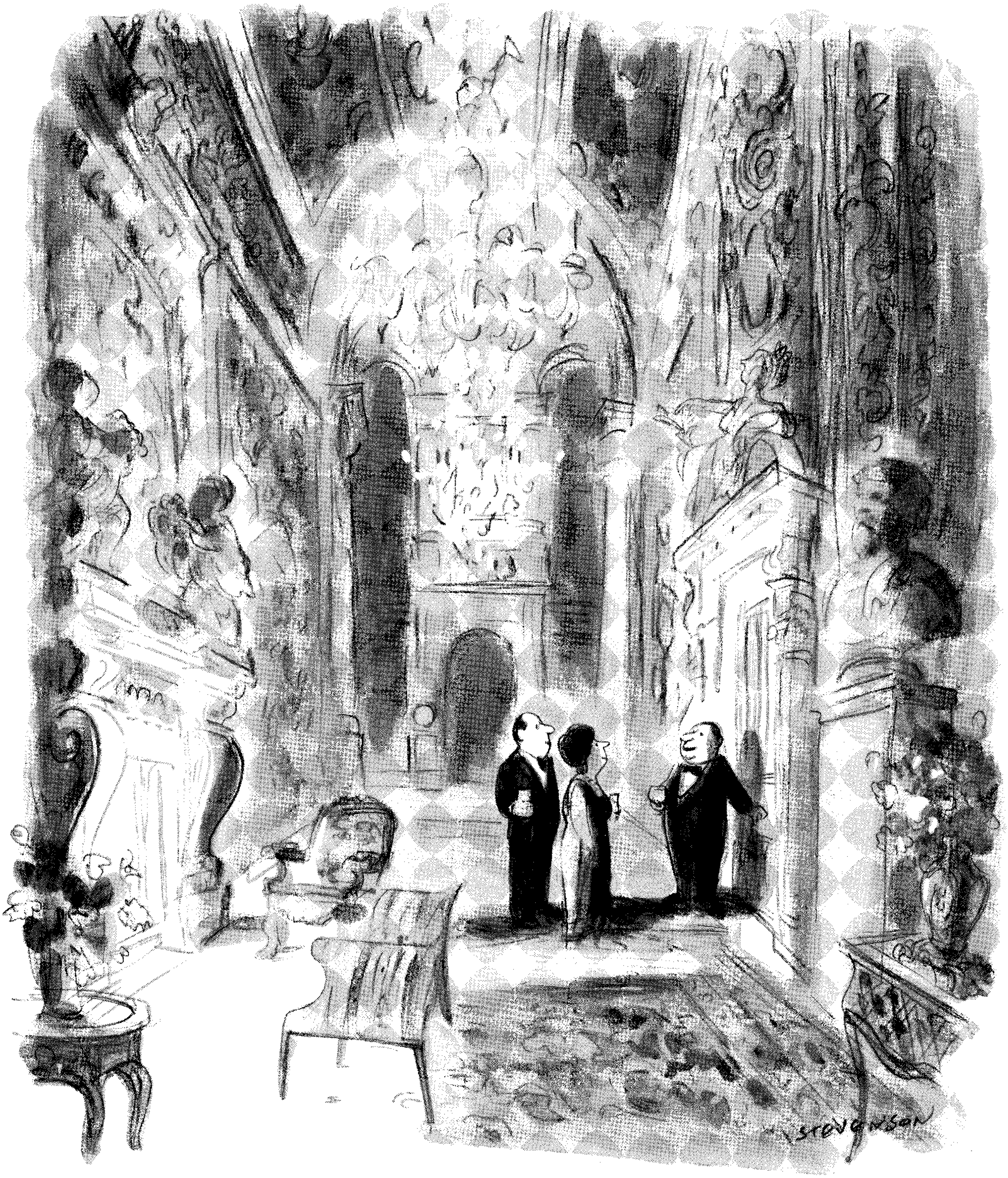

"Would you like to see my pile?"

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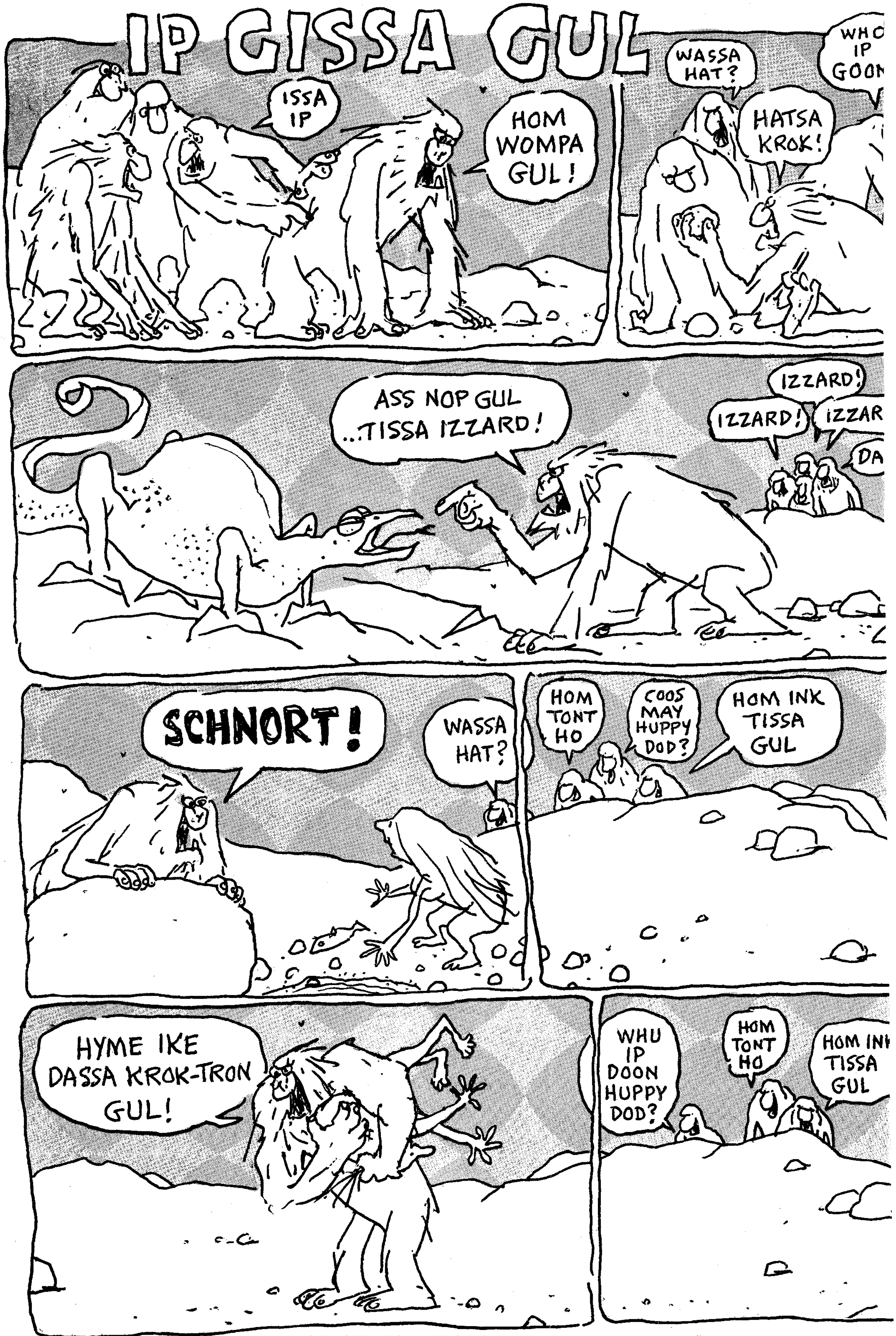
line, so we won't need much of that scarce up-front bread. Once we get this baby in the can, I figure it's good for a year in the hardtops, then we can rent the reels to CBS for a one-shot deal for twenty-five mil. If they can stretch it over five nights and shoehorn in forty commershes a night at a couple of hundred Big Ones each, they should be able to get most of their money back.

Of course, sophisticates like you and I know that none of these ultimate disasters could really happen. I mean, we *do*, don't we? Still, this friend of mine—a bit of a schizzy dude, to be sure, but also a B.S. from Rensselaer Poly—has been telling me that if we go on muddying up the ecosphere, all the monarch butterflies will turn against us and eat up the entire world supply of sweet sorghum, rock salt, and anthracite coal, without which human life as we know it et cetera et cetera. Makes you think. Lately, I've had to pop three 10-mg. Valiums in order to catch my Zs, and last night I had this nightmare about collard greens and tiger lilies joining forces to take over NATO. There's a dynamite script in *that*, Melvin sweetie, or I'm no judge of blockbuster b.o.

PHIL

—F. P. TULLIUS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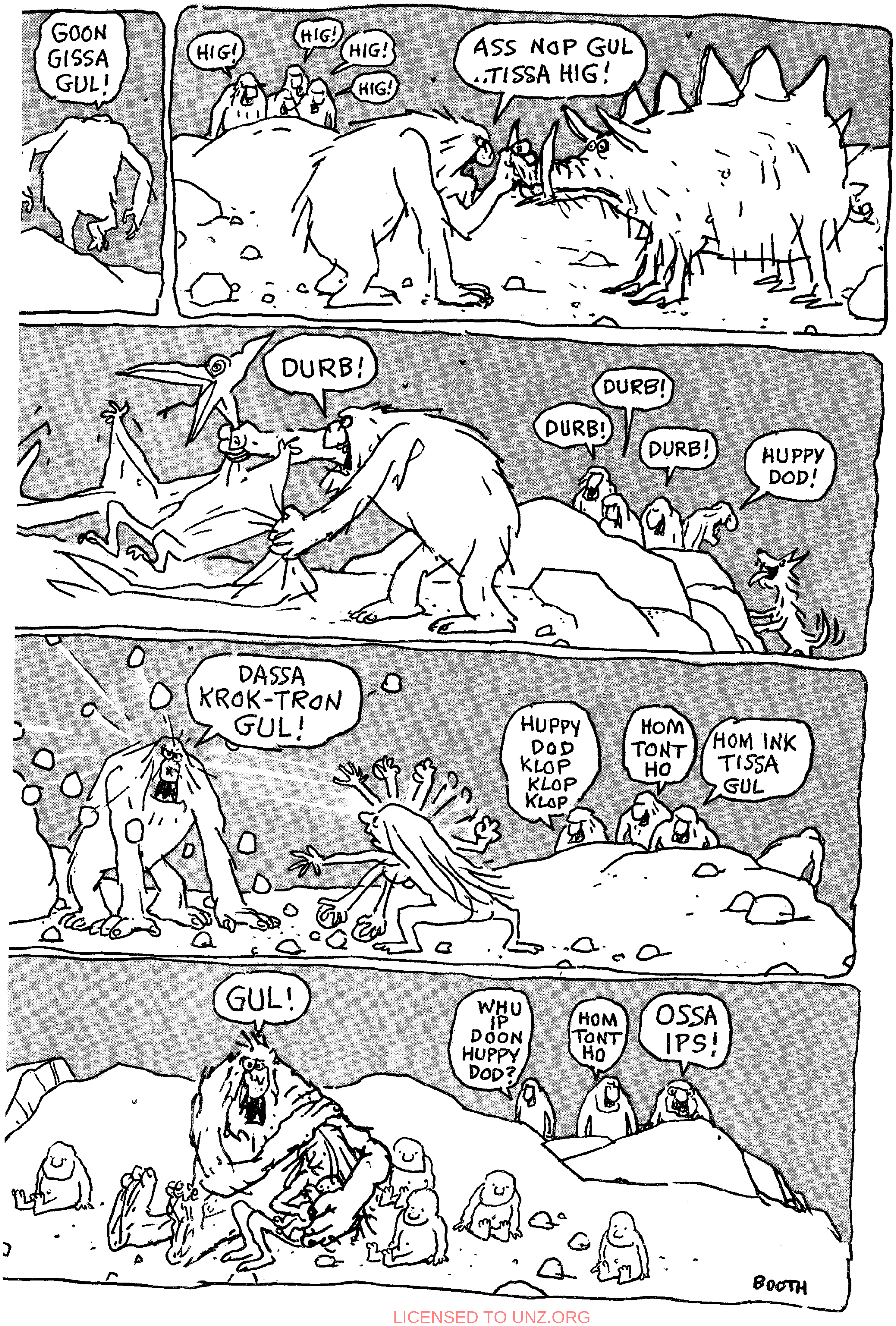
HOM IN TISSA GUL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HOM TONT HO
OSSA IPS!
BOOTH

DWARF HOUSE

“ARE you happy?” MacDonald says. “Because if you’re happy I’ll leave you alone.”

MacDonald is sitting in a small gray chair, patterned with grayer leaves, talking to his brother, who is standing in a blue chair. MacDonald’s brother is four feet six and three-quarters inches tall, and when he stands in a chair he can look down on MacDonald. MacDonald is twenty-eight years old. His brother, James, is thirty-eight. There was a brother between them, Clem, who died of a rare disease in Panama. There was also a sister, Amy, who flew to Panama to be with her dying brother. She died in the same hospital, one month later, of the same disease. None of the family went to the funeral. Today, MacDonald, at their mother’s request, is visiting James at his boarding house to find out if he is happy. Of course James is not happy, but standing in the chair helps, and the twenty-dollar bill that MacDonald slipped into his tiny hand helps, too.

“What do you want to live in a dwarf house for?” MacDonald says.

“There’s a giant here, too,” James says. “It’s not just for dwarfs.”

“Well, it must just depress the hell out of the giant.”

“He’s pretty happy.”

“Are you?”

“I’m as happy as the giant.”

“What do you do all day?”

“Use up the family’s money.”

“You know I’m not here to accuse you. I’m here to see what I can do.”

“She sent you again, didn’t she?”

“Yes.”

“Is this your lunch hour?”

“Yes.”

“Have you eaten? I’ve got some candy bars in my room.”

“Thank you,” MacDonald says. “I’m not hungry.”

“Place make you lose your appetite?”

“I do feel nervous. Do you like living here?”

“I like it better than the giant does. He’s lost twenty-five pounds. Nobody’s supposed to know about that—the official word is fifteen—but I overheard the doctors talking. He’s lost twenty-five pounds.”

“Is the food bad?”

“Sure. Why else would he lose twenty-five pounds?”

“Do you mind . . . Do you mind if we don’t talk about the giant right now? I’d like to take back some reassurance to Mother.”

“Tell her I’m as happy as she is.”

“You know she’s not happy.”

“She knows I’m not, too. Why does she keep sending you?”

“She’s concerned about you. She’d like you to live at home. She’d come herself . . .”

“I know. But she gets nervous around freaks.”

“I was going to say that she hasn’t been going out much. She sent me, though, to see if you wouldn’t reconsider.”

“I’m not coming home, MacDonald.”

“Well, is there anything you’d like from home?”

“They let you have pets here. I’d like a parakeet.”

“A bird? Seriously?”

“Yeah. A green parakeet. Pet stores will dye them any color you ask for.”

“Isn’t that harmful to them?”

“You want to please the parakeet or me?”

“HOW did it go?” MacDonald’s wife asks.

“That place is a zoo. Well, it’s worse than a zoo—it’s what it is: a dwarf house.”

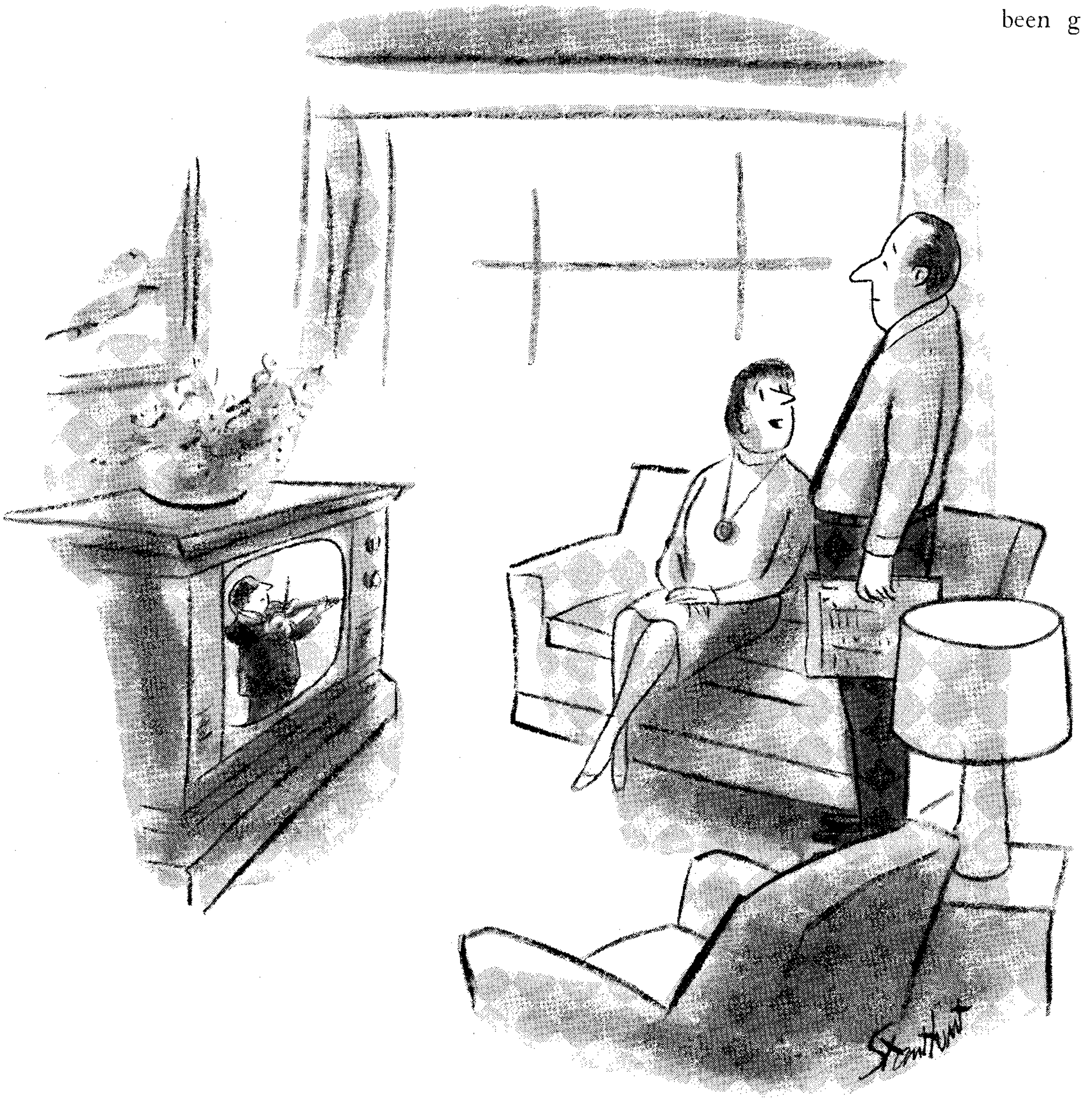
“Is he happy?”

“I don’t know,” MacDonald says. “I didn’t really get an answer out of him. There’s a giant there who’s starving to death, and he says he’s happier than the giant. Or maybe he said he was as happy, I can’t remember. Have we run out of vermouth?”

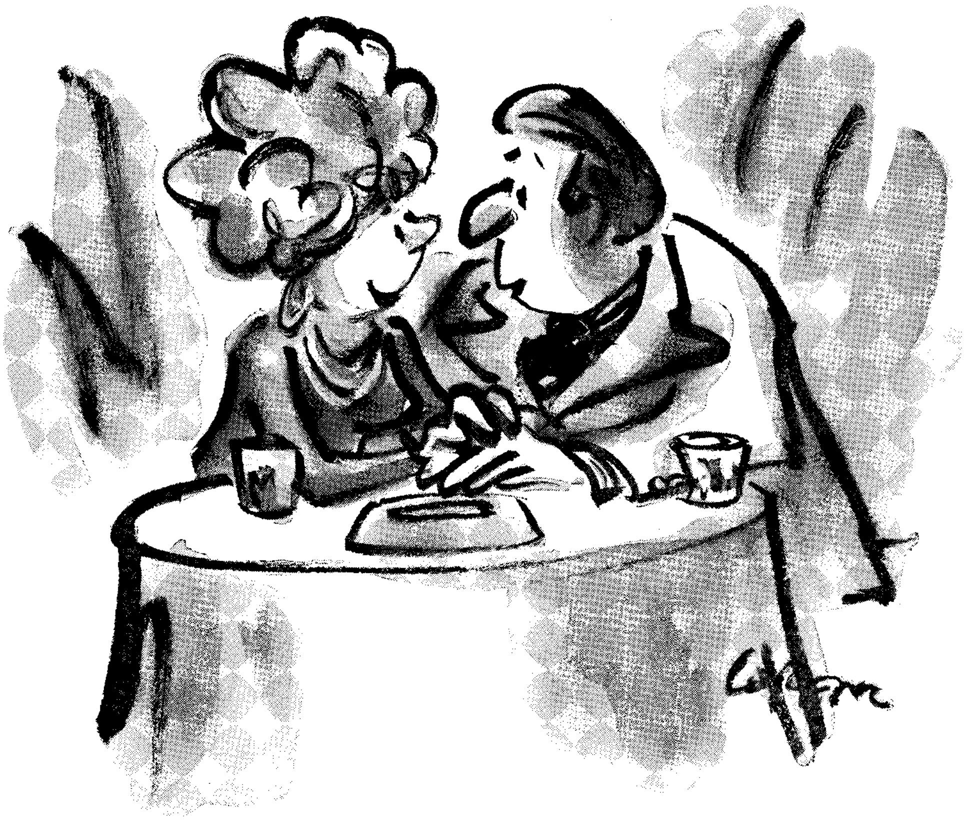
“Yes. I forgot to go to the liquor store. I’m sorry.”

“That’s all right. I don’t think a drink would have much effect anyway.”

“It might. If I had re-



“That’s Mr. Panasovich, dear. Mr. Panasovich was made possible by a grant from Mobil Oil.”



"Marcie, why don't we go down the tube together?"

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membered to go to the liquor store."

"I'm just going to call Mother and get it over with."

"What's that in your pocket?"

"Candy bars. James gave them to me. He felt sorry for me because I'd given up my lunch hour to visit him."

"Your brother is really a very nice person."

"Yeah. He's a dwarf."

"What?"

"I mean that I think of him primarily as a dwarf. I've had to take care of him all my life."

"Your mother took care of him until he moved out of the house."

"Yeah, well it looks like he found a replacement for her. But you might need a drink before I tell you about it."

"Oh, tell me."

"He's got a little sweetie. He's in love with a woman who lives in the dwarf house. He introduced me. She's three feet eleven. She stood there smiling at my knees."

"That's wonderful that he has a friend."

"Not a friend—a fiancée. He claims that as soon as he's got enough money saved up he's going to marry this other dwarf."

"He is?"

"Isn't there some liquor store that delivers? I've seen liquor-store trucks driving around here, I think."

MacDonald's mother lives in a high-ceilinged old house on Newfield Street, in a neighborhood that is gradually being taken over by Puerto Ricans. Her phone has been busy for almost two hours, and MacDonald fears that she, too, may have been taken over by Puerto Ricans. He drives to his mother's house and knocks on the door. It is opened by a Puerto Rican woman, Mrs. Esposito, who lives down the street.

"Is my mother all right?" he asks.

"Yes. She's O.K."

"May I come in?"

"Oh, I'm sorry."

She steps aside—not that it does much good, because she's so wide that there's still not much room for MacDonald to pass. Mrs. Esposito is wearing a dress that looks like a jungle—tall streaks of green grass going every which way, brown stumps near the hem, flashes of red around her breasts.

"Who were you talking to?" he asks his mother.

"Carlotta was on the phone with her brother, seeing if he'll take her in. Her husband put her out again."

Mrs. Esposito, hearing her husband spoken of, rubs her hands in anguish.

"It took two hours?" MacDonald says good-naturedly, feeling sorry for her. "What was the verdict?"

"He won't," Mrs. Esposito answers.

"I told her she could stay here," MacDonald's mother says, "but when she told him she was going to do that he went wild and said he didn't want her living just two doors down the street."

"I don't think he meant it," MacDonald says. "He was probably just drinking again."

"He had joined Alcoholics Anonymous," Mrs. Esposito says. "He didn't drink for two weeks, and he went to every meeting, and last night he came home and said he wanted me out."

MacDonald sits down, nodding nervously. The chair he sits in has a child's chair facing it, which is now used as a footstool. When James lived with his mother, it was his chair. His mother still keeps his furniture around—a tiny child's glider, a mirror in the hall that is knee-high.

"Did you see James?" MacDonald's mother asks.

"Yes. He said that he's very happy."

"I know he didn't say that. If I can't rely on you, I'll have to go myself, and you know how I cry for days after I see him."

"He said he was pretty happy. He said he didn't think you were."

"Of course I'm not happy. He never calls."

"He likes the place he lives in. He's got other people to talk to now."

"Dwarfs, not people," his mother says. "He's hiding from the real world."

"He didn't have anybody but you to talk to when he lived at home. He's got a new part-time job that he likes better, too, working in the billing department of a department store."

"Sending unhappiness to people in the mail," his mother says.

"How are you doing?" he asks.

"As James says, I'm not happy."

"What can I do?" MacDonald asks.

"Go to see him tomorrow and tell him to come home."

"He won't leave. He's in love with somebody there."

"Who? Who does he say he's in love with? Not another social worker?"

"Some woman. I met her. She seems very nice."

"What's her name?"

"I don't remember."

"How tall is she?"

"She's a little shorter than James."

"Shorter than James?"

"Yes. A little shorter."

"What does she want with him?"

"He said they were in love."

"I heard you. I'm asking what she wants with him."

"I don't know. I really don't

IN SNOW

Fingers slide back over sudden unhunted steepness and what
Is lost is gone and slowly all that was rough and sharp turns soft
And there is snow everywhere and murmurs are hushed to whispers.

The sliding stops and there is stillness in the place where
 you walk
Now without destination alone at night and nothing stirs
As you stroll chewing on the raw bone of insignificance.

Even the panic is quelled and the snowflakes fall and pilot
Themselves gracefully to their nestles and you find yourself troughed
In a muffled street with snow-happy voices in the distance.

There you feel at home in your imagination as you cut
Through the snow covering cars stairs and cans and that which
 you stalk
Of perception ends in penetration and silence concurs.

In the dazzle of winter and all your trusts betrayed you talk
In the language of certainty to yourself while from aloft
Water crystals gather and descend in frozen jubilance.

—LAWRENCE BRIDGES

• •

know. Is that sherry in that bottle? Do you mind—"

"I'll get it for you," Mrs. Esposito says.

"Well, who knows what anybody wants from anybody?" his mother says. "Real love comes to naught. I loved your father, and we had a dwarf."

"You shouldn't blame yourself," MacDonald says. He takes the glass of sherry from Mrs. Esposito.

"I shouldn't? I have to raise a dwarf and take care of him for thirty-eight years, and then in my old age he leaves me. Who should I blame for that?"

"James," MacDonald says. "But he didn't mean to offend you."

"I should blame your father," his mother says, as if he hasn't spoken. "But he's dead. Who should I blame for his early death? God? I had to have a dwarf. I wanted grandchildren, and I know you won't give me any, because you're afraid you'll produce a dwarf. Clem is dead, and Amy is dead. Bring me some of that sherry, too, Carlotta."

LATER that week, MacDonald calls his wife at five o'clock. "Honey," he says, "I'm going to be tied up in this meeting until seven. I should have called you before."

"That's all right," she says. "Have you eaten?"

"No. I'm in a meeting."

"We can eat when you come home."

"I think I'll grab a sandwich, though. O.K.?"

"O.K. I got the parakeet."

"Good. Thank you."

"It's awful. I'll be glad to have it out of here."

"What's so awful about a parakeet?"

"I don't know. The man at the pet store gave me a Ferris wheel with it, and a bell on a chain of seeds."

"Oh yeah? Free?"

"Of course. You don't think I'd buy junk like that, do you?"

"I wonder why he gave it to you."

"Oh, who knows. I got gin and vermouth today."

"Good," he says. "Fine. Talk to you later."

MacDonald takes off his tie and puts it in his pocket. At least once a week he goes to a run-down bar across town, telling his wife that he's in a meeting, putting his tie in his pocket. And once a week his wife remarks that she doesn't understand how he can get his tie so wrinkled. He takes off his shoes and puts on sneakers, and takes an old brown corduroy jacket off a coat hook behind his desk. His secretary is still in her office. Usually she leaves before five, but whenever he leaves looking like a slob, she seems to be there to say good night to him.

"You wonder what's going on, don't you?" MacDonald says to his secretary.

She smiles. Her name is Betty, and she must be in her early thirties. All he really knows about his secretary is that she smiles a lot and that her name is Betty.

"Want to come along for some excitement?" he says.

"Where are you going?"

"I knew you were curious," he says. Betty smiles.

"Want to come?" he says. "Like to see a little low life?"

"Sure," she says.

They go out to his car, a red Toyota. He hangs his good jacket in the back and puts his shoes on the back seat.

"We're going to see a Japanese woman who beats people with dog leashes," he says.

Betty smiles. "Where are we really going?" she asks.

"You must know that businessmen are basically depraved," MacDonald says. "Don't you assume that I commit bizarre acts after hours?"

"No," Betty says.

"How old are you?" he asks.

"Thirty," she says.

"You're thirty years old and you're not a cynic yet?"

"How old are you?" she asks.

"Twenty-eight," MacDonald says.

"When you're thirty, you'll be an optimist all the time," Betty says.

"What makes you optimistic?" he asks.

"I was just kidding. Actually, if I didn't take two kinds of pills I couldn't smile every morning and evening for you. Remember the day I fell asleep at my desk? The day before, I had had an abortion."

MacDonald's stomach feels strange; he wouldn't mind having a couple of kinds of pills himself, to get rid of the strange feeling. Betty lights a cigarette, and the smoke doesn't help his stomach. But he has had the strange feeling all day, even before Betty spoke. Maybe he has stomach cancer. Maybe he doesn't want to face James again. In the glove compartment there is a jar that Mrs. Esposito gave his mother and that his mother gave him, to take to James. One of Mrs. Esposito's relatives sent it to her, at her request. It contains a liquid that was prepared by a doctor in Puerto Rico. Supposedly, it can increase your height if it is rubbed regularly on the soles of the feet. MacDonald is nervous, knowing that it's in the glove compartment. He feels the way his wife must feel, having the parakeet and the Ferris wheel sitting around the house. The house. His wife. Betty.

They park in front of a bar with a blue neon sign in the window that says "Ideal Cafe." There is a larger neon sign above that that says "Schlitz." He and Betty sit in a back booth. He orders a pitcher of beer and a double order of spiced shrimp. Tammy Wynette is singing "D-I-V-O-R-C-E" on the jukebox.

"Isn't this place awful?" he says. "But the spiced shrimp are great."

Betty smiles.

"If you don't feel like smiling, don't smile," he says.

"Then all the pills would be for nothing."

"Everything is for nothing," he says.

"If you weren't drinking, you could take one of the pills," Betty says. "Then you wouldn't feel that way."

"DID you see that issue of *Esquire*?" James asks.

"No," MacDonald says. "Why?"

"Wait here," James says.

MacDonald waits. Another dwarf comes into the room and looks under his chair. MacDonald raises his feet.

"Excuse me," the dwarf says. He turns cartwheels to leave the room.

"He used to be with the circus," James says, returning. "He leads us in exercises now."

MacDonald looks at *Esquire*. There has been a convention of dwarfs at the Oakland Hilton, and *Esquire* got pictures of it. Two male dwarfs are leading a delightful female dwarf down a runway. A baseball team of dwarfs. A group picture. Someone named Larry—MacDonald does not look back up at the picture to see which one he is—says, "I haven't had so much fun since I was born." MacDonald turns another page. An article on Daniel Ellsberg.

"Huh," MacDonald says.

"How come *Esquire* didn't know about our dwarf house?" James asks. "They could have come here."

"Listen," MacDonald says, "Mother asked me to bring this to you. I don't mean to insult you, but she made me promise I'd deliver it. You know she's very worried about you."

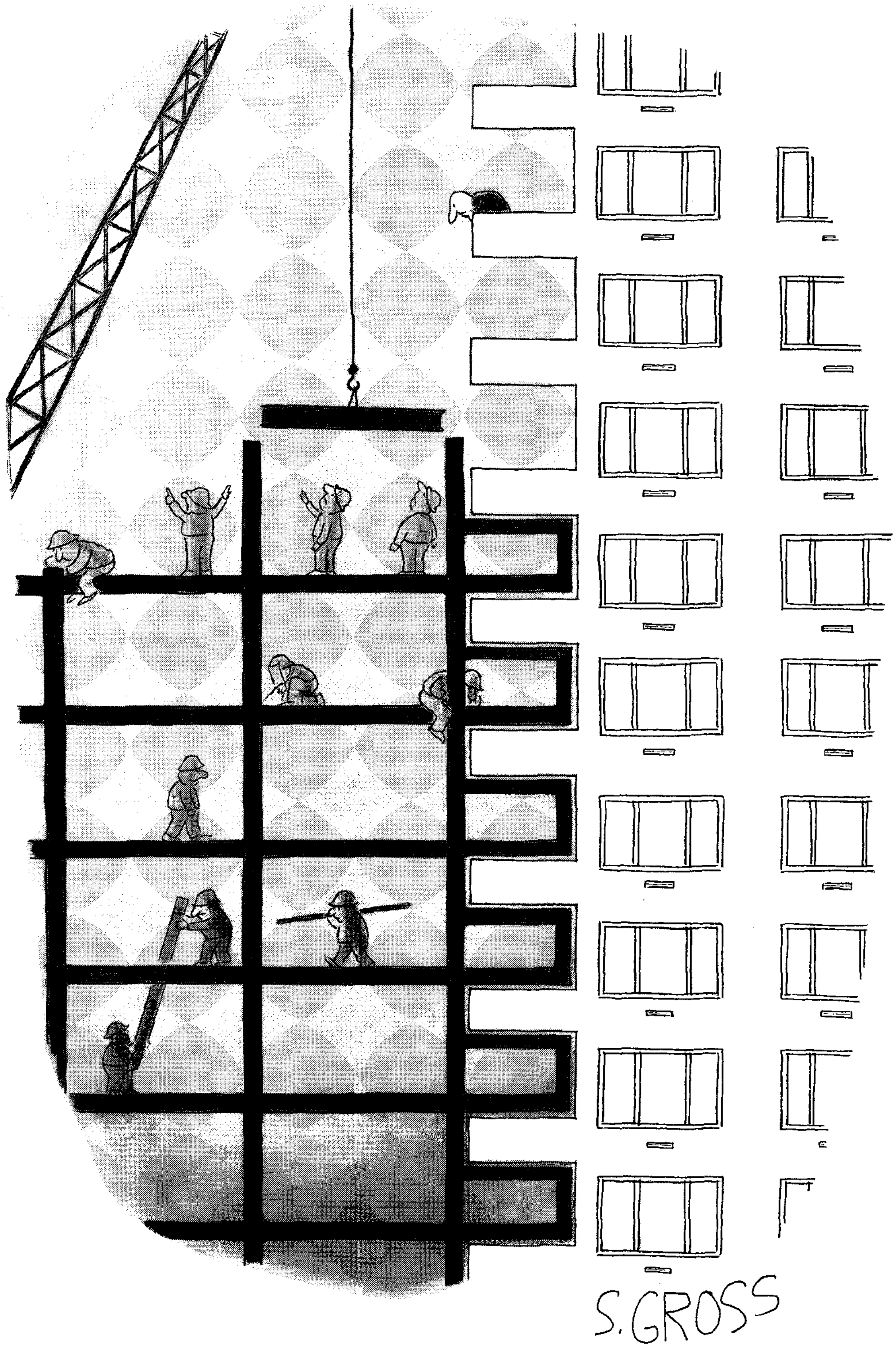
"What is it?" James asks.

MacDonald gives him a piece of paper on which Mrs. Esposito has written out instructions in English.

"Take it back," James says.

"No. Then I'll have to tell her you refused it."

"I don't care!"



"No. She's miserable. I know it's crazy, but just keep it for her sake."

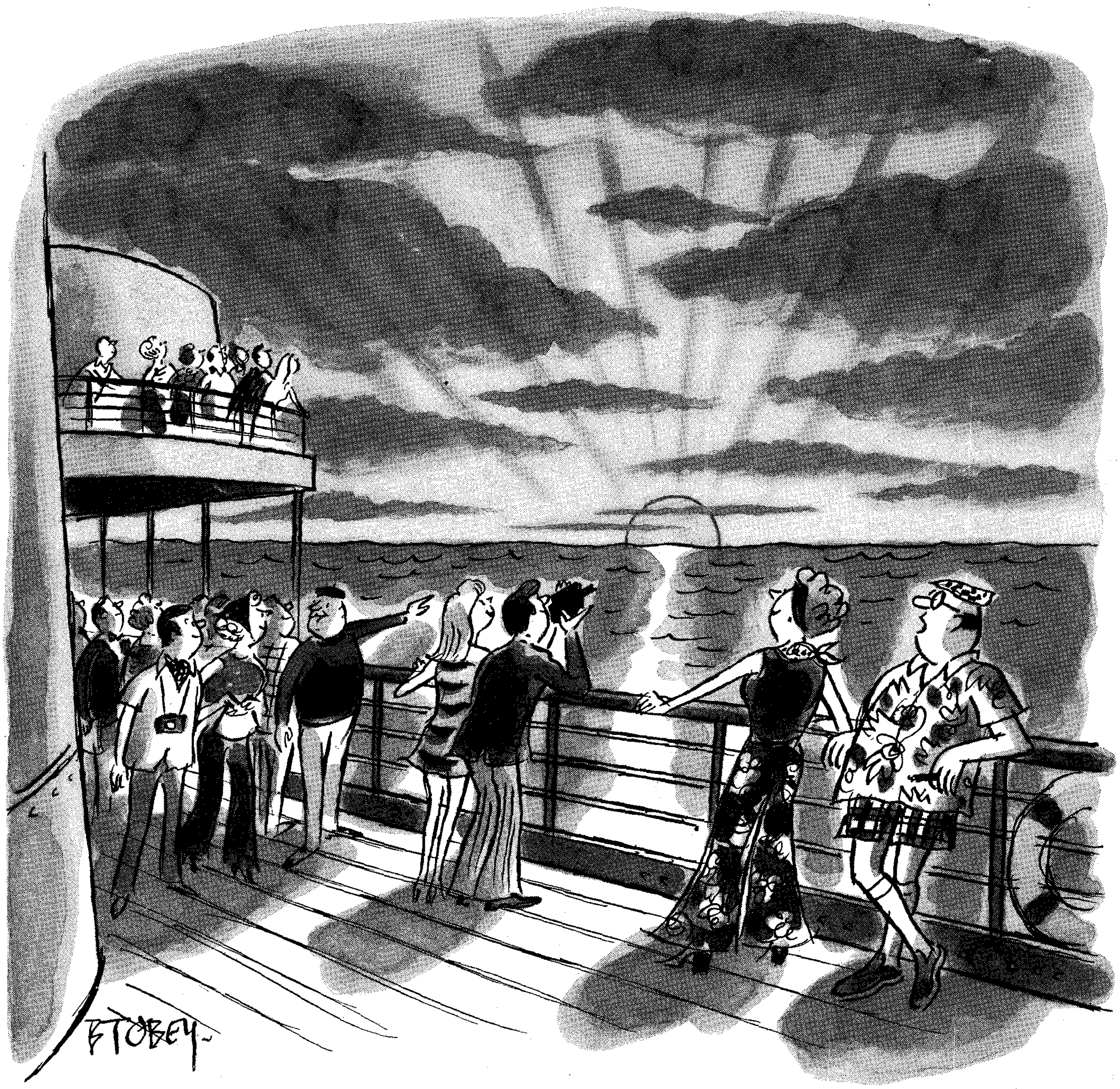
James turns and throws the jar. Bright-yellow liquid runs down the wall.

"Tell her not to send you back here, either," James says.

MacDonald thinks that if James were his size James would have hit him, instead of only shouting. "Come back and hit me, if you want," MacDonald hollers. "Stand on the arm of this chair and hit me in the face."

James does not come back. As MacDonald is leaving, a dwarf in the hallway says, "It was a good idea to be sarcastic to him."

MACDONALD and his wife and his mother and Mrs. Esposito stand amid a cluster of dwarfs and one giant, waiting for the wedding to begin. James and his bride are going to be married on the lawn outside the church. They are still inside with the minister. His mother is already weeping. "I wish I had never married your father," she says, and borrows Mrs. Esposito's handkerchief to dry her eyes. Mrs. Esposito is wearing her jungle dress



"Big deal! They don't have sunsets on Riverside Drive?"

• •

again. On the way over, she told MacDonald's wife that her husband had locked her out of the house and that she only had one dress. "It's lucky it was such a pretty one," his wife said, and Mrs. Esposito shyly protested that it wasn't very fancy, though.

The minister and James and his bride come out of the church, onto the lawn. The minister is a hippie, or something like a hippie—a tall, white-faced man with stringy blond hair and black motorcycle boots.

"Friends," the minister says, "before the happy marriage of these two people, we will release this bird from its cage, thus symbolizing the new freedom of marriage and the ascension of the Spirit."

The minister is holding the cage with the parakeet in it.

"MacDonald," his wife whispers, "that's the parakeet. You can't release a pet into the wild."

His mother shakes her head disapprovingly. Perhaps her tears are partly disapproval of all this, and not just hatred of his father.

The bird is released. It flies shakily into a tree and disappears into the new spring foliage.

The dwarfs clap and cheer. The minister wraps his arms around himself and spins around on the grass. In a second, the wedding ceremony begins, and a few minutes later it is over. James kisses the bride, and the dwarfs swarm around them. MacDonald thinks of a piece of Hershey bar he dropped in the woods once on a camping trip, and how the ants were all over it before he finished lacing his boot. He and his wife step forward, followed by his mother and Mrs. Esposito. MacDonald sees that the bride is smiling beautifully—a smile no pills could produce—and that the sun is shining on her hair, making it sparkle. She looks small and bright and so lovely that MacDonald, down on his knees to kiss her, doesn't want to get up.

—Ann Beattie

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He is a veteran of World War II and father of one.—*News release from the American Journal of Nursing Company.*

Say that again—it has a nice sound!

REFLECTIONS

REMEMBERING WYSTAN H. AUDEN, WHO DIED IN THE NIGHT OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1973

I MET Auden late in his life and mine—at an age when the easy, knowledgeable intimacy of friendships formed in one's youth can no longer be attained, because not enough life is left, or expected to be left, to share with another. Thus, we were very good friends but not intimate friends. Moreover, there was a reserve in him that discouraged familiarity—not that I tested it, ever. I rather gladly respected it as the necessary secretiveness of the great poet, one who must have taught himself early not to talk in prose, loosely and at random, of things that he knew how to say much more satisfactorily in the condensed concentration of poetry. Reticence may be the *déformation professionnelle* of the poet. In Auden's case, this seemed all the more likely because much of his work, in utter simplicity, arose out of the spoken word, out of idioms of everyday language—like "Lay your sleeping head, my love, Human on my faithless arm." This kind of perfection is very rare; we find it in some of the greatest of Goethe's poems, and it must exist in most of Pushkin's works, because their hallmark is that they are untranslatable. The moment poems of this kind are wrenched from their original abode, they disappear in a cloud of banality. Here all depends on the "fluent gestures" in "elevating facts from the prosaic to the poetic"—a point that the critic Clive James stressed in his essay on Auden in *Commentary* in December, 1973. Where such fluency is achieved, we are magically convinced that everyday speech is latently poetic, and, taught by the poets, our ears open up to the true mysteries of language. The very untranslatability of one of Auden's poems is what, many years ago, convinced me of his greatness. Three German translators had tried their luck and killed mercilessly one of my favorite poems, "If I Could Tell You" ("Collected Shorter Poems 1927-1957"), which arises naturally from two colloquial idioms—"Time will tell" and "I told you so":

Time will say nothing but I told you so,
Time only knows the price we have to pay;
If I could tell you I would let you know.

If we should weep when clowns put on their show,
If we should stumble when musicians play,
Time will say nothing but I told you so....

The winds must come from somewhere when they blow,
There must be reasons why the leaves decay;
Time will say nothing but I told you so....

Suppose the lions all get up and go,
And all the brooks and soldiers run away;
Will Time say nothing but I told you so?
If I could tell you I would let you know.

I MET Auden in the autumn of 1958, but I had seen him before, in the late forties, at a publisher's party. Although we exchanged not a word on that occasion, I had remembered him quite well—a nice-looking, well-dressed, very English gentleman, friendly and relaxed. I did not recognize him ten years later, for now his face was marked by those famous deep wrinkles, as though life itself had delineated a kind of face-scape to make manifest "the heart's invisible furies." If you listened to him, nothing could seem more deceptive than this appearance. Time and again, when, to all appearances, he could not cope anymore, when his slum apartment was so cold that the plumbing no longer functioned and he had to use the toilet in the liquor store at the corner, when his suit (no one could convince him that a man needed at least two suits, so that one could go to the cleaner, or two pairs of shoes, so that one pair could be repaired: a subject of an endless ongoing debate between us throughout the years) was covered with spots or worn so thin that his trousers would suddenly split from top to bottom—in brief, whenever disaster hit before your very eyes, he would begin to more or less intone an utterly idiosyncratic version of "Count your blessings." Since he never talked nonsense or said something obviously silly—and since I always remained aware that this was the voice of a very great poet—it took me years to realize that in his case it was not appearance that was deceptive, and that it was fatally wrong to ascribe what I saw of his way of life to the harmless eccentricity of a typical English gentleman.

I finally saw the misery, and somehow realized vaguely his compelling need to hide it behind the "Count your blessings" litany, yet I found it difficult to understand fully why he was so miserable and was unable to do anything about the absurd circumstances that made everyday life so unbearable for him. It certainly could not be lack of recognition. He was reasonably famous, and such ambition could anyhow never have counted for much with him, since he was the least vain of all the authors I have ever met—completely immune to the countless vulnerabilities of ordinary vanity. Not that he was humble; in his case it was self-confidence that protected him against flattery, and this self-confidence existed prior to recognition and fame, prior also to achievement. (Geoffrey Grigson, in the *Times Literary Supplement*, reports the following dialogue between the very young Auden and his tutor at Oxford. "Tutor: 'And what are you going to do, Mr. Auden, when you leave the universi-

Albert Hubbell

"Don't rock the boat, Fennerman!"

• •

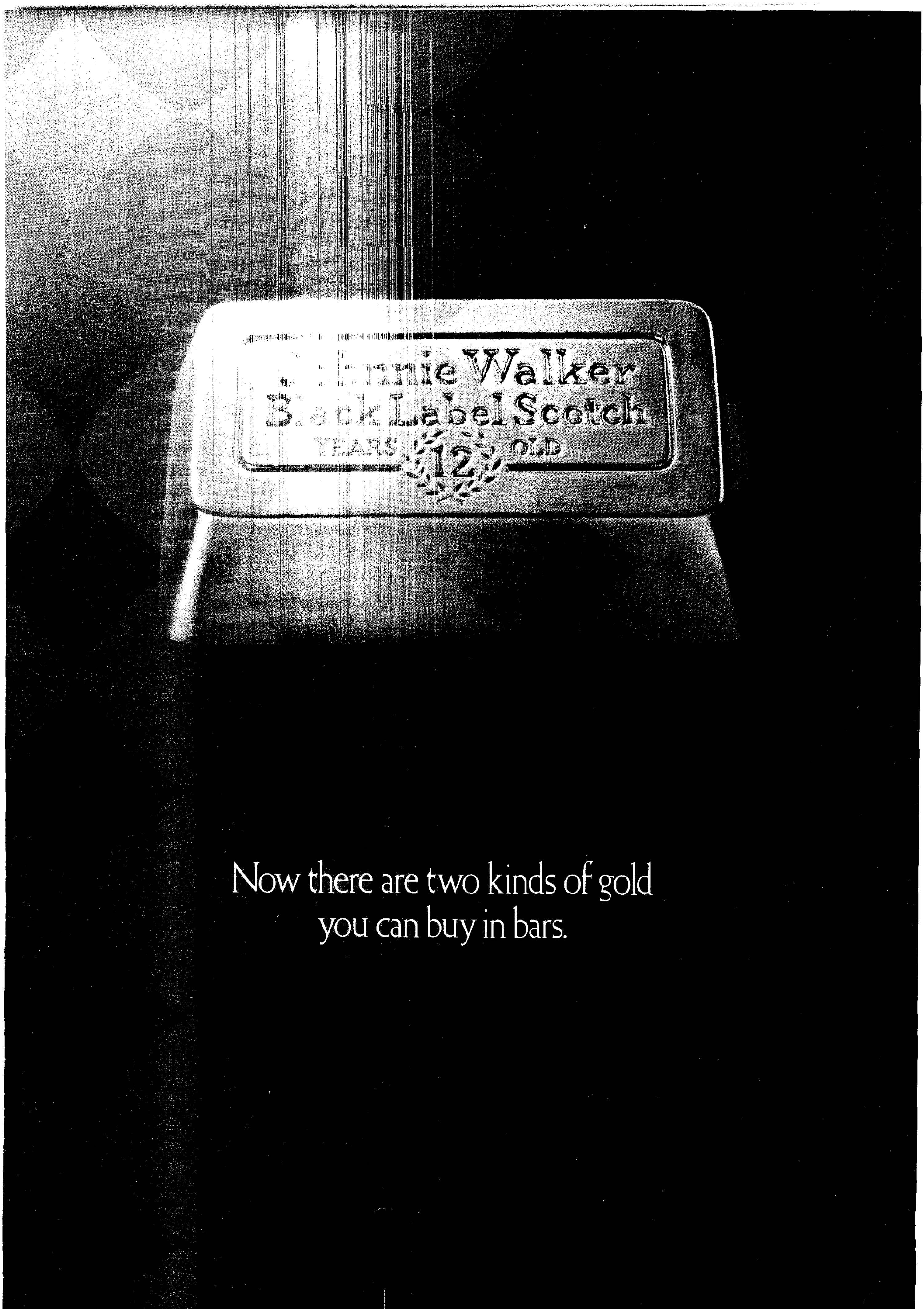
ty?' Auden: 'I am going to be a poet.' Tutor: 'Well—in that case you should find it very useful to have read English.' Auden: 'You don't understand. I am going to be a great poet.' ") It never left him, because it was not acquired by comparisons with others, or by winning a race in competition; it was natural—interconnected, but not identical, with his enormous ability to do with language, and do quickly, whatever he pleased. (When friends asked him to produce a birthday poem for the next evening at six o'clock, they could be sure of getting it; clearly this is possible only in the absence of self-doubt.) But even this did not go to his head, for he did not claim, or perhaps even aspire to, final perfection. He constantly revised his own poems, agreeing with Valéry: "A poem is never finished; it is only abandoned." In other words, he was blessed with that rare self-confidence which does not need admiration and the good opinion of others, and can even withstand self-criticism and self-examination without falling into the trap of self-doubt. This has nothing to do with arrogance but is easily mistaken for it. Auden was never arrogant except when he was provoked by some vulgarity; then he protected himself with the rather abrupt rudeness characteristic of English intellectual life.

Stephen Spender, the friend who knew him so well, has stressed that "throughout the whole development of [Auden's] poetry . . . his theme had been love" (had it not occurred to Auden to change Descartes' "*Cogito ergo sum*" by defining man as the "bubble-brained creature" that said "I'm loved therefore I am"?), and at the end of the address that Spender gave in memory of his late friend at the Cathedral in Oxford he told of asking Auden about a reading he had given in America: "His face lit up with a smile that altered its lines, and he said: 'They loved me!' " They did not admire him, they *loved* him: here, I think, lies the key both to his extraordinary unhappiness and to the extraordinary greatness—intensity—of his poetry. Now, with the sad wisdom of remembrance, I see him as having been an expert in the infinite varieties of unrequited love, among which the infuriating substitution of admiration for love must surely have loomed large. And beneath these emotions there must have been from the beginning a certain animal *tristesse* that no reason and no faith could overcome:

The desires of the heart are as crooked as
  corkscrews,
 Not to be born is the best for man;
The second-best is a formal order,
 The dance's pattern; dance while you
  can.

So he wrote in "Death's Echo," in "Collected Shorter Poems." When I knew him, he would not have mentioned the best any longer, so firmly had he opted for the second-best, the "formal order," and the result was what Chester Kallman has so aptly named "the most dishevelled child of all disciplinarians." I think it was this *tristesse* and its "dance while you can" that made Auden feel so much attracted to and almost at home in the famous Berlin of the twenties, where *carpe diem* was practiced constantly in many variations. He once mentioned as a "disease" his early "addiction to German usages," but much more prominent than these, and less easy to get rid of, was the obvious influence of Bertolt Brecht, with whom I think he had more in common than he was ever ready to admit. (In the late fifties, with Chester Kallman, he translated Brecht's "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny"—a translation that was never published, presumably because of copyright difficulties. To this day, I know of no other adequate rendering of Brecht into English.) In merely literary terms, Brecht's influence can easily be traced in Auden's ballads—for instance, in the late, marvellous "Ballad of Barnaby," the tale of the tumbler who, having grown old and pious, "honoured the Mother-of-God" by tumbling for her; or in the early "little story/ About Miss Edith Gee;/ She lived in Clevedon Terrace/ At Number 83." What made this influence possible was that they both belonged to the post-First World War generation, with its curious mixture of despair and *joie de vivre*, its contempt for conventional codes of behavior, and its penchant for "playing it cool," which expressed itself in England, I suspect, in the wearing of the mask of the snob, while it expressed itself in Germany in a widespread pretense of wickedness, somewhat in the vein of Brecht's "The Threepenny Opera." (In Berlin, one joked about this fashionable inverted hypocrisy, as one joked about everything: "*Er geht böse über den Kurfürstendamm*"—meaning, "That is probably all the wickedness he is capable of." After 1933, I think, nobody joked about wickedness anymore.)

In the case of Auden, as in the case of Brecht, inverted hypocrisy served to hide an irresistible inclination toward being good and doing good—something that both were ashamed to admit, let alone proclaim. This seems plausible for Auden, because he finally became a Christian, but it may be a shock at first to hear it about Brecht. Yet a close reading of his poems and plays seems to me almost to prove it. Not only are there the plays "Der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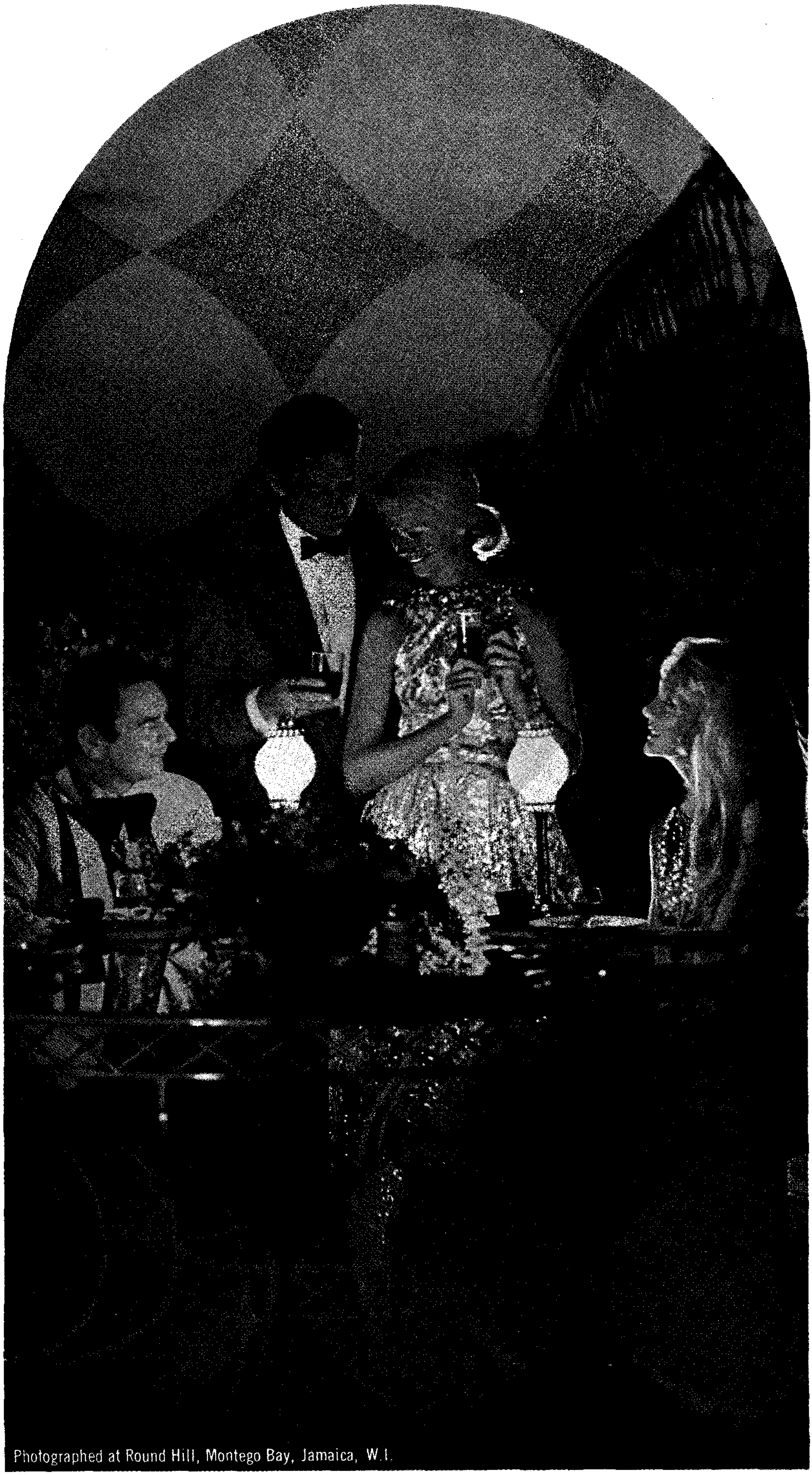
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Gute Mensch von Sezuan" and "Die Heilige Johanna der Schlachthöfe" but, perhaps more convincingly, there are these lines right in the midst of the cynicism of "The Threepenny Opera":

Ein guter Mensch sein! Ja, wer wär's
nicht gern?
Sein Gut den Armen geben, warum nicht?
Wenn alle gut sind, ist Sein *Reich nicht*
fern.
Wer sässe nicht sehr gern in Seinem *Licht?*

What drove these profoundly apolitical poets into the chaotic political scene of our century was Robespierre's "*zèle compatissant*," the powerful urge toward "*les malheureux*," as distinguished from any need for action toward *public* happiness, or any desire to change the world.

Auden, so much wiser—though by no means smarter—than Brecht, knew early that "poetry makes nothing happen." To him, it was sheer nonsense for the poet to claim special privileges or to ask for the indulgences that we are so happy to grant out of sheer gratitude. There was nothing more admirable in Auden than his complete sanity and his firm belief in sanity; in his eyes all kinds of madness were lack of discipline—"Naughty, naughty," as he used to say. The main thing was to have no illusions and to accept no thoughts—no theoretical systems—that would blind you to reality. He turned against his early leftist beliefs because events (the Moscow trials, the Hitler-Stalin pact, and experiences during the Spanish Civil War) had proved them to be "dishonest"—"shamefully" so, as he said in his foreword to the "Collected Shorter Poems," telling how he threw out what he had once written:

History to the defeated
may say alas but cannot help nor pardon.

To say this, he noted, was "to equate goodness with success." He protested that he had never believed in "this wicked doctrine"—a statement that I doubt, not only because the lines are too good, too precise, to have been produced for the sake of being "rhetorically effective" but because this was the doctrine everybody believed in during the twenties and thirties. Then came the time when

In the nightmare of the dark
All the dogs of Europe bark . . .

Intellectual disgrace
Stares from every human face—

the time when it looked for quite a while as if the worst could happen and sheer evil could become a success. The Hitler-Stalin pact was the turning point for the left; now one had to give up all belief in history as the ultimate judge of human affairs.

In the forties, there were many who turned against their old beliefs, but there were very few who understood what had been wrong with those beliefs. Far from giving up their belief in history and success, they simply changed trains, as it were; the train of Socialism and Communism had been wrong, and they changed to the train of Capitalism or Freudianism or some refined Marxism, or a sophisticated mixture of all three. Auden, instead, became a Christian; that is, he left the train of History altogether. I don't know whether Stephen Spender is right in asserting that "prayer corresponded to his deepest need"—I suspect that his deepest need was simply to write verses—but I am reasonably sure that his sanity, the great good sense that illuminated all his prose writings (his essays and book reviews), was due in no small measure to the protective shield of orthodoxy. Its time-honored coherent meaningfulness that could be neither proved nor disproved by reason provided him, as it had provided Chesterton, with an intellectually satisfying and emotionally rather comfortable refuge against the onslaught of what he called "rubbish;" that is, the countless follies of the age.

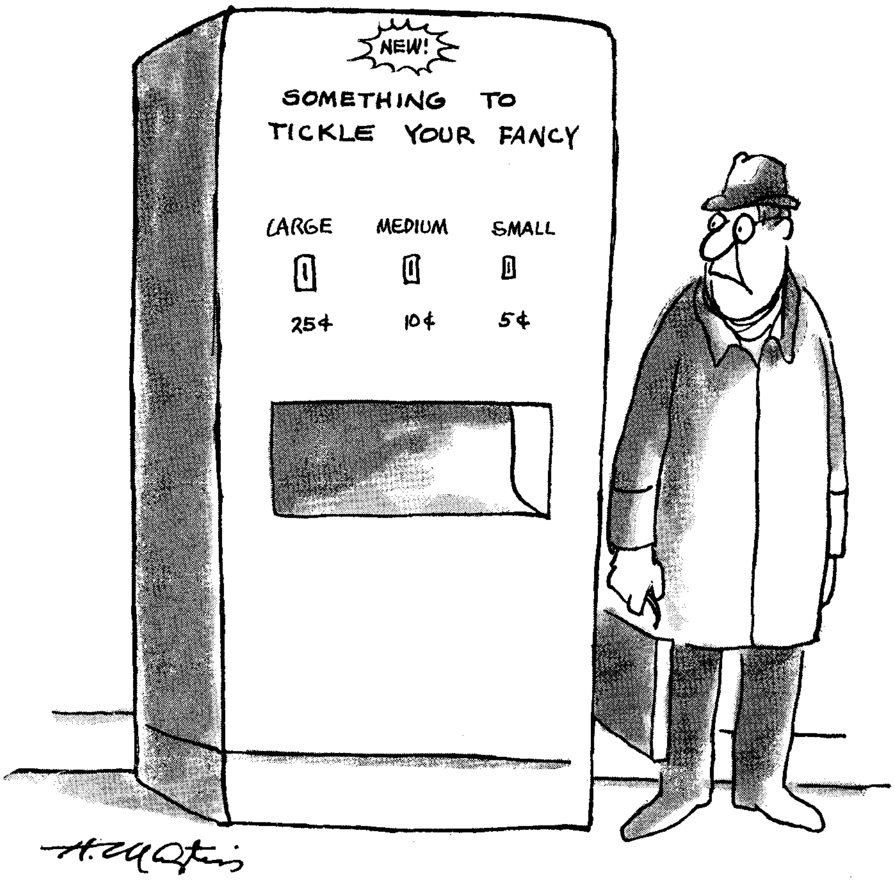
REREADING Auden's poems in chronological order and remembering him in the last years of his life, when misery and unhappiness had grown more and more unbearable without, however, in the least touching either the divine gift or the blessed facility of the talent, I have become surer than ever that he was "hurt into poetry" even more than Yeats ("Mad Ireland hurt you into poetry"), and that, despite his susceptibility to compassion, public political circumstances were not necessary to hurt him into poetry. What made him a poet was his extraordinary facility with and love for words, but what made him a great poet was the unprotesting willingness with which he yielded to the "curse" of vulnerability to "human *un*success" on all levels of human existence—vulnerability to the crookedness of the desires, to the infidelities of the heart, to the injustices of the world.

Follow, poet, follow right
To the bottom of the night,
With your unconstraining voice
Still persuade us to rejoice;

With the farming of a verse
Make a vineyard of the curse,
Sing of human unsuccess
In a rapture of distress;

In the deserts of the heart
Let the healing fountain start,
In the prison of his days
Teach the free man how to praise.

Praise is the key word of these lines, not praise of "the best of all possible worlds"—as though it were up to the



poet (or the philosopher) to justify God's creation—but praise that pitches itself against all that is most unsatisfactory in man's condition on this earth and sucks its own strength from the wound: somehow convinced, as the bards of ancient Greece were, that the gods spin unhappiness and evil things toward mortals so that they may be able to tell the tales and sing the songs.

> I could (which you cannot)
> Find reasons fast enough
> To face the sky and roar
> In anger and despair
> At what is going on,
> Demanding that it name
> Whoever is to blame:
> The sky would only wait
> Till all my breath was gone
> And then reiterate
> As if I wasn't there
> That singular command
> I do not understand,
> *Bless what there is for being,*
> Which has to be obeyed, for
> What else am I made for,
> Agreeing or disagreeing?

And the triumph of the private person was that the voice of the great poet never silenced the small but penetrating voice of sheer sound common sense whose loss has so often been the price paid for divine gifts. Auden never permitted himself to lose his mind—that is, to lose the "distress" in the "rapture" that rose out of it:

> No metaphor, remember, can express
> A real historical unhappiness;
> Your tears have value if they make us gay;
> *O Happy Grief!* is all sad verse can say.

It seems, of course, very unlikely that young Auden, when he decided that he was going to be a *great* poet, knew the price he would have to pay, and I think it entirely possible that in the end—when not the intensity of his feelings and not the gift of transforming them into praise but the sheer physical strength of the heart to bear them and live with them gradually faded away—he considered the price too high. We, in any event—his audience, readers and listeners—can only be grateful that he paid his price up to the last penny for the everlasting glory of the English language. And his friends may find some consolation in his beautiful joke beyond the grave—that for more than one reason, as Spender said, "his wise unconscious self chose a good day for dying." The wisdom to know "when to live and when to die" is not given to mortals, but Wystan, one would like to think, may have received it as the supreme reward that the cruel gods of poetry bestowed on the most obedient of their servants.

—HANNAH ARENDT

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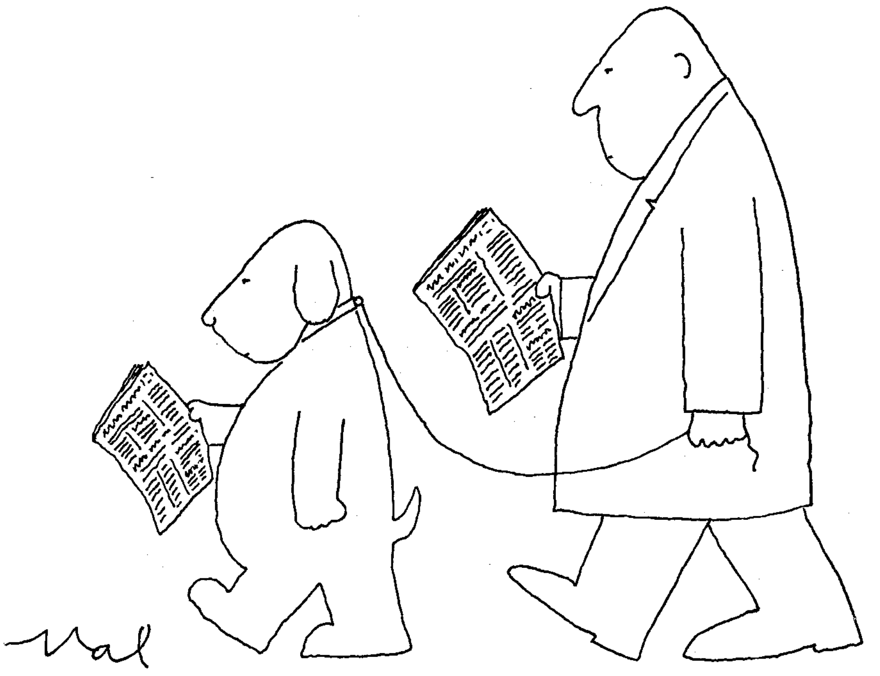
U.S. JOURNAL: NEW GLARUS, WIS.

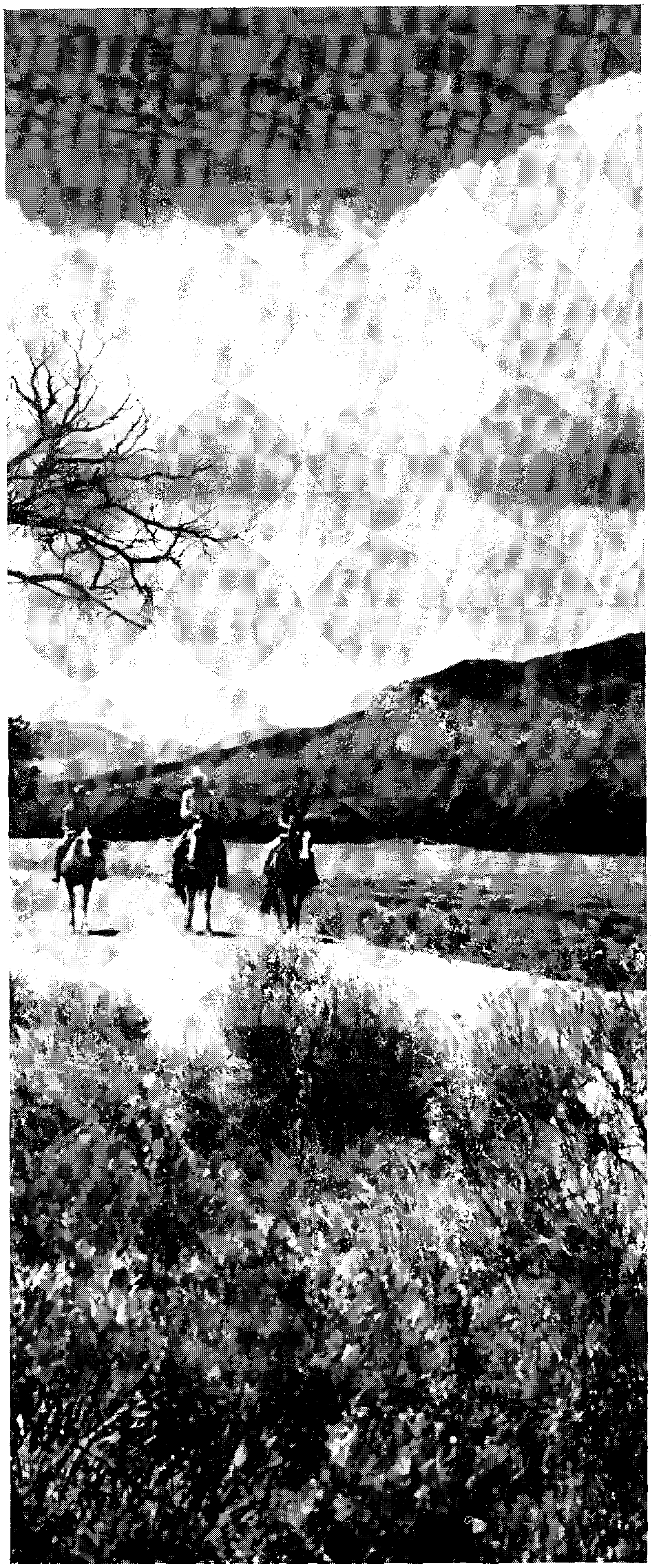
SWISSNESS

DRIVING through parts of Pennsylvania, a traveller might get the impression that the Amish are an invention of the gift-shop industry. Could an area with that many manufactured hex signs and that many horse-and-buggy reproductions also have real hex signs painted by people who really do travel by horse and buggy? Could there really be Amish other than those drawn on restaurant placemats as illustrations for the bad jokes written phonetically in a vaudeville Pennsylvania Dutch dialect? It comes as almost a shock to see one—riding down the road in a buggy that looks just like the buggies in the gift shops. Amish are actually working the farms, planting them thick with corn that extends right to the edge of the highway. Amish women are making quilts. They are all real people, living right in the same area that sells pictures of them on ashtrays. It seems almost like a nice coincidence. In a way, it is. The Amish industry exists because the Amish live there, but if practically all of the Amish moved away next year, the industry would not disappear; their lives are not an indispensable part of it. After a while, the industry would begin to construct "authentic replicas" of Amish farms. In New Orleans, there really are elderly black musicians who play a jazz they helped develop, but the signs about the jazz available on Bourbon Street will not be taken away when those musicians quit playing. The same signs existed in the fifties, when there was so little authentic New Orleans jazz in New Orleans that musicians like George Lewis were working as stevedores. Tourists would rather listen to Al Hirt anyway. There are Indian dances at the Gallup Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial because people have always expected to see Indian dances in a city that is on the edge of the Navajo reservation. There would be Indian dances in Gallup if the Navajo reservation were miraculously transported to California; the Navajo dance teams would merely be flown in from Los Angeles, in the same way the Plains Indian dance teams are flown in from the Dakotas. But the Navajos on the reservation do exist. They speak their own language. They conduct Enemy Way ceremonies not to entertain tourists but to restore harmony in their own lives. They are not movie Indians or savvy urban Indians or Indians dressed up in Indian costumes. They are Indians. Their presence is camouflaged by a lot of highway billboards saying "See Indians."

At the edge of New Glarus, Wisconsin, there is a billboard that says "Don't Miss the Swiss." There are, without question, plenty of Swiss in New Glarus. It was founded as a Swiss colony by an emigration society from Canton Glarus in 1845 and has had a trickle of Swiss immigration ever since and remains Swiss by a strong majority of the population. But unadorned Swissness is easy to miss. A bakery that sells *Fassnachtkuechli* and a butcher shop that sells *Kalberwurst* and *Landjaeger* look like any other bakery and any other butcher shop. In New Glarus, someone whose neighbor has dropped by for a morning chat may bring a bottle of homemade wine out of the cupboard instead of a coffeepot, but one could hardly charge admission to such an occasion. It may be that the residents of New Glarus correspond to the American vision of the Swiss as clean and industrious—it is a tidy town of fifteen hundred people, and it is surrounded by neat, well-kept dairy farms identified by signs that tend to include a large picture of a cow—but cleanliness and industry could not draw tourists even to Switzerland if there were no mountains to see or watches to buy. In order to be demonstrably Swiss, the Swiss of New Glarus have had to add some elements that are connected in the public mind with Swissness. The billboard at the edge of town advertises the annual performance by the townspeople of Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell." A number of the brick buildings in the business district have wooden façades that suggest chalet architecture. The mayor of New Glarus, a farm-implement dealer named Richard Arn, said recently, "We're trying to keep our heritage, but we're trying to make it a salable commodity, too."

Keeping a heritage and making it a salable commodity are not necessarily contradictory goals. A heritage, after all, is whatever those who treasure it say it is. Historians have shown that for most Southern states the vision of the antebellum South as a land of cultured plantation owners presiding over their dozens of slaves is derived more from "Gone with the Wind" than from historical reality. But in some situations a white Southern businessman who is almost certainly descended from poor yeoman farmers will react in the way he believes his ancestors on the plantation would have expected him to react. It could be that Leslie Howard as Ashley Wilkes is part of the Southern heritage. Collectors who might be shocked to hear that Navajo weavers have been influenced by, say, the commercial linoleum designs of the twentieth century are not bothered by the fact that many of the early Navajo-rug designs were partly Spanish. The Swiss façades on some of the buildings in the New Glarus business district were not handed down by the early settlers; until after the Second World War, New Glarus looked like any other farm-supply town in the Midwest. But the façades were added gradually, and partly because of pride in being Swiss; most residents accept them as part of the town's herit-





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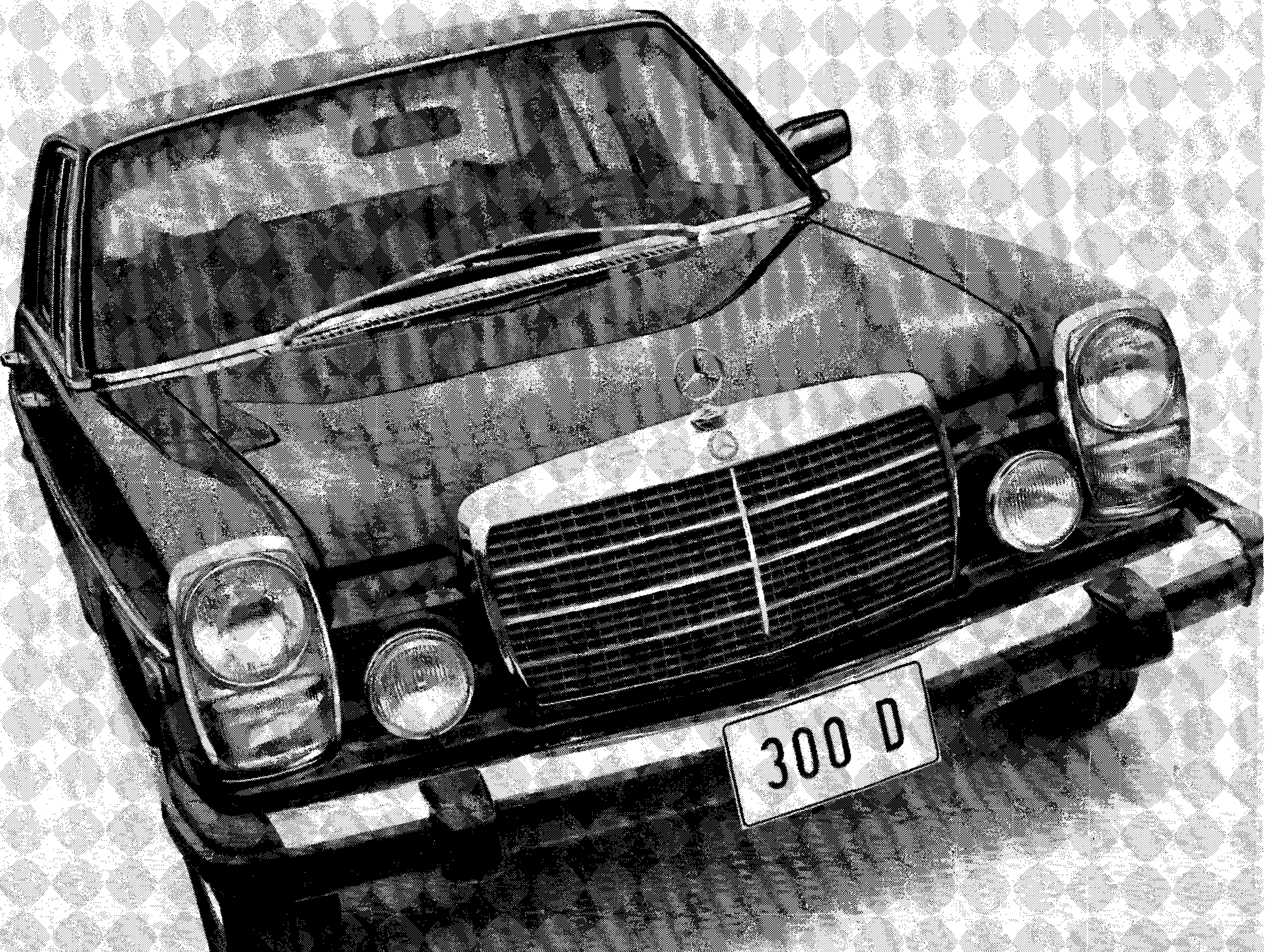

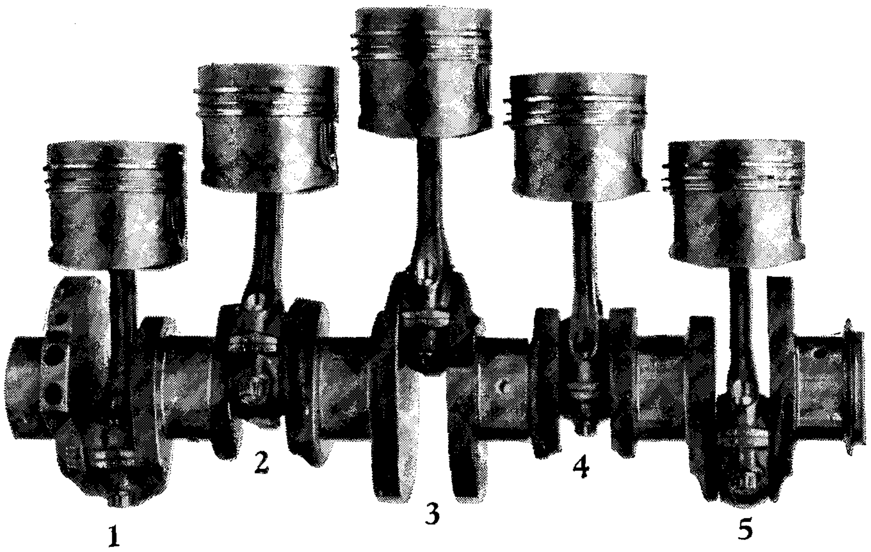

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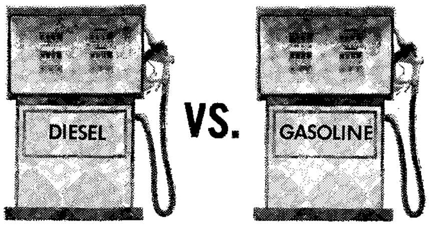
Mercedes-Benz wanted to make a performance Diesel. A new car that had much greater horsepower and torque, but did not sacrifice the economy and reliability of previous Mercedes-Benz Diesels.



Countrywide, Diesel fuel averages about 3¢ less than gasoline. So the new 300D goes more miles on cheaper gallons.

Nearly four decades of Diesel experience told the Mercedes-Benz engineers that a major power increase would have to come from an entirely different engine. Not one with bigger cylinders — one with *more* cylinders.

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Even for the Mercedes-Benz engineers, the 5-cylinder Diesel engine was quite a challenge. But their efforts were worthwhile. They made it work.

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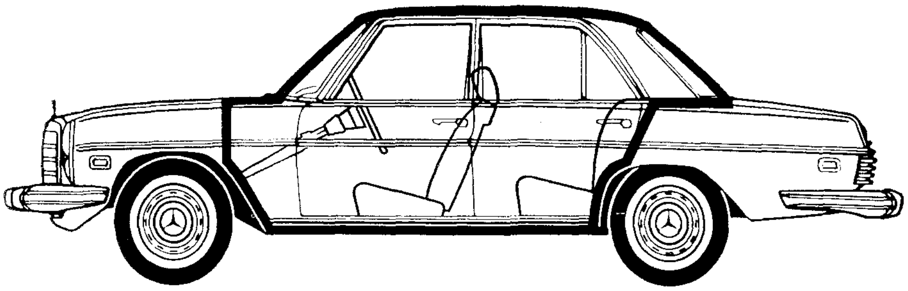

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age. The same is true of the Wilhelm Tell Festival, which was started in 1938 by a man named Edwin Barlow, who had grown up in the area and had returned from many years in the East and abroad after coming into some money. The foreign-language performance is in German rather than the Glarnerdeutsch dialect that many of the residents of New Glarus can still speak. Barlow's idea, according to a resident who was at the first meeting he called, was to use "Wilhelm Tell" to "put New Glarus on the map." But townspeople now accept the annual performances as an old tradition—and, by American standards, it is.

It is not quite true to say, as one of the press releases around town says, that the Swiss of New Glarus have "clung to the old customs and traditions of their ancestors;" they have, more or less, added customs and traditions because of who their ancestors were. Virtually all of the customs—particularly the ones that could be considered salable commodities—have been added *not* by the descendants of the early settlers but by new immigrants from Switzerland. The New Glarus Swiss may have occasionally celebrated the anniversary of Swiss independence, but an annual Volksfest celebration was started in the twenties by the *Maennerchor* (men's choir) that had been founded by Swiss immigrants who came to Wisconsin after the First World War. The president of the historical society, which sponsors a replica village of nineteenth-century New Glarus, was born in Switzerland, and so was the proprietor of Upright Swiss Embroideries, a textile factory that is another staple of a tourist visit to New Glarus. The fashion in chalet façades was started by Godi Schuetz, a Swiss immigrant who came to New Glarus after the Second World War and redecorated both the Alpine Café and a restaurant called the Glarner Stube. The promotion of tourism that helped increase tourist traffic dramatically in the past dozen years was, by all accounts, mainly the work of Robert Schneider and Karl Hofman—two more Swiss immigrants.

None of the immigrants who have emphasized Swissness in New Glarus are from Canton Glarus, and their references to "the old Glarner Swiss around here" sometimes seem to carry connotations of whatever the Swiss word is for hillbilly or rube. But the differences are apparently less regional than chronological. Like many immigrants, some of the later arrivals in

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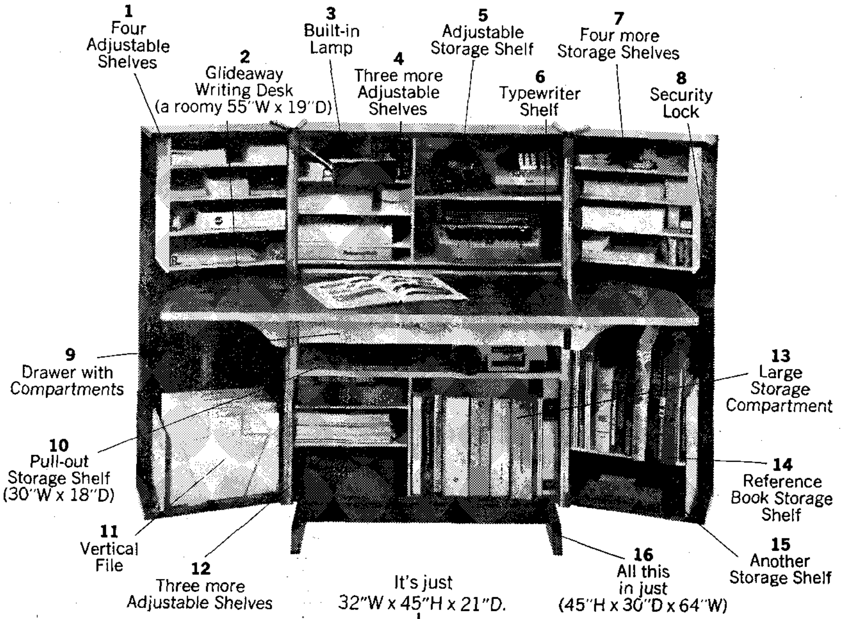

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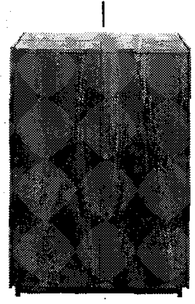

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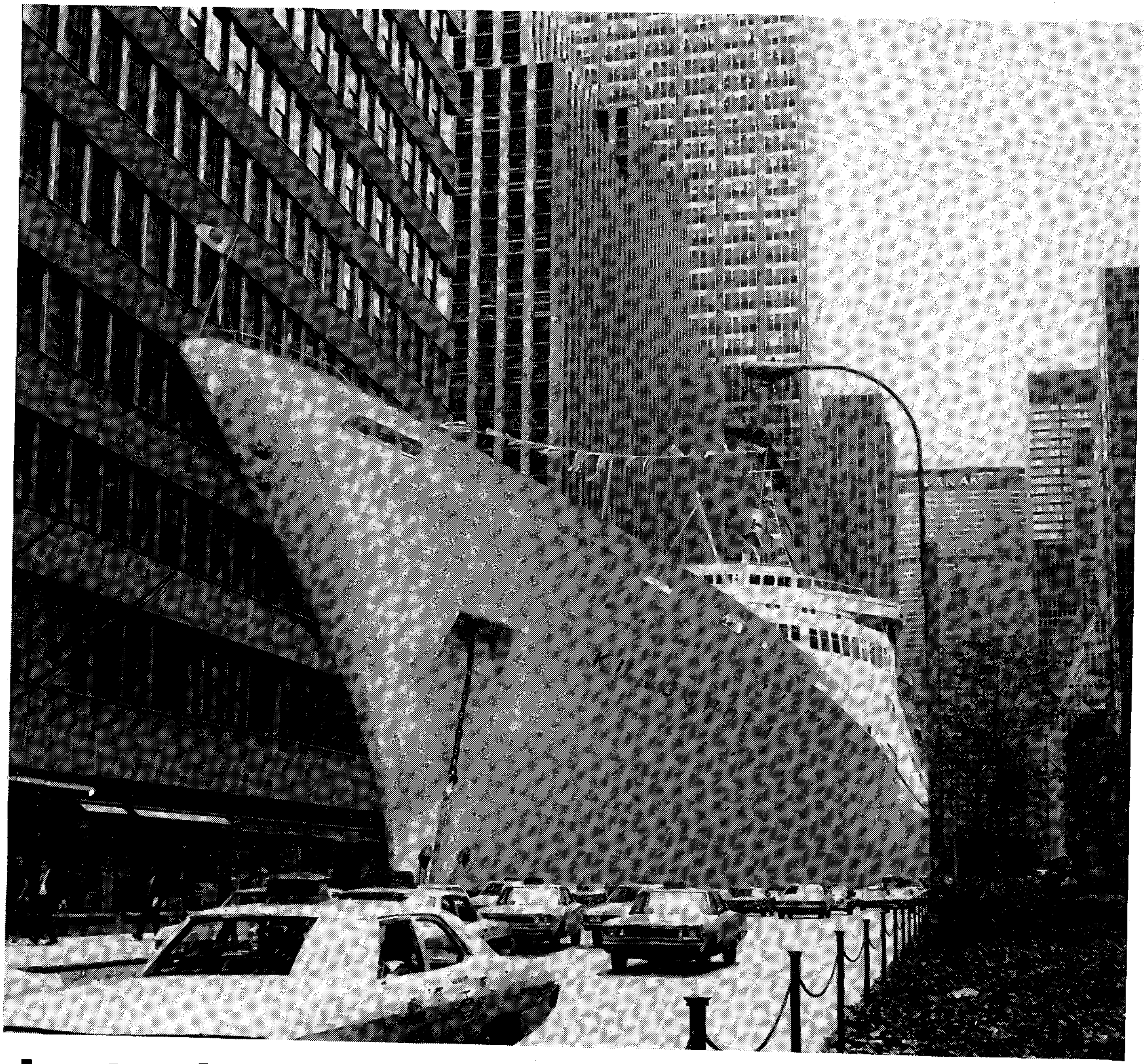

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New Glarus believe that their countrymen who have lived in America for a couple of generations have become complacent and self-satisfied. The descendants of the early settlers—most of whom are still in farming or in businesses associated with farming—are often spoken of as having been obstacles to progress. Conservative. Cautious. (Swiss?) "These natives were brought up with a silver spoon," one of the twentieth-century arrivals said not long ago. "And they do things the same way their fathers and grandfathers did. When a guy comes to New Glarus with new ideas, he's got to watch it. They get on him." It is often said that Godi Schuetz, the restaurant operator who introduced Swiss façades to downtown New Glarus, moved to New Mexico because he became fed up with the backbiting of the old Glarner Swiss. "People here are very proud of their heritage two or three weekends a year," a non-Swiss shopkeeper said recently. "The rest of the time, they complain about tourists' taking up their parking spaces. The newcomers are the ones who have done things. New Glarus is New Glarus despite itself." Or, in another way of looking at it, New Glarus is not New Glarus despite itself.

ROBERT SCHNEIDER came to New Glarus from Switzerland in 1956, having answered an advertisement for a yodeller. The members of the New Glarus Yodel Club had felt the need of a lead yodeller who could also bring their arrangements up to date—like their language, their yodelling had become a sort of southern-Wisconsin version of what had evolved in Switzerland—and offered to help a qualified yodeller find a job and settle down in New Glarus. Schneider was not only a champion yodeller but an accomplished flag-thrower—flag-throwing being an ancient Swiss art that is a European cousin to baton-twirling. It must have been clear from Robbie Schneider's reaction to the New Glarus Yodel Club that he was going to be the quintessential immigrant. The yodellers had been yodelling for their suppers, more or less, and Schneider, a man who seemed to grasp the culture of his new country almost immediately, decided that they were "cheapening whatever they do by not charging." The yodellers began charging, and in 1960 they had accumulated enough money to take a trip to Europe, one of the organizers and guides being Robbie Schneider. After the trip, several Yodel Club members signed a note that

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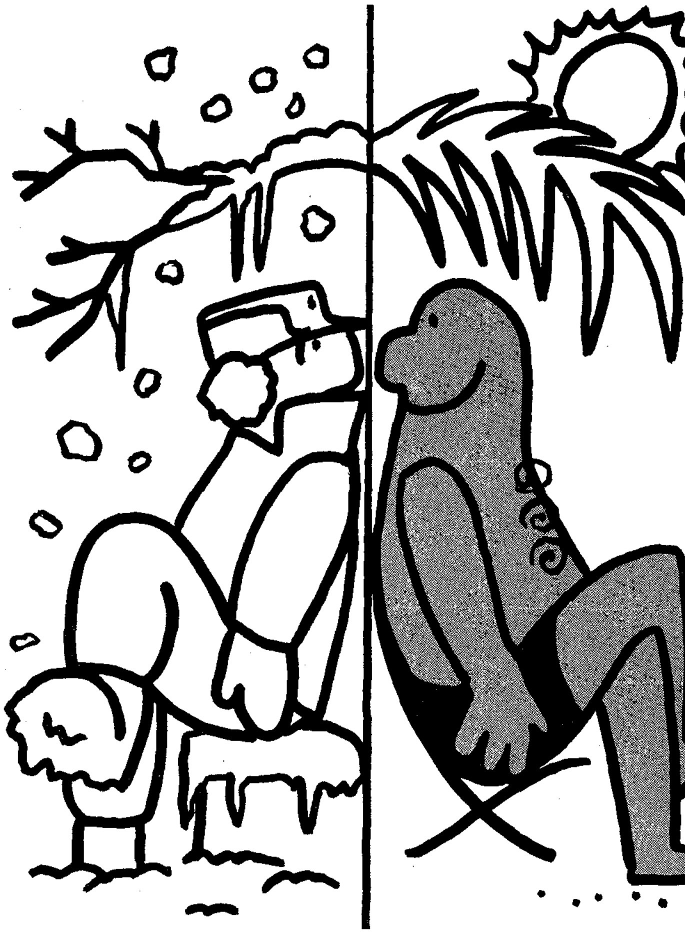
permitted Schneider to borrow a down payment on the New Glarus Hotel, a dilapidated building that he outfitted with a new Swiss façade and balcony, an outdoor bratwurst grill, a gift shop, a tourist-information booth, and a restaurant called Robbie's Yodel Club.

As Schneider sees it, New Glarus's present level of Swissness is the direct and logical result of the closing of the Pet Milk plant in 1962. More than a hundred jobs having been lost, a lot of New Glarus residents began commuting to work every day in Janesville or Madison, and some effort was begun to lure a new employer to town. A plan to attract a Tobler Swiss-chocolate factory fell through; the only industry the town eventually gained from the industrial-development drive was a small, highly automated plastics factory. Schneider was among those who believed that tourism was the answer. He was getting a lot of publicity for his yodelling—he still appears at Robbie's Yodel Club every Friday and Saturday night—and for such *innovations* as introducing beef fondue to Wisconsin. He was becoming involved in state tourism boards. After Pet Milk closed, New Glarus remained primarily a farm-supply town, but through the efforts of Schneider and others tourism has become a strong second industry. Tour buses call regularly during the summer months. The Volksfest, which used to be a sort of homecoming for the Swiss around southern Wisconsin, now attracts a lot of tourists as well. The highway on the edge of town offers the traveller Swiss Miss, the retail outlet for Upright Swiss Embroideries, and Swiss Lanes bowling and the Swiss-Aire Motel and Swiss Maid, a shop whose inventory extends beyond Green County cheese in the direction of Budweiser T-shirts. New Glarus now celebrates not only a Wilhelm Tell Festival every Labor Day weekend but a Heidi Festival every June—at about the time that Mount Horeb, a nearby town that was settled by Norwegians, is doing "Song of Norway."

Not long after the Pet Milk shutdown, Schneider visited some other towns that had strong ethnic backgrounds. He and some others on a development committee recommended that New Glarus systematically transform itself into a Swiss town—the way Solvang, California, has become Danish and a town in Georgia without the remotest connection to Germany has become Bavarian. The plan was known as Project Edelweiss. It called for Swiss architecture beyond façades



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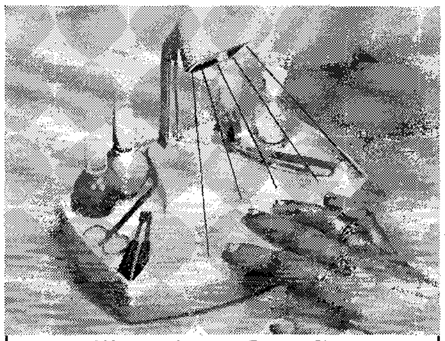

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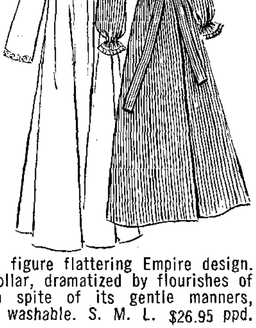

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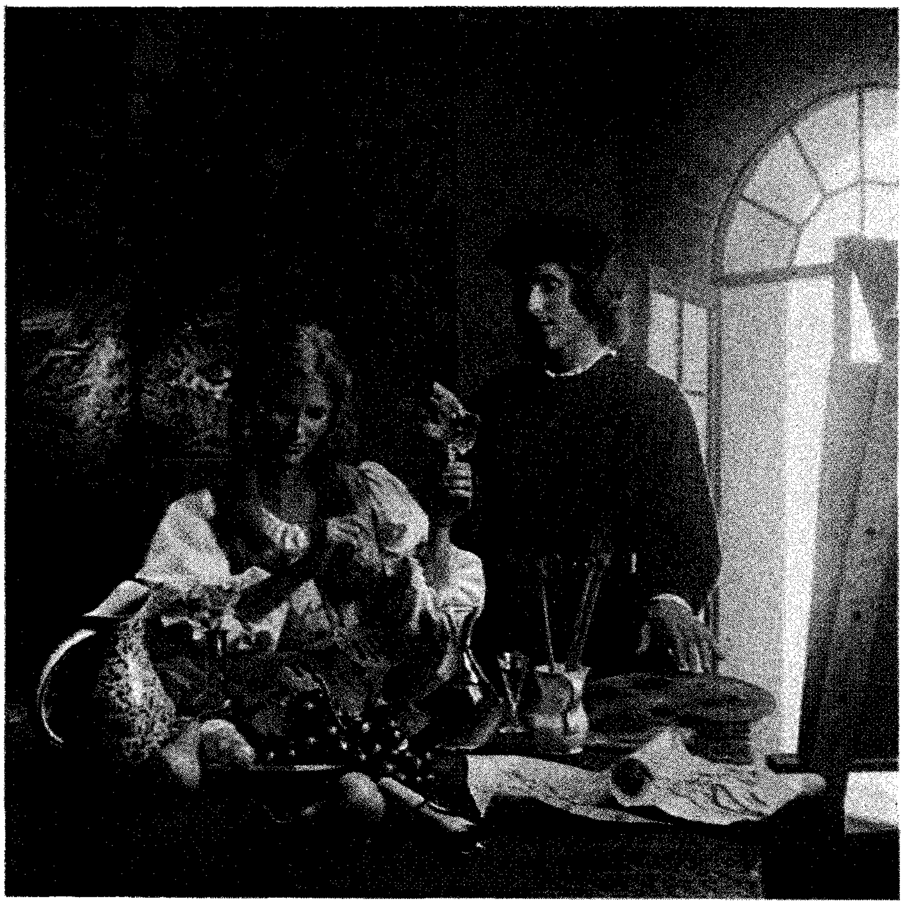
and for Swiss goods in the shops and Swiss artisans turning out salable crafts. Schneider says that the reluctance of the Glarner Swiss to change caused the plan to be abandoned and caused him to think about going ahead on his own. Last spring, he announced plans to build a six-million-dollar resort called Swiss Village on the outskirts of New Glarus. It would have not only a hundred or so motel rooms but a crossbow range and a cheese factory and a hand-embroidery shop and an art shop and a museum with gems and minerals and mountain-climbing equipment and a two-story reproduction of the Matterhorn. Some residents of New Glarus decided that Swissness had gone far enough.

MILLARD TSCHUDY is, among his other activities, manager of a state bike trail that opened last year near New Glarus on an abandoned railroad right-of-way and director of the Heidi Festival and a heraldic artist. He is considered the local historian of New Glarus. Tschudy says that the various objections voiced in New Glarus to Schneider's Swiss Village may actually be ways of expressing an unarticulated feeling that it is an artificial, manufactured exploitation of Swissness. "It's too cut-and-dried, too dollar-and-centsy," he said recently. "They're going to have crafts people from Europe, and what we're interested in is preserving the things that were grounded here. What they'll have may be authentic Swiss, but it won't be authentic New Glarus Swiss."

There may be that feeling in New Glarus, but, as Tschudy says, it is unarticulated. A majority of the residents apparently would welcome Swiss Village for the business and jobs it could bring, and those who wouldn't do not state their objections in terms of whether it would be authentically New Glarus Swiss. Schneider's architecture, after all, would be more authentic than the façades on the bars and the drugstore in New Glarus; a crossbow tournament is no less authentic than a performance of "Wilhelm Tell." Some people say that the project is simply too large—that it would bring more tourists than the city can handle and more transient workers than it wants. There is some resentment about Schneider's having most of his financing guaranteed by a federal agency—the feeling of most people in New Glarus being that the taxpayers' money should not be risked for private business ventures, or for just about anything else—and some resentment about his setting



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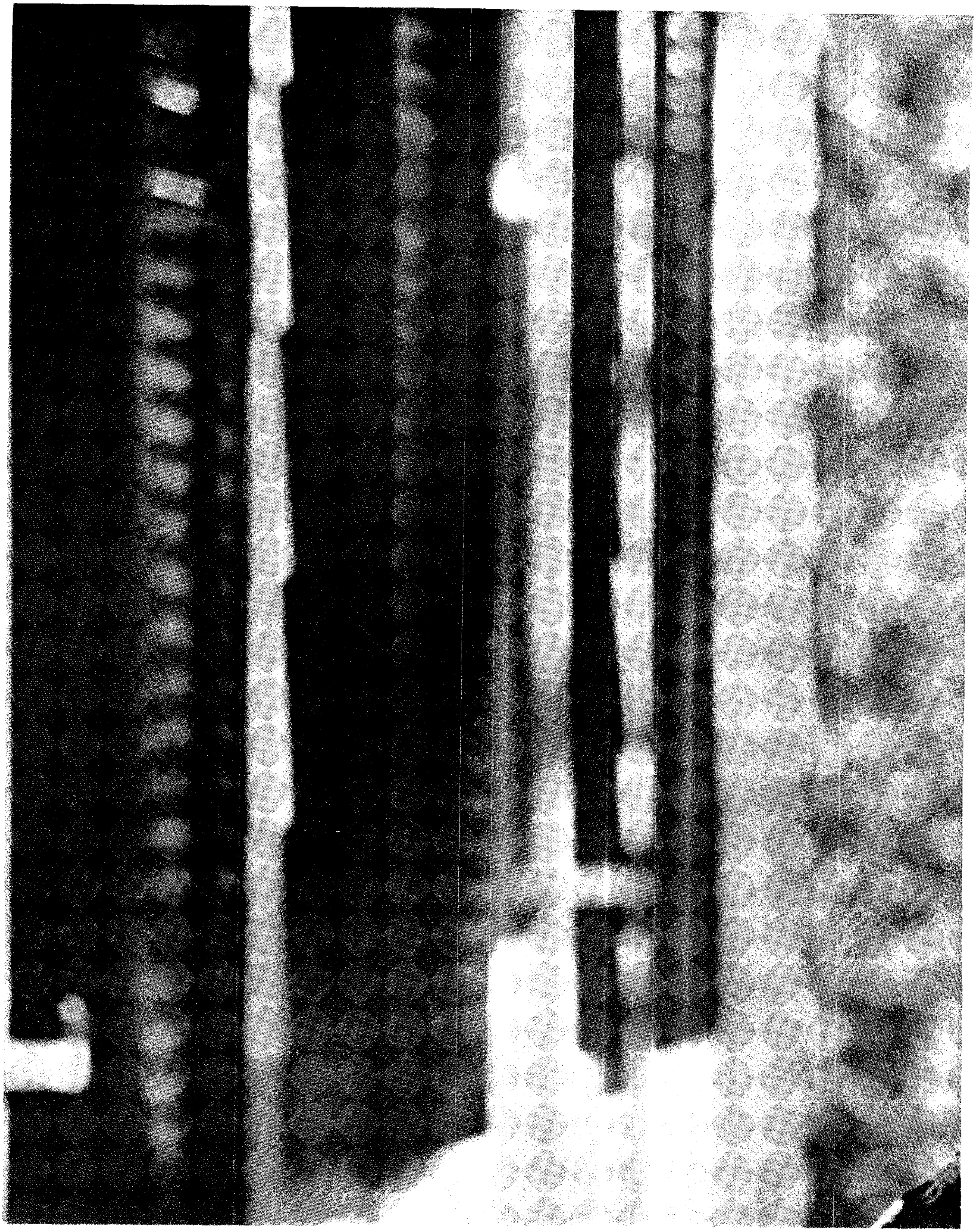

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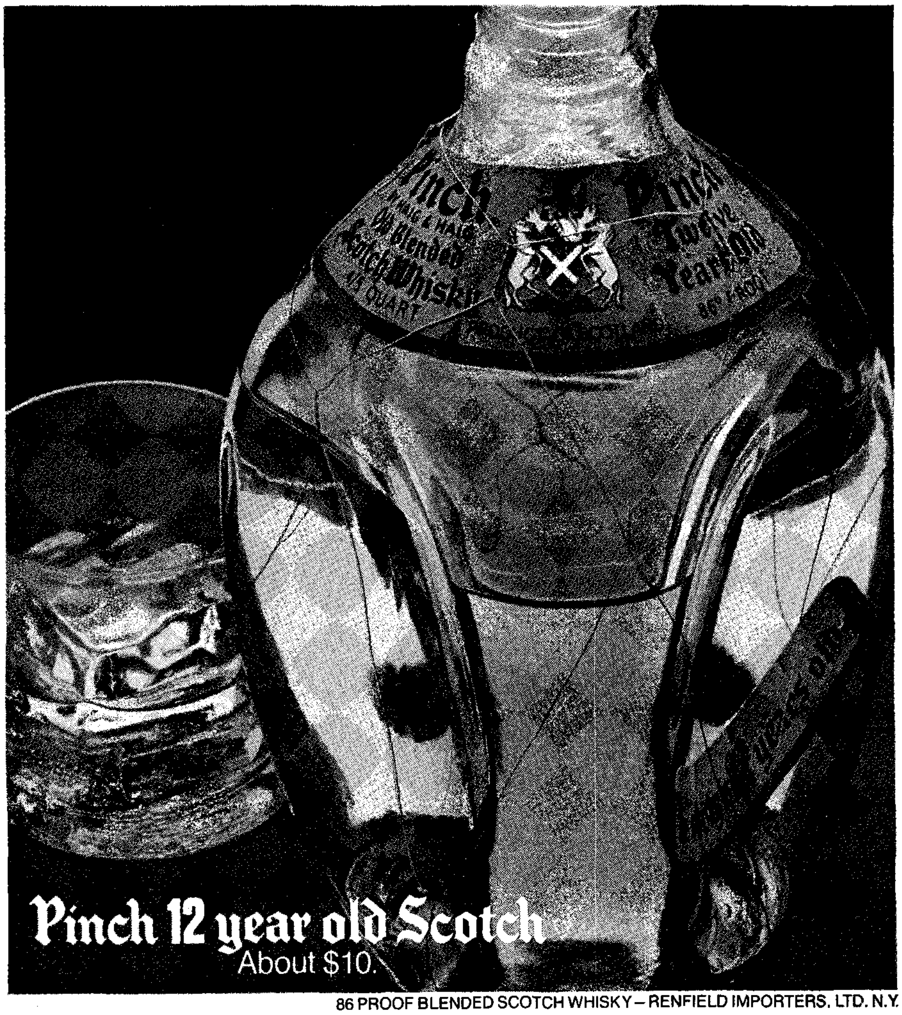

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up what amounts to a separate Swiss industry down the road for his own profit. There is some talk about how Swiss Village will draw people from the stores in New Glarus and some talk about how it will bring too many people to the stores in New Glarus and some talk about how all of that talk really amounts to the resentment and envy produced in the Glarner Swiss by the sight of a newcomer like Robbie Schneider making a great leap forward. A lot of people in New Glarus mention the possibility that Swiss Village might fail, forcing Schneider, who is at least Swiss and a New Glarus resident, to turn over the plant to some outside operator who would install tacky souvenir shops and flashy cocktail waitresses and all of the other manifestations of high-pressure tourism that New Glarus people associate with Wisconsin Dells—a resort area that apparently has enough junk shops to keep several Hong Kong factories working overtime. "That business about how he might fail and some outsider would come in is a death wish for Robbie," a non-Swiss resident said recently. "They're just trying to make it respectable by saying that what they're really worried about is the Holiday Inn."

There is no legal obstacle to Swiss Village, and although many people in town believe that it has been killed by the economic slowdown, Robbie Schneider says he is merely waiting until interest rates go a bit lower. He has plans and drawings and press releases and what he estimates to be thirty-six thousand dollars' worth of studies. He can demonstrate how the cheese factory will produce cheese for retail and wholesale distribution, make yogurt and cottage cheese and butter for the Swiss Village dining rooms, serve as a demonstration factory in modern cheesemaking for the state agriculture school, experiment with a four-day workweek, and provide a tourist site from a specially constructed observation balcony. He is amazed at any suggestion that he may be commercializing the heritage of New Glarus. "Eighteen years ago, I came here to teach these people songs they're singing today," he said recently. "Ninety years ago, there was no yodelling club. If they hadn't been proud to show all America what they are doing, they wouldn't put on a play for charge; people would still have to go to Switzerland to see 'Wilhelm Tell.' They wouldn't have brought me here. They'd still be sitting around a tavern yodelling for a bottle of wine."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

THE THEATRE

WRITING ABOUT WRITING

THE first thing to be said about Bill Gunn's play "Black Picture Show," at the Vivian Beaumont, is that its author is obviously gifted. The second thing to be said about the play is that it is not a success. And the third thing to be said about it is that, ironically, the nature of its failure heightens one's certainty of Mr. Gunn's talent, for that *any* dramatic action capable of interesting us for an entire evening could be wrested out of the ill-chosen, long-since-shopworn subject matter of "Black Picture Show" approaches the miraculous. We are again, and how reluctantly, in the presence of a hero who writes. Writes and suffers, and his suffering, like that of a thousand other writers in plays, novels, and movies, is induced largely by the fact that he has sold out. For nothing more important than money, he has committed his divine spark into the hands of hucksters; he who should have been an O'Neill has become a hack. Moreover, his lacerating self-reproach is made all the more painful by the fact that the hucksters who have seduced him are white and he is black. He has done a grave injury not only to himself but also to his people.

Where to begin in the dismissal of such conventional claptrap? Almost the first rule that one learns on taking up a career in letters is that a writer mustn't write about a writer writing. (Prodigious exceptions, like Joyce and Proust, are imitated at one's peril.) A second rule, which need never be mastered, provided that one obeys the first rule, is that a writer's occupational sufferings are apt to be much less interesting than those of a truck driver or a lacquerer of tea trays; his flushed flutterings on the brink of literary prostitution quickly prove tiresome. In any event, the first-rate artist who sells out and therefore becomes second-rate is mostly a figment of the imagination of the second-rate artist who has sold out and who would never have been first-rate; or perhaps, more amusingly, it is a figment of the imagination of the third-rate writer who has sold out and has unexpectedly advanced to second-rate, with the hope of someday being first-rate dimly glimmering before him. "Black Picture Show" prompts other musings. Why is it worse for a black to sell out to a white than for a white to sell out to a white, or, for that matter, for a black to sell out to a black? Except on grounds of racial snobbery, with its implication that all blacks ought to be able to be counted on to behave more honorably than all whites, why should the question of color arise?

Mr. Gunn may well have been troubled by some of these questions and may have sought to divert our attention from them by the overingenious intricacies of his cat's cradle of a plot. He constantly scrambles time and place: the hero is now a middle-aged man going mad and dying in the presence of a young son, now himself a young son uneasy in the presence of his father; the bleak dayroom of the psychiatric ward of a hospital in the Bronx is at the same time the vulgarly overfurnished living room of a large country house. These pranks of dramaturgy, though they serve to keep us on our toes, fail to illuminate the characters; the story is essentially a simple one and gains nothing by having an apparent complexity imposed on it. Still, the restless shuttling back and forth among roles gives the cast an opportunity to display its exceptional skill. Dick Anthony Williams is superb as the sorely troubled hero, and Carol Cole is his match as both the hero's mother and his second wife. Linda Miller, beauty and intelligence blazing out of her, is highly effective as the bitter wife of a corrupt Hollywood producer, played by Paul-David Richards, and Albert Hall is splendid as the hero's son, hard and yet loving. The murderous conversations between the hero-writer and his wife and between the producer and his wife compare favorably with the classic oral assassinations of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Mr. Gunn is at his best in these scenes.

A six-piece combo, led by Sam Waymon, sits onstage and plays songs, mostly by Mr. Waymon, throughout "Black Picture Show." A shadowy place is found for the combo in the clever two-level setting by Peter Harvey. The costumes have been designed by Judy Dearing, and the lighting is the handiwork of Roger Morgan. Mr. Gunn has directed the play very ably indeed, though I wish he had prevailed on the author to drop a few samples of the writer-hero's more highflown, phony-eloquent pronunciamentos.

IF "Black Picture Show" is marred by conventional claptrap, the musical "Shenandoah," at the Alvin, embraces it, seemingly can't get enough of it, and ends by drowning in it, as an unwary bear might drown in quicksand. Claptrap conventional as well as sentimental, to the point where I was often put in mind of Wilde's dictum "One must have a heart of stone to read the death of Little Nell without laughing." Many purportedly heartrending events take place in "Shenandoah," and the temptation to giggle at them is always present, luckily checked by a succeeding emotion of contempt. What is one to make of a story about a sturdy farmer in the Shenandoah Valley who, having resolved that he and his seven sons will remain wholly detached from the Civil War, then raging all round them, confides his intentions to a wife several years dead? His method of communicating with her is an interesting one. It consists of standing on top of her grave and speaking straight down at her, although most eschatologists would be likely to favor speaking *up*, or perhaps even sideways, on the assumption that Martha's body is dust and her soul elsewhere. The farmer talks a good deal to Martha, but we never find out whether she has heard him; the negative evidence is that she hasn't since she says nothing in reply.

The book of "Shenandoah," by James Lee Barrett, Peter Udell, and Philip Rose, doesn't bear close examination, and the songs—music by Gary Geld and lyrics by Mr. Udell—don't invite repeating. (One song, which describes how young men will soon be paying court to the fair daughter of the house, is called "The Pickers Are Comin' "—a singularly infelicitous figure of speech. In another song, a black boy, newly freed from bondage, argues that freedom is not in the state of Maine, etc., but, rather, "in the state of mind." In which case, why bother with emancipation?) John Cullum, who plays the farmer, has an exquisite voice and lends a surprising degree of conviction to an implausible role, and the rest of the cast does the best it can with the sorry material. The settings of "Shenandoah" are by C. Murawski, the lighting is by Thomas Skelton, the costumes are by Pearl Somner and Winn Morton, and the production has been directed by Philip Rose.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Dead Gull, Live Party

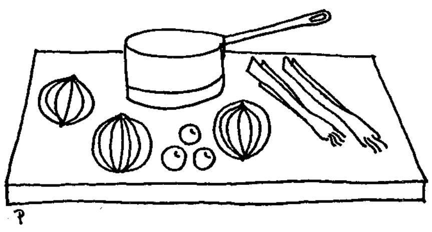
Andre Gregory and his company, known as the Manhattan Project, bewilder me, and my bewilderment usually has an edge of irritation to it. Elegant in person, refined in apprehension, Mr. Gregory often strikes me as deliberately messing things up, as a delightful child might choose to deface a beloved doll. But to what purpose? Mr. Gregory is a man of considerable experience in the theatre; we are entitled to assume that his chase, however bizarre, has a beast in view and that the beast can be rendered visible. It is rarely visible to me. Niccolò Tucci has described Gregory's "Alice in Wonderland" as an example of the current vogue for "the defoliation of the classics." In the present instance, Gregory's production of "The Seagull," now being given at Joseph Papp's Public Theatre, is not so much an act of defoliation as an act of homage gone sour—a version of a classic decked out in contemporary Americanisms that jar the ear and that, far from making Chekhov more accessible to us (as if he needed to be! Surely that is not Gregory's beast), alienate him from himself. A masterpiece that asks only to be played as well as possible is reduced to a clumsy, lifeless muddle, in which the cast seems often to be as much in the dark in respect to Gregory's intentions as the audience is.

Gregory has wantonly blunted every distinction of time, of place, and—most important of all—of class. In *echt* Chekhov, the time is the nineties; in Gregory's Chekhov, it appears to be the twenties, and yet it is not the twenties, for among the interpolations in the text we hear of "consciousness raising," which is a phenomenon of the sixties. When songs are called for, we hear takeoffs of "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" (1932) and "Moonlight Bay" (1912), and not only do these mingled time periods confuse us but so does the use of American argot, American music, American clothing. If Gregory had wished to Americanize Chekhov, that would have been a sufficiently doubtful enterprise, but to make it neither American nor Russian is simply perverse. As for the matter of distinctions of class, it appears that Gregory gives little thought to the voices of his actors. Angela Pietropinto plays Nina, a wellborn girl of wealthy family, with her habitual flat, nasal, middle-class American accent, while John Ferraro gives the upper-class Sorin a voice that echoes Al Pacino. (Mr. Ferraro is also twenty years too young for the role of Sorin. He consents to mimic the posture and gestures of age but refuses the aid of makeup; what is the reason for employing one convention and not the other?) If the dainty Nina speaks her lines like a servant, the lowborn manager of the Sorin estate, Shamraev (John Holms), speaks like an aristocrat; in the course of so many assaults upon verisimilitude, the meaning of the play leaks away, along with much of its natural energy.

As for the others in the cast of "The Seagull," Saskia Noordhoek Hegt goes her own way as Irini, and, as her son Constantine, Larry Pine seems not altogether sure of the way that it would be best for him to go. Gerry Bamman and Tom Costello play their roles as Trigorin and Dr. Dorn in a welcomely traditional fashion, which is to say that they are out of step with almost everyone else. The strangely assorted costumes are by Nanzi Adzima, and the settings, which consist mostly of birch trees and a few benches and chairs, are by Ming Cho Lee. Again I am confused: there are three settings, placed in different parts of the theatre, and the audience is obliged to walk from one setting to the next as the play proceeds. What advantage is gained by shifting the audience instead of shifting the sets?

Playing in repertory with "The Seagull" is Wallace Shawn's one-act comedy "Our Late Night." This is the first new play ever to be put on by the Manhattan Project, and it is done very well—the actors who in the Chekhov appear so at odds with each other, and even with the characters they portray, give the impression of being a seasoned ensemble in "Our Late Night." Credit for this gratifying reversal of form must go to Gregory, who directed the play, and who would probably maintain that the reversal was inside my head and not inside the Public Theatre.

Even for these permissive times, Mr. Shawn has written a notably candid play. It is filled to bursting with Lenny Bruce-like scatological bawdry, and it soon becomes evident that bawdry is the means by which the author transforms his high-spirited view of the world into art; the language and deportment of his characters would leave much to be desired in the comfortable, upper-middle-class world that they appear to inhabit, but Mr. Shawn is far from taking a dark view of them. Unwittingly, they strive to follow Forster's admonition "Only connect!," and they always fail, with hilarious, deplorable results. The action of the play is far more mysterious than it promises to be at the start. Its setting is an expensive apartment high above the city; the only furniture is a vast oyster-white sofa, on which the seven actors in the cast sit, slope, slouch, and, in some cases, sleep. It serves as a point of departure for a bout of lovemaking behind its high back and for occasional hurried visits to a bathroom offstage, from which ghastly sounds of regurgitation arise.



A couple occupy the apartment where the party is being given. We do not know if the couple are married, or if they have children, or what their occupations are. We do not know why the guests have been invited, or what, if anything, they have in common. At the start of the play, the host and hostess treat themselves to cocktails, so one assumes that the party will include dinner, but after a blackout there are no signs of a dinner having been served. Nor are drinks being served—the astonishing freedom with which the guests speak owes nothing to alcohol. They are clear in their minds and in their utterance, and they are devastatingly uninhibited. Strangers that they are, they speak with the openness of lovers. If a man wishes to kiss the breasts of a woman who happens to be seated next to him, he says so; more elementary desires are spoken of with equal ease and relish. It is hard to give offense in this group, hard not to be all ears. A shaggy-dog tale of a raunchiness Tolstoyan in scale, if not in tone, is related with single-minded, uninterruptible passion by one of the male guests. The hostess cowers. The party draws to an end without civilities; we are not, after all, at Mrs. Dalloway's. There are a number of cinematic blackouts. Host and hostess alone. Awake. Asleep. Awake. Well? Well, what does it *mean*?

And it is true: one resists with difficulty the temptation to make a funny little play like this—it lasts only fifty-four minutes, which isn't a minute too few or too many—stand for something portentous. Surely the author is secretly signalling to us that there is more to his salacious rhetoric than the wish to make us laugh? Are we not being offered a parable by which to gain salvation? I have to confess that from time to time I was put vaguely in mind of "The Cocktail Party," but I took care to remain vague. Like most writers with a bent for pornography, Mr. Shawn is on the side of the life-enhancers, while Eliot was on the side of the life-diminishers—the afterlife was what Old Possum smacked his dry lips over. I wish Mr. Shawn's ribald and joyous play to mean no more than it appears to mean; I will be shocked and disappointed if it turns out to contain a message.

The setting—that is to say, the monstrous sofa—was designed by Douglas W. Schmidt, the costumes are by Ara Gallant, and the lighting is by Victor En Yu Tan.

TOM JONES and Harvey Schmidt, who wrote "The Fantasticks," have a studio-theatre over on West Forty-seventh Street which they call Portfolio, in which they are giving a series of productions of some of their many works. (A program note mentions that Portfolio is "a non-profit corporation set up . . . to provide a place to experiment with original musical material. All of the proceeds taken from the sale of tickets go to the performers and musicians.") The first production, named "Portfolio Revue," after the theatre, offered samples of the different kinds of songs they have been writing over the past twenty-five years. The second production, called "Philemon," will run until January 26th, and will be followed by "Celebration," a musical that struggled in vain to survive on Broadway in 1969, and by "The Bone Room," which is a new musical by Jones and Schmidt. "Philemon" is a pleasing little musical, longer than it should be and perhaps a trifle sweeter than it should be; we are back in the days of Imperial Rome, when, in provincial Antioch, a travelling clown named Cockian is forced by the authorities to impersonate a certain saintly Christian conspirator named Philemon. The clown comes to assume Philemon's convictions as well as his duties and so dies at the hands of Rome. The cast is charming and sings well, and the costumes, by Charles Blackburn, seem to spring up out of some Jungian folk memory of two millennia ago. Tangerines are served between the acts. It is that kind of old-fashioned family affair. —B.G.

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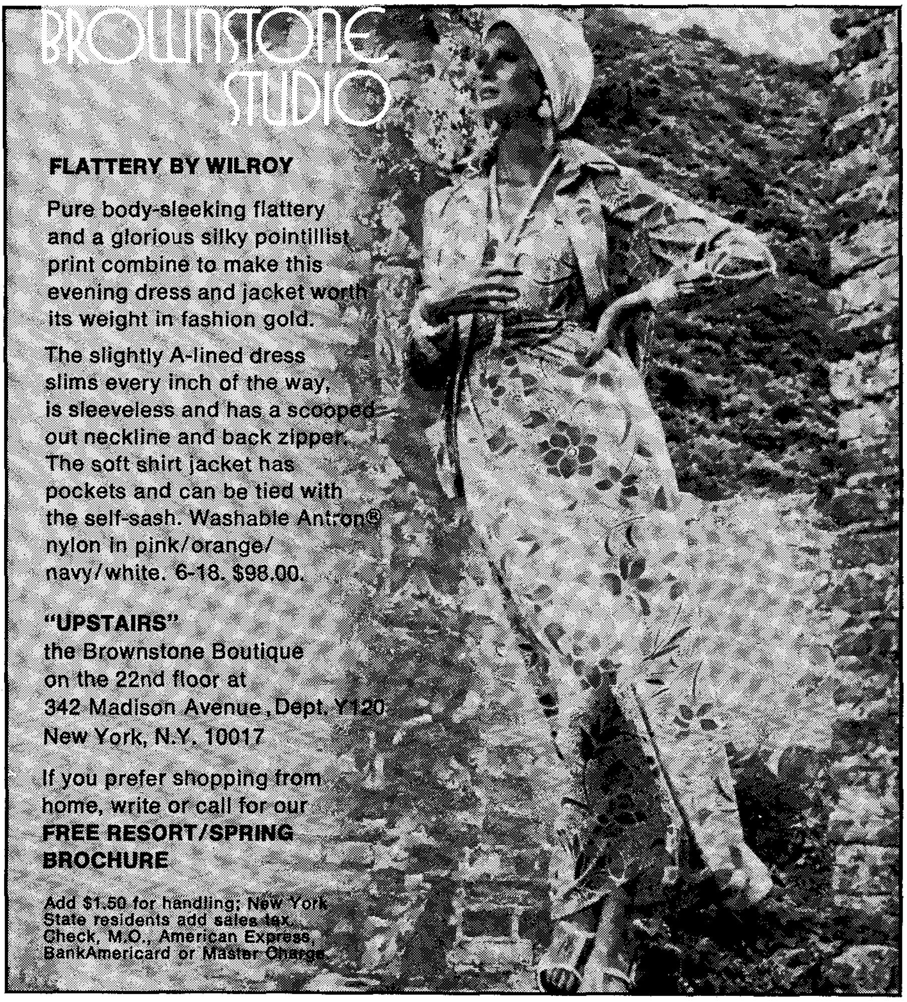

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LETTER FROM OPEC

VIENNA

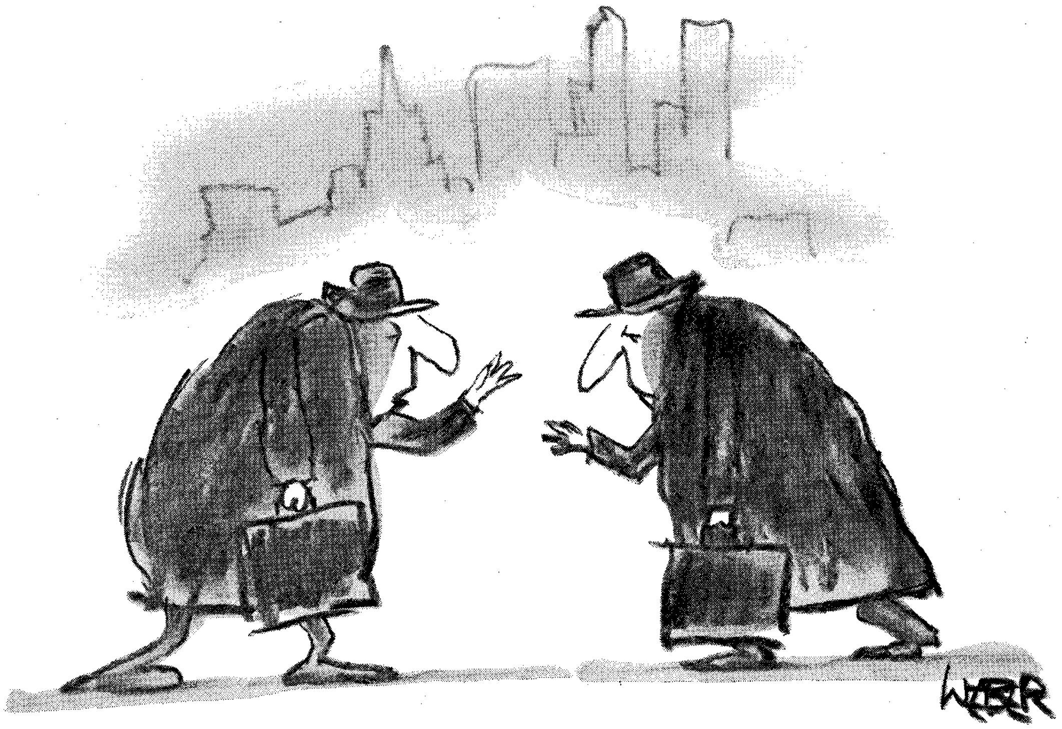
NOT far from the vast imperial palaces built by the Hapsburgs; hard by the Burgtheater, where the purest of all German was once supposed to be spoken; facing the ancient university where Freud once taught; diagonally across from the perfect Gothic-style twin-steepled Votivkirche, built to celebrate the Emperor Franz Josef's escape from an assassination attempt, there stands, at No. 10 Dr. Karl Lueger-Ring, an ordinary modern building of concrete and glass. It houses, among other things, the Austrian office of Texaco, and is sometimes called the Texaco Building. It also houses the Canadian diplomatic mission in Vienna, and when I gave the address to a taxi-driver last month he nodded knowingly and said, "*Ja*, Canadian Embassy." The fact is that I was going to the offices, on the building's two lowest floors, of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, where the next day, December 12th, the Oil Ministers of the thirteen member countries were to start their forty-second conference since OPEC was formed, in 1960. OPEC, the forum in which the oil-producing countries fix the price of the commodity that more than any other shapes the world economy, is at this moment probably the most influential of all international bodies. Its almost anonymous existence asserts a principle that runs counter to the museum of vanished splendor that is Vienna. It asserts, with a vengeance, the principle of power without pomp.

My first appointment at OPEC was with the public-information officer, an attractive Venezuelan woman. I asked her what current OPEC literature might be available. She said that several reports on OPEC activities had recently been compiled but that most of them were out of print and she could find only one copy of even the latest. I said I would like to see the one copy. She called someone and arranged to have a Xerox made. I then asked at what hotels the different ministers were staying. She said she was not authorized to divulge that information. Next, I asked if I could see the conference hall where the Oil Ministers would get together. She said that that was impossible, because some technical experts were having a conference there. I asked about the OPEC library. That was also unavailable, she said, since it was reached through the conference hall. At this point, a secretary came in to tell me that Dr. Abderrahman Khene, the Secretary General of OPEC, with whom I had an appointment, was free and would see me. On my way out, I glanced in at the conference hall. It is a low-ceilinged oblong room about the size of a double room in a Holiday Inn. In the middle is a long, narrow table, surrounded by chairs placed in a proximity reminiscent of a crowded restaurant. There is a blackboard in one corner.

THE Secretary General of OPEC has a corner office, but one hardly more prepossessing than the conference room. It is furnished with a maple desk, a round maple table, and a few ordinary wooden chairs. Dr. Khene is an Algerian—slim, fortyish, with a high forehead, blue eyes, and a manner of calm competence. He was dressed, as were all but a couple of the OPEC representatives at this session, in trim Western business clothes. When I greeted him in French, he was visibly pleased. But when I mentioned that I had covered the Algerian War of Independence and had heard of him at that time, he became quite serious. He pointed out that he had been shelved by Ahmed Ben Bella, the first Algerian President, and had come back into favor only under the present Algerian leader, Houari Boumedienne. He said that his term as OPEC Secretary General would be over at the end of 1974. His doctor's degree, he told me, was in medicine rather than in any of the scientific disciplines that deal with oil.

I asked him about the agenda of the meeting that was beginning the next day. He said that no formal agenda had yet been adopted but that he believed there would be two main subjects. First, there was the matter of setting a price on oil for 1975. There were different approaches to that matter on the part of the two biggest oil exporters, Saudi Arabia and Iran, but he thought a consensus would be achieved easily. Whichever approach was used, he expected that the price would be fixed for a considerable part of the year. "OPEC wants to give the rest of the world a sign of good will," he said. "Since there is inflation in all other prices, stabilizing the price of oil is a kind of concession."

Dr. Khene told me he would return to the price issue later, and went on to say that the second agenda item was an Algerian proposal for a meeting of the OPEC heads of state. The Algerians wanted preparations for such a summit meeting to be made by a preliminary conference of Oil and Foreign Ministers. They had suggested that the meeting scheduled for December 12th and 13th in Vienna be transferred to Algeria and expanded to include Foreign Ministers, so that preparations for the summit could be made immediately. That suggestion had been shelved at the last moment because Nigeria failed to reply to it. Dr. Khene said that the Algerians thought

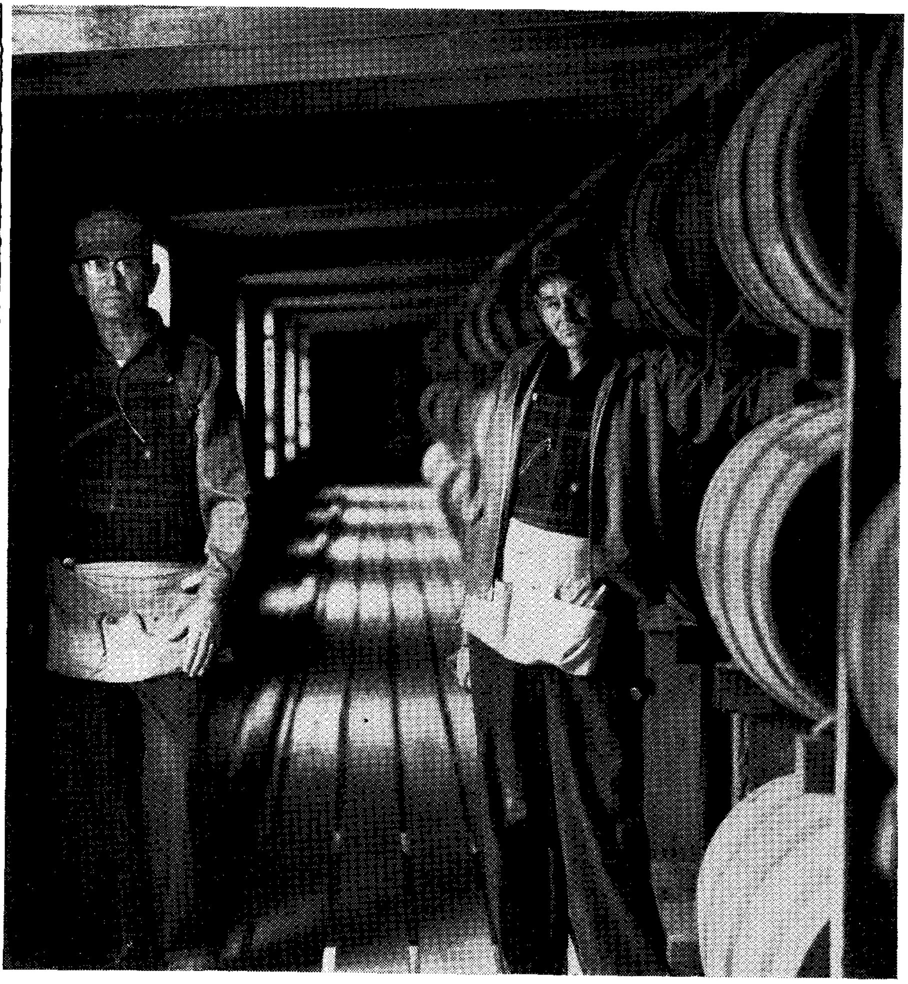


"Fine, thanks, and you?"

such a meeting necessary because Secretary of State Henry Kissinger had made a series of proposals for the formulation of a joint energy policy among the consuming nations of the industrialized world and this seemed to amount to "a call for a confrontation with OPEC." He went on, "The Algerians feel that it is not good to settle oil issues in a dialogue between consumers and producers only, as Dr. Kissinger wanted. The Algerians feel that the dialogue should reflect the views of all countries. The Third World countries—particularly the poorest countries of Africa and Asia and Latin America—should be brought in. The problem of oil has overflowed the bounds of OPEC. That is why the Algerians want a summit meeting. They will ask at our meeting here for a conference of Oil Ministers and Foreign Ministers to set the date for such a meeting."

At that point, Dr. Khene had to take a phone call. "We've been trying to reach you—where have you been?" I heard him ask. "Oh, that's it," he said, and then his voice dropped in a more confidential tone. When he turned back to me, he explained that the call had been from the Nigerian Commissioner for Mines and Power, Shettima Ali Monguno. The reason Mr. Monguno had not answered the invitation to come to Algeria was that he had been at the United Nations, in New York, and so had not received the cable. It seemed that the Nigerians were now prepared to come to Algeria. I asked Dr. Khene if he believed that, as many supposed, Nigeria, being, like many African countries, split between Muslims and Christians, was reluctant to align itself automatically with an Arab state. Dr. Khene said, "You can say that. I can't."

When I tried to get him back to the question of oil pricing, he said that while people in the West were worried about price, that was not the primary concern of the producers. "The big concern is no longer price but how to relieve the burden of production—that is, how to conserve oil. For many years, we have been discussing conservation in OPEC. The subject was originally raised by Venezuela. The idea was that we should program our production. We are finally coming to that. Our organization is divided into three kinds of countries. First, there are large countries with large populations, which need all the money they can raise now to develop their resources—Indonesia and Nigeria. They will never cut back very far on production. Then, there are some countries at a balance point, whose present needs are big, so they



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would like to keep prices high, and whose future needs for funds for economic development are even bigger, so they have an interest in conservation. Those countries are Algeria, Ecuador, Iran, Iraq, and Venezuela. Then, there are Arab countries that are selling precious assets that cannot be renewed. Within a measurable number of years, they could be reduced to ex-rich countries. So those countries—Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Libya, Qatar, Gabon, the United Arab Emirates—have a strong interest in conservation."

That sounded like a threat to cut back production in order to keep prices up, and I asked Dr. Khene if the oil-producing countries took seriously the stories that were much in circulation about possible American military intervention in Libya or the Persian Gulf to prevent such a thing.

Dr. Khene said he was puzzled by such talk. He pointed out that the United States was the Western industrialized country least dependent on oil from the Persian Gulf. He also pointed out that the two leading producers in the Gulf—Saudi Arabia and Iran—were governed by leaders very friendly to the United States. He said, "People here don't see how such an intervention could work. The one sure result would be to oust leaders who are the most pro-American possible. Moreover, it isn't only the industrialized countries of the West that are interested in oil. The Third World is also interested, and so are Russia and China. It is difficult to consider that such threats can have a serious outcome."

I asked if he didn't feel that it would be extremely hard on the United States and Europe if oil production were curtailed and the price kept going up.

He said, "The West has been living too high—beyond its means. Europe and Japan and the United States will have to reduce their standard of living to take care of the poorer people in the world."

I asked if he thought it was fair for Americans to cut their standard of living so that the Shah of Iran and King Faisal could build up huge military establishments.

By way of reply, he put a question: "What can they do, if they're constantly being tempted to buy arms?"

I wanted to work the discussion back to the issue of price, and the difference between the Iranian and the Saudi approaches to the subject, but the phone rang again. Dr. Khene told me that a minister was waiting to see him. I went out, and the minister—a well-built, bullet-headed man with a crew cut, yellowish skin, and Oriental features—was ushered in. I subsequently learned that he was from Ecuador.

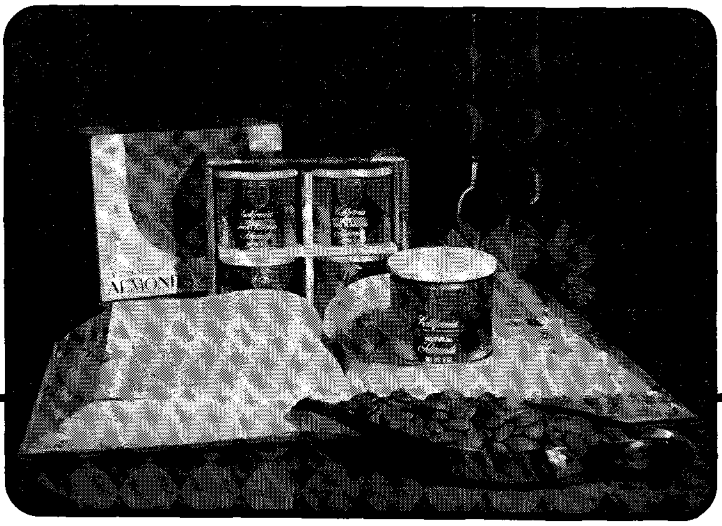
I NEVER did get a chance to ask Dr. Khene more about the price issue and the different approaches of Iran and Saudi Arabia. But I was already familiar with the topic, for I had just come from a visit to Iran and the Persian Gulf countries, where I had heard about nothing else. The starting point for all such discussions—and, indeed, for the history of OPEC—was the cartel put together in the decade before the Second World War by the major oil corporations: Standard of New Jersey (now Exxon), Shell, Anglo-Iranian (now British Petroleum), Gulf, Texaco, Standard of California, and Socony-Vacuum (now Mobil). The cartel was organized through a series of agreements dating back to 1928, and it operated with special vigor in the fifteen years after the war. While all kinds of patent and marketing agreements were involved, the basic purpose was simple: to fix prices and hold production at a level that would sustain those prices. Originally, the producing countries were paid only a set royalty per barrel of oil extracted and shipped. But after 1948, when Venezuela passed a law determining a rate of company profits per barrel and taxing these profits at fifty per cent, a new system evolved. At the heart of that system was a pricing schedule so complex and arcane that it is hard to believe that it was not devised at least in part with an eye to baffling United States government trustbusters and causing outside economic analysts to lose their way in a choking miasma of incomprehensible detail. The central concept was "the posted price," a figure that in principle—though not in fact—represented the price at which the crude-oil extracting divisions of the companies sold oil to their refining divisions. A percentage of the posted price was given to the petroleum-exporting country as a royalty. The royalty and the actual production cost—which was calculated at about twelve cents a barrel in Saudi Arabia—were then added together and their sum was subtracted from the posted price to determine the amount of the companies' profit. A percentage of the profit was then paid to the producing country in the form of income taxes. For most of the decade of the nineteen-fifties, the posted price was kept at around two dollars a barrel for Saudi Arabian crude. The royalty was kept at twelve and a half per cent. The tax was kept at fifty per cent of profit. The result was a government take of about a dollar and six cents per barrel.

This price structure might have continued unchanged for decades, except that in 1959 the independent oil producers within the United States, increasingly hit by competition from low-cost oil produced in Venezuela and the Near East, pushed through the Congress, with help from Senator Lyndon Johnson and Representative Sam Rayburn, both of Texas, a program setting quotas on imports of foreign oil. The quotas turned what had been an abundance of non-United States oil into a glut. In August, 1960, therefore, the major oil companies, led by Standard of New Jersey, cut the posted price without even consulting the producing countries. The producing countries, with their revenues thus reduced, fought back. On September 10, 1960, representatives of Saudi Arabia, Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, and Venezuela met in Baghdad and formed what is now known as OPEC.

Oil remained overabundant through most of the decade of the sixties, and the initial accomplishments of OPEC were—as a former OPEC chief of information, Abdul Amir Kubbah, of Iraq, acknowledged in a 1974 book on the organization—"modest." The first success, indeed, was negative: There were no more unilateral cuts in posted prices by the oil companies. Then, in 1964, OPEC succeeded in producing a formula for a more favorable way of figuring royalties and calculating taxes. In addition, there were agreements in principle whereby all OPEC members supported individual producing countries that were pushing for improved terms with the companies. But the individual countries were able to assert themselves only when the supply-and-demand picture changed. That occurred, owing to an unforeseen rise in European oil consumption and Syria's cutting of the pipeline from Saudi Arabia to the Mediterranean, in 1970. The OPEC annual review for that year said:

> The year under review . . . marks a turning point in the history of the oil industry. . . . Economic and political forces were set in motion which seem to have put an end to a long era of cheap oil and a buyers' market and to have ushered in an era of firm prices and a sellers' market for oil and oil products.

The new climate had already been tested in negotiations between the oil companies and the regime of Colonel Muammar al-Qaddafi, which had come to power in Libya after overthrowing the monarchy on September



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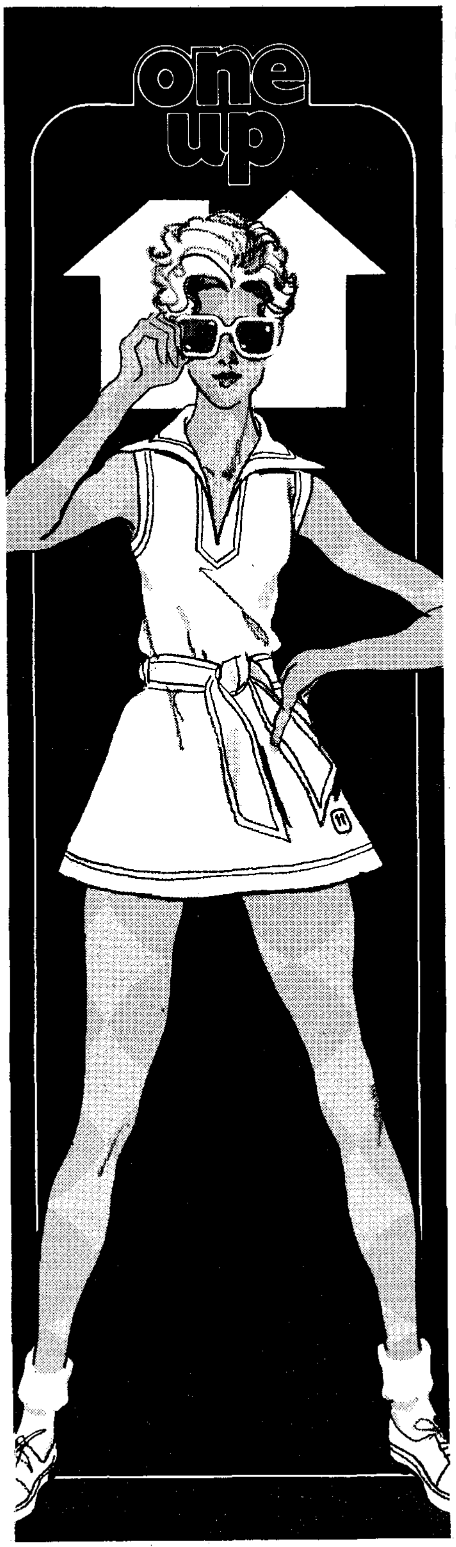

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1, 1969. Those negotiations concluded in September, 1970, with a major victory for the Libyans. The posted price was raised by thirty cents a barrel, with further increases of two cents a barrel scheduled for each of the next five years. The income-tax rate was raised from fifty per cent to fifty-four. At the next OPEC meeting, beginning on December 9th in Caracas, fifty-five per cent was adopted as a target for all member countries. Within six months, agreements similar to that in Libya had been adopted for the whole international oil world in three regional accords made in Teheran, Tripoli, and Lagos. The most important of the three—the Teheran accord of February, 1971—raised the posted price by thirty-three cents a barrel, with five-cent-per-barrel increases due on June 1st of 1971, January 1st of 1973, January 1st of 1974, and January 1st of 1975. The income-tax rate was set at fifty-five per cent.

These changes were supplemented at meetings between producing countries and the companies in Geneva in January, 1972, and in Vienna in April, 1973, at which slight upward changes in the posted price compensated the countries for dips in the value of the dollar. As a result of all these changes, the posted price of Saudi Arabian light crude—the "marker price," or the pacesetter, for all crude—in June, 1973, reached a figure of just under two dollars and ninety cents per barrel. That was an increase of nearly a dollar and ten cents per barrel since the new supply-and-demand climate became manifest in 1970.

In addition to raising the posted price, and thereby the revenues accruing from taxes and royalties, the producing countries moved to take a piece of the company action. Several of them—Algeria, Libya, and Iraq—acting individually, nationalized some foreign oil holdings. As early as 1968, an OPEC resolution had asserted the right of producing countries to "participation in the ownership of the concession-holding company," and in July, 1971, OPEC formed a Ministerial Committee on Participation for countries (Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Qatar, Abu Dhabi) that had no piece of the concessionary companies. Talks between the Ministerial Committee and the companies began in Geneva on January 21, 1972, and continued there and in the United States and Saudi Arabia through most of the year. They reached fruition on October 5, 1972, in New York. The participation agreement provided that producing countries would acquire by purchase an initial twenty-five-per-cent interest in the companies. Also by purchase, such holdings would rise, a step at a time, until, on January 1, 1982, they reached fifty-one per cent. By that agreement, the countries achieved nationalization without the kind of political retribution that would have resulted from direct annexation. Without anybody's really noticing it much, they took over effective operation of the cartel. The man who negotiated the agreement for the major Arab producing countries, and thereby became a figure of world consequence, was the Saudi Arabian Oil Minister, Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani.

THE basic negotiating climate, already favoring an upward creep in the earnings and the ownership position of the producing countries, was dramatically transformed by the Arab-Israeli October War of 1973. Production was deliberately curtailed by the Arab producing states, and, in the panic atmosphere that followed, oil prices and participation by various countries were driven upward at a dizzying rate. On October 16th, ten days after Egypt and Syria attacked Israel and while the war was still in progress, the Arab producing countries unsheathed "the oil weapon." At a meeting in Kuwait, they decided on a cut of five per cent in October production, followed by an additional five-per-cent cut each month thereafter. Five countries—the United States, the Netherlands, Portugal, Rhodesia, and South Africa—were ultimately stigmatized as "enemies" of the Arab cause and subjected to a total embargo. On November 4th, thirteen days after a temporary ceasefire had been achieved, the Arab oil producers again met in Kuwait, and decided on an immediate production cut of twenty-five per cent, plus the already stipulated five-per-cent monthly cutback for December. At a third meeting in Kuwait, on December 25th, the cutback rate was brought down to fifteen per cent and the five-per-cent monthly cut was rescinded. In practice, however, the observance of these rules varied widely. Saudi Arabia cut production by 8.6 per cent in October, by 26.6 per cent in November, and by 22.6 per cent in December. Kuwait and Abu Dhabi followed the Saudi pattern. Iraq nationalized a number of oil installations and, instead of cutting back production, actually increased output. But the over-all impact was a shortage, which quickly led to action on the twin fronts of price and participation.

With respect to price, at the meeting in Kuwait on October 16th six countries—Saudi Arabia, Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, Qatar, and Abu Dhabi (representing the United Arab Emirates)—declared flat out that thenceforward they, not the companies, would determine the posted price. They then proceeded to raise the posted price for Arabian marker crude to five dollars and eleven cents per barrel—an increase of well over two dollars. At an OPEC meeting on December 23rd in Teheran, the price was raised to eleven dollars and sixty-five cents per barrel—an increase of a hundred and twenty-eight per cent in just over nine weeks, and of more than four hundred per cent in a year.

As for participation, Iraq used the occasion of the October War to nationalize the "enemy" interests in the Basrah Petroleum Company, which had originally been established after the First World War by various Western interests as the Iraq Petroleum Company. Besides the Exxon and Mobil interests and a segment of Shell, Iraq appropriated the five per cent that belonged to the heirs of the famous Armenian independent promoter Calouste Gulbenkian, who, because of occasional residence in Lisbon, was deemed to be Portuguese. Kuwait, citing objections in its National Assembly, rejected a twenty-five-per-cent-participation deal. On January 29, 1974, Kuwait signed with its concessionary companies, Gulf and British Petroleum, an agreement calling for an immediate sixty-per-cent participation, to rise to a hundred per cent in 1979. Similar agreements were imposed by Saudi Arabia, Abu Dhabi, and Qatar. Very soon thereafter, Oil Minister Yamani began negotiating with the primary company in Saudi Arabia, Aramco (owned by Exxon, Texaco, Standard of California, and Mobil), for a hundred-per-cent-participation agreement—i.e., nationalization with agreed-upon compensation for the owners.

The sudden access of wealth put the oil-producing countries in a position familiar to all those who get rich quick. They became subject to constant admonition from those accustomed to being rich (notably, in this case, the United States) to use their money responsibly; they were importuned for handouts by the very poor (notably, in this case, the teeming countries of India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, and Sri Lanka), which had been forced to the edge of bankruptcy and starvation by the oil-price rise; they were buttonholed for special deals by

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companies and countries with investments to promote. The upshot was a highly developed sense of the need to legitimize their newfound wealth and protect it against both the claims and the warnings of outsiders.

Probably the most imaginative responses to such stimuli have come from Algeria, in the form of ceaseless appeals for meetings between the developed and the underdeveloped countries. In answer to these appeals, the United Nations General Assembly convoked a special session last spring. The more recent Algerian call for preparations for a summit meeting of OPEC leaders to work out a response to the industrialized countries fits the same pattern. According to President Boumedienne, his purpose is to achieve "the economic emancipation of the underdeveloped countries" by promoting "the destruction of the unfair economic structure which governs today's world." It may be, since he and those around him are revolutionaries who fought for and won national independence, that his purpose is purely as he has stated it. But the immediate consequence of his efforts is to insulate the oil producers against the claims of the poorest underdeveloped countries. The Boumedienne approach is not to treat oil as a separate entity but to mix it in with a score of other primary commodities, including copper, sugar, bauxite, coffee, and tea. The oil producers thus make common cause with the producers of these other primary commodities, in Latin America, Africa, and Asia. The enemy becomes the industrialized countries of Europe and North America, along with Japan. Blood—that is to say, the solidarity of the have-not countries—asserts itself as thicker than oil, and the oil producers are freed of any unique responsibility toward the poorest countries.

The Algerian influence, however, is decidedly limited. True, that particular regime has an undoubted moral status, deriving from its struggle for independence against the French. And there is political leverage, because the Algerians have harmonious relations with radical movements that pose threats to monarchical regimes in Iran, Saudi Arabia, and the sheikhdoms of the Persian Gulf. There is also the clout of being connected with both the Near East, as an Arab country, and Africa, as a geographical part of it. Further power derives from the nation's having a wealth of French-trained civil servants—such as Dr. Khene. The trouble is, Algeria produces only about a million barrels of oil per day, out of an OPEC total of

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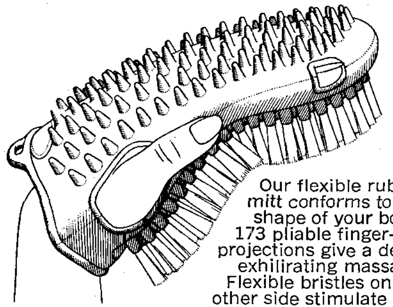

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thirty million barrels. So, inevitably, the Algerian position has been eclipsed by the positions of the two biggest exporters, Saudi Arabia and Iran.

THE position of Iran, which, with production of about six million barrels daily, is the second-largest exporter in the world, derives from the ambition of the Shah to make his country a local leviathan—the ruling power in the Persian Gulf. On the basis of continuing oil revenues, the Shah has worked out a plan for rapid economic development which is supposed to make Iran the economic equivalent of Germany or Japan in the next thirty years. He is also buying an advanced military force—"with all the most sophisticated weapons except nuclear bombs," he told me in an interview late in November. He has pledged large sums to aid development in Pakistan, Afghanistan, and India. His troops have come to the assistance of the Sultan of Oman (who is threatened by a revolt, said to be Communist-inspired, in his district of Dhofar) and of the Kurdish insurgents of the Mullah al-Barzani, who have been threatened with extinction by the left-wing regime in Iraq. In addition, his forces have occupied islands at the choke point of the Persian Gulf, the Strait of Hormuz—a sign that Iran considers itself the military guarantor of the flow of oil through the Gulf. Because the Shah has so many immediate uses for oil money, he has been keen to keep both production and prices high. He did not participate in the cutbacks ordered at the time of the October War. Although he personally announced the huge price increase decreed by OPEC at the December, 1973, meeting in Teheran, since then—with his traditional friend the United States putting some pressure on him to roll back prices—he has been anxious to shift responsibility elsewhere. To that end, he has come up with two proposals—which he aired first at a press conference in Teheran on November 2, 1974, and then in full-page newspaper advertisements. One of the proposals was to link the price of oil to "a basket of prices of, say, twenty or thirty commodities." In that way, the recent oil-price rises would have been legitimized ex post facto, and future price rises would become the function of an impersonal inflationary index, with the Shah totally divorced from responsibility. The second proposal was to substitute for the arcane system of posted prices, royalties, and taxes a single price for oil. The Shah emphasized in his press conference that the single price would be "well below the actual posted price," and thus he could at least seem to be advocating lower prices. At the same time, by pushing for a simplified price system he has fobbed off some responsibility on Saudi Arabia, his chief rival in the Persian Gulf.

Saudi Arabia—with a daily production capacity of about eight and a half million barrels, or almost a third of the OPEC total—is the world's largest exporter of oil. Its proven reserves—about a hundred and thirty-two billion barrels, or close to twenty-five per cent of the world total—are also by far the largest of any single country. But its population is so small (an estimated five million seven hundred thousand) and its level of development so low (only one-fifth of one per cent of its land is cultivated) that the country cannot use its enormous oil revenues immediately. On purely economic grounds, its interest would be to cut production now and act to keep prices up in the future. That well-defined economic interest, however, is tempered by the political aims of its absolute monarch, King Faisal. The King has a phobia about both Communism and Zionism, tending to regard the two with equal loathing. He looks to the United States to check the Communists and also to make Israel surrender territories seized from the Arab countries in the Six-Day War of 1967. Moreover, the King is vulnerable to the shafts of Arab radicalism, much of it bred in the Palestinian Liberation movement, and he looks to other Arab countries, notably Egypt and Algeria, to block any radical thrust at Saudi Arabia. Thus, he has to balance the American interest in lower oil prices against the interests of his Arab allies.

This complex political equation was further complicated by the bargaining situation that resulted from the Saudi agreement, retroactive to January, 1974, to assume sixty-per-cent participation in Aramco. The forty per cent of the oil still controlled by the company's equity—and therefore called "equity oil"—was still priced under the old price-royalty-tax formula. That meant, for the first six months of 1974, an average cost to the company, after payment of taxes and royalties, of seven dollars and thirteen cents per barrel. The remaining sixty per cent of the oil, which belonged to Saudi Arabia, was sold back to Aramco—and hence was known as "buy-back oil"—at ninety-three per cent of the posted price. That meant a cost of ten dollars and

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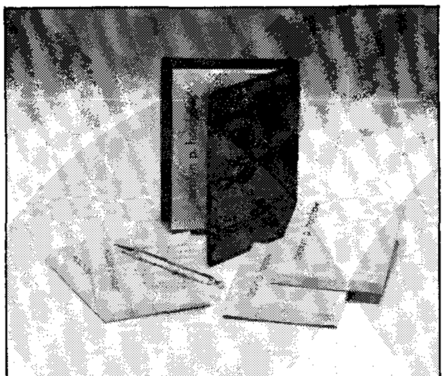

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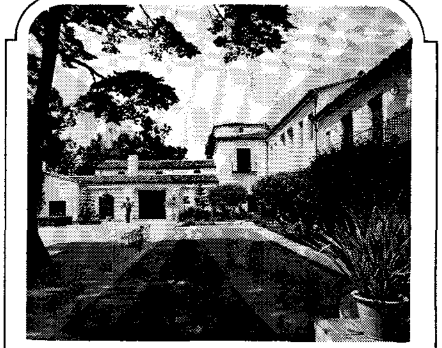
eighty-three cents per barrel to the company. Naturally, the company preferred to use the equity oil rather than the buy-back oil. During the spring and summer months of 1974, as oil became more plentiful, the company took most of what it needed from its equity oil, leaving the Saudis with large quantities of buy-back oil unsold. That circumstance prompted the Saudis to move toward hundred-per-cent participation. In the interim, it gave them a vested interest in driving up the price of equity oil by raising taxes and royalties until the equity-oil price was on a par with that of buy-back oil.

This tangle of conflicting interests found its clearest expression in repeated Saudi assertions of willingness to coöperate with the United States in bringing down prices. Oil Minister Yamani talked constantly, inside and outside OPEC, about the Saudi intention of pushing down prices. At one point last summer, when oil was manifestly in oversupply, he promised Secretary of the Treasury William Simon, who had dealt with him earlier as our Federal Energy Administrator, that the Saudis would hold a public auction of surplus buy-back oil and accept the auction price, even if it was below the posted price. I remember with particular vividness an exchange that Mr. Yamani had with John Sawhill, then the new Federal Energy Administrator, at a conference in Washington last October. Mr. Sawhill asked, "If the United States and the rest of the world were able through conservation to cut their demands by some three million barrels per day . . . what do you think would happen to the price of oil?" "It will come down," Mr. Yamani replied, raising his right hand on high, then plunging it, index finger extended, toward the ground.

But the promise of a price break went unfulfilled. The auction pledged to Secretary Simon never took place. Indeed, Secretary of State Kissinger was privately told by Saudi officials that it would not take place. Neither, despite Saudi influence, did OPEC lower any posted prices. On the contrary, the fortieth OPEC conference, held in Quito, Ecuador, in June, 1974, and the forty-first such conference, held in Vienna on September 12th and 13th, kept the posted prices the same and mandated slight increases in royalties and income-tax payments, thus driving the price of equity oil up toward the price of buy-back oil. Moreover, Yamani hit a snag in his negotiations for a hundred-per-cent takeover of Aramco. He immediately moved to apply pressure on Aramco. On November



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9th, he held, in Abu Dhabi, a meeting of ministers from oil-producing countries in the Persian Gulf. At this meeting, Saudi Arabia, Qatar, and the United Arab Emirates decided that, retroactive to November 1st, the posted price of oil would be lowered by forty cents—from eleven dollars and sixty-five cents per barrel to eleven dollars and twenty-five cents per barrel. But the royalty, already raised from 12.5 per cent to 14.5 per cent at the Quito OPEC meeting and to 16.67 per cent in Vienna, went up to twenty per cent. The tax, which had been raised from fifty-five per cent to 65.7 per cent at the September 23rd OPEC meeting in Vienna, was raised anew, to eighty-five per cent.

The probable proximate aim of that change was to squeeze Aramco profits in a way that would leave the company with little incentive to bargain hard in the participation agreements. But since there would be no actual cut in oil prices, and since the Saudis had taken the position of pretending that the cut in the posted price was significant, there was abundant room for speculation about other motives. The more so since negotiations between Yamani and Aramco were suspended until sometime this month, with the result that the Abu Dhabi formula, with its camouflaged price rise and its multiple-price system, would not be overtaken before the OPEC ministerial meeting by a hundred-per-cent-participation agreement. Instead, the camouflaged price hike and the multiple-price system sanctioned at Abu Dhabi would be front and center when the Oil Ministers gathered for the forty-second OPEC meeting. Knowledgeable Americans came to the conclusion that the Saudis had only been bluffing when they talked about price reduction. The real purpose of such talk, it was assumed, was to discourage investment by the United States and other consumer countries in new high-cost energy sources as a substitute for petroleum from the Persian Gulf. The Iranians came to believe that the Saudis were mainly trying to upstage the Shah and his proposals for a single oil price. Jamshid Amouzegar, the Iranian Minister of the Interior, who is responsible for his country's dealings with OPEC, told me that it would be very hard for OPEC not to accept the price pattern that Saudi Arabia had set at the Abu Dhabi meeting. "Yamani should get the Oscar this year," a member of the Shah's staff in Teheran told me.

WITH all this as prelude, the OPEC ministers began their deliberations on December 12th in Vien-

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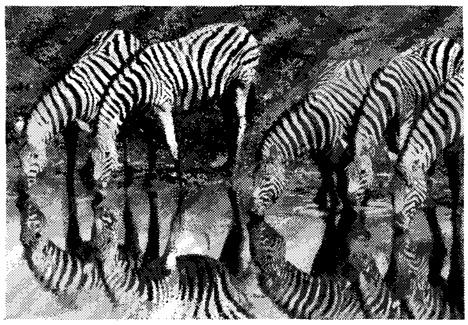

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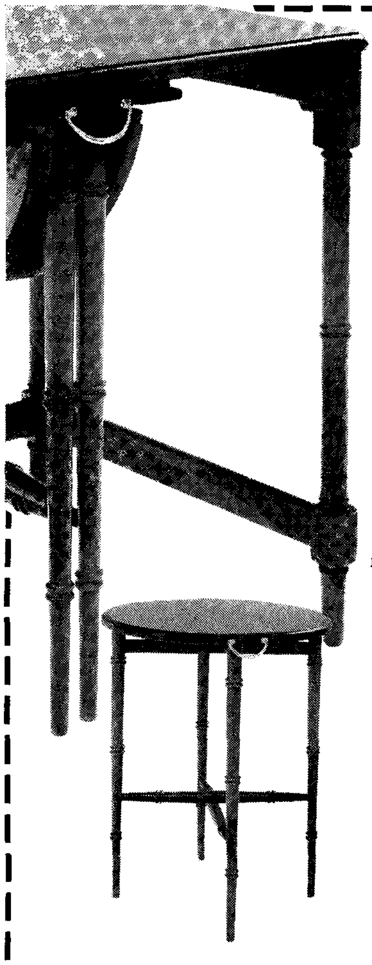

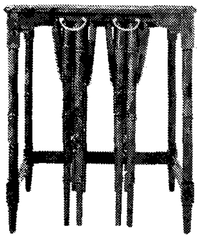

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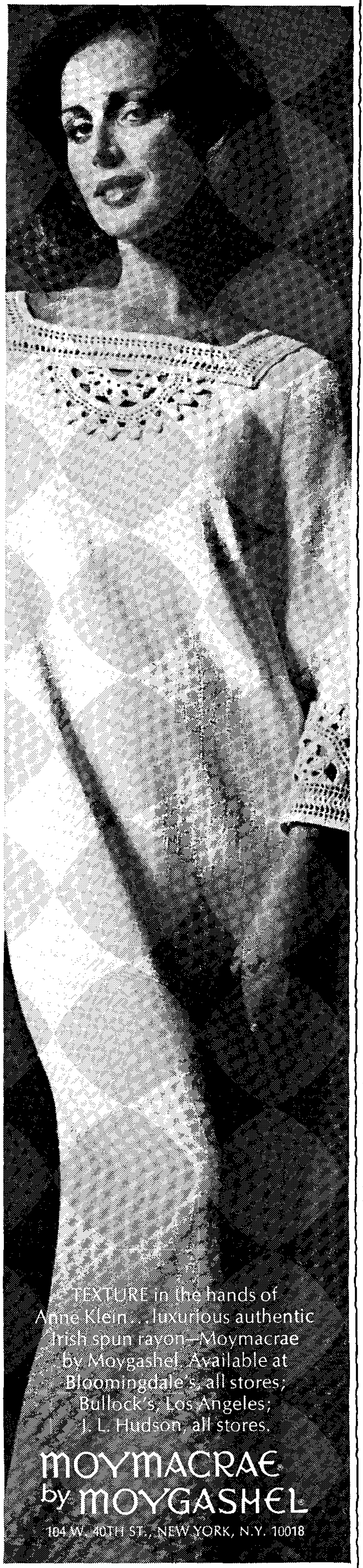

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na. The meeting was due to begin at 10 A.M. I went to the building on Dr. Karl Lueger-Ring an hour early, to pick up my credentials. A score of journalists were already there, lined up outside the elevator landing, before a desk. The press credentials—small plaques bearing our names and affiliations—were all jumbled together in a cardboard box, and the information officer's system of distributing them was not rapid. When I finally got mine, I joined the TV cameramen and wire-service people downstairs to catch the ministers' entrance. The first to come in was Dr. Amouzegar, a slim figure with snapping eyes and an air of great distinction. He stopped and talked for several minutes, saying he thought that there was a difference of approach between Iran and Saudi Arabia on price but that it could be compromised. Several other ministers brushed by, some without being identified. I asked a man from Reuters about one minister. "I don't know whether it's Abu Dhabi or Kuwait" was the reply. "I always mix them up." There was no mistaking Shettima Ali Monguno, of Nigeria. A tall, stately African with marks on his cheeks, he wore blue robes interwoven with gold thread. He was asked why Nigeria had not supported moving the meeting to Algeria, and gave the same answer he had given privately to Dr. Khene the day before. At about ten-thirty, we were told that the meeting was about to start and that we would be allowed to witness its opening. A score of us went upstairs and filed into the conference room I had seen the day before. After the snapping of pictures, we were led out and given some announcements by the information officer. The minister from Saudi Arabia, she said, had been held up in Zurich by a storm and would not be there for the morning session, and the minister from Algeria, Belaid Abdesselam, had been delayed because of the death and funeral of his country's Minister of the Interior.

With neither Yamani nor Abdesselam present, the morning session, I could be sure, would be perfunctory. I drifted off, and found myself having coffee with Julian Snyder, the publisher of a newsletter on international economic matters, who had come to cover the conference. He told me that at the bar of the Intercontinental Hotel in Vienna a couple of nights previously he had encountered several of the OPEC economic experts, who were holding meetings preliminary to the ministerial session. Among them were Chief M. O. Feyide, of Nigeria, Dr. Alberto Flores-Ortega, of Venezuela, and Ali Khalifa al-Sabah, of Kuwait. Snyder said they were gossiping about various peccadilloes of officials in the OPEC countries, including a Saudi Arabian minister who had lost thirty-two thousand dollars on one throw of the dice at Las Vegas. The talk turned to the contrast between the casual attitude of the OPEC member states and the importance of what was at stake for the consuming countries. Snyder told me that he heard one of the experts say of the industrialized countries, "If they knew how we did business, they'd really be terrified." Snyder bought a round of drinks and cautiously asked what the experts thought would be done on the matter of price at the December OPEC meeting. The man from Nigeria pointed to the Venezuelan and said, "As long as Flores is drinking, you don't have to worry about price."

By this time, the morning session of ministers was over. They had adjourned after making one decision—who should be Secretary General for the years 1975-76. The man they picked to succeed Dr. Khene was Chief Feyide, the Nigerian expert. The afternoon session was due to begin at four, and half an hour earlier the journalists were again patrolling the entranceway to No. 10 Dr. Karl Leuger-Ring. This time, Mr. Yamani showed up, his trim pointed beard lending strength to a surprisingly fleshy face. He danced his way through a half-dozen Mercedes sedans outside the building and embraced his old adversary Dr. Amouzegar. But the meeting didn't get under way. There had been a threat of a bomb on the premises. The building was searched by Viennese police, who found nothing. Meanwhile, the ministers went back to their hotels. Yamani accompanied Amouzegar to the Iranian's suite at the Imperial Hotel, where they huddled for a couple of hours.

The next day brought another bomb threat, so the conference was formally moved to the Imperial Hotel. A couple of hours after the luncheon break, Dr. Amouzegar came down from the mezzanine conference room and announced to reporters in the lobby that the meeting had been concluded. About two hours later, Dr. Khene appeared on the stairway and read the final communiqué. Since the Imperial had no photocopying equipment, only one copy of the communiqué was available. There was a wild scramble among some two hundred journalists for glimpses of the original or an earful from tapes of it made by those with tape recorders. Meanwhile, the ministers adjourned to a formal dinner under the glittering chandeliers of the Palais Schwarzenberg, where they were received, one by one, by Austria's Chancellor Bruno Kreisky. It was the old order paying tribute to the new.

Exactly how much tribute is not yet clear. The final communiqué set forth a series of implicit compromises. The price formula worked out by Yamani at the Abu Dhabi meeting in November was accepted as the new price standard for all OPEC members. That means a rise of thirty-eight cents a barrel in the price the companies have to pay for oil. According to the communiqué, the new prices were ostensibly to go into effect on January 1st and last for nine months of the year, but that looks doubtful, for as soon as the Saudis complete their hundred-per-cent-participation negotiations with Aramco there will be computed and applied the single fixed price desired by the Iranians.

At the final session in the Imperial, approval was also given to the Algerian proposal for a meeting of OPEC heads of state, and it was agreed that a preparatory meeting of OPEC Oil and Foreign Ministers would take place in Algiers on January 24th. Besides the naming of Chief Feyide as the new Secretary General, the non-Arab states received another patronage plum. The Venezuelan Minister of Mines and Hydrocarbons, Valentin Hernandez Acosta, was named president of the OPEC ministerial conference.

Among the many things that remained unclear, one was particularly notable: How did it happen, since all the leading ministers professed to favor a price cut, that they emerged with a price increase? The answer was supplied by Anthony Sampson, of the *Observer:* "It has been like 'Murder on the Orient Express.' Each suspect has left the mark of suspicion on another, but all of them have done the deed." —JOSEPH KRAFT

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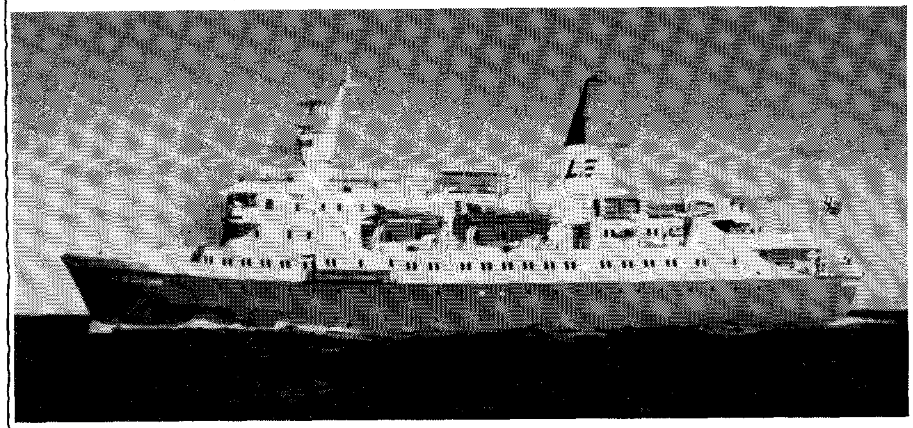
> Samuel Polatnick, executive director of the Board of Education's Division of High Schools, said last week that "there were allegations a number of students at schools in Brooklyn may have been involved in having some knowledge, particularly about social studies and possibly English." —*The Times.*

Well, maybe social studies. But not English.



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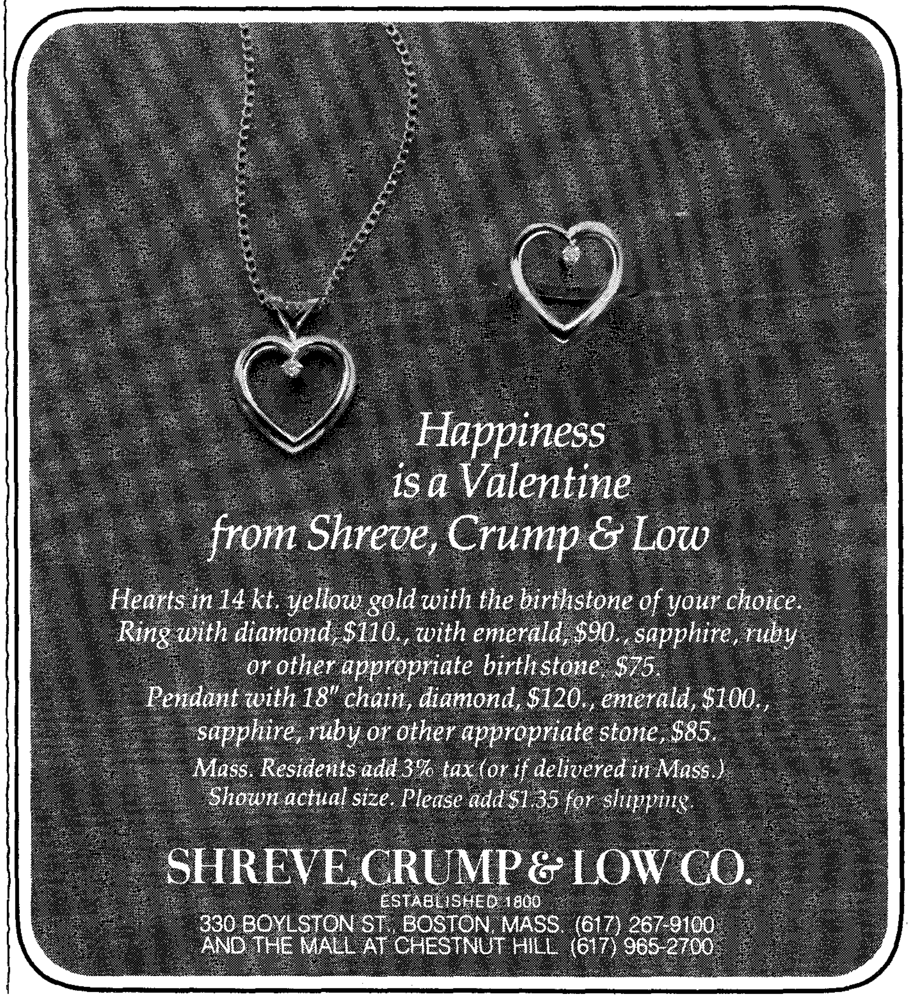

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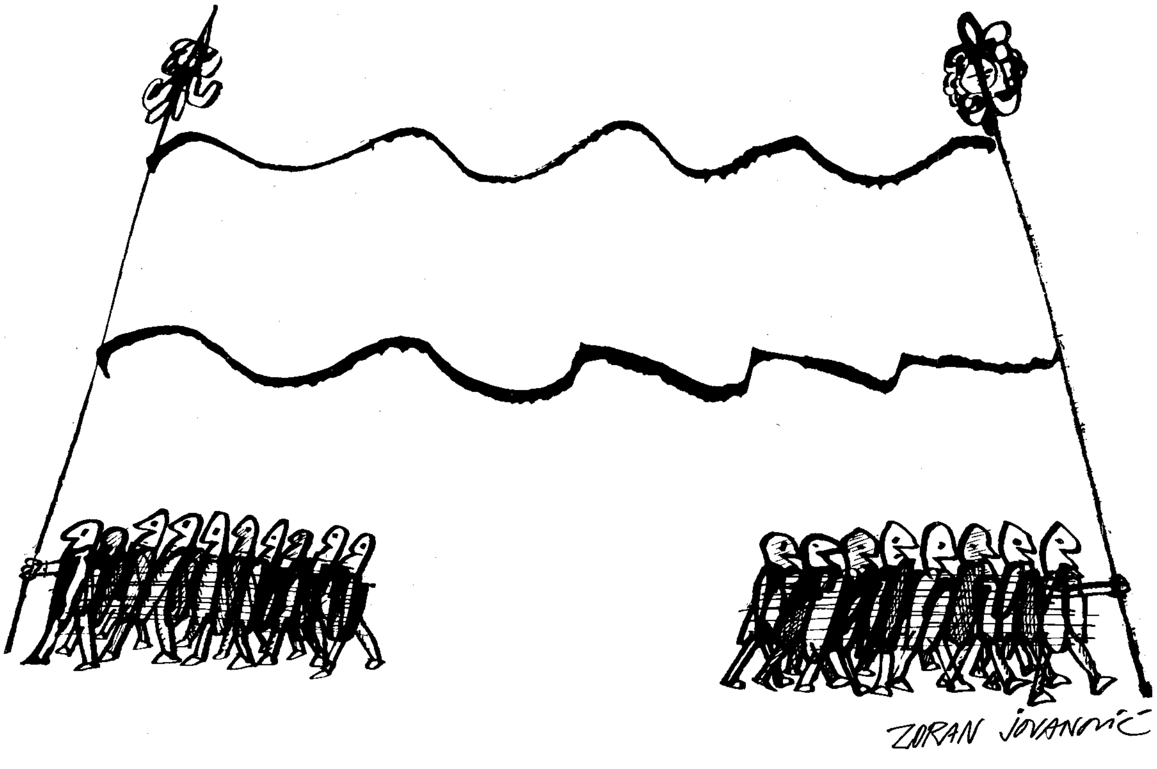
CAN the look and the cutting plan of a movie be so much more absorbing to the director than the subject that he trivializes the characters and the ideas? That seems to be what happened in Alain Resnais's "Stavisky." The actual life of Serge Alexandre Stavisky, a classic swindler-charmer, had cheap thrills, degradation, and true drama. A middle-class boy of Russian Jewish descent (his family moved to France in 1900, when he was fourteen), he was bored by work; he was first a gigolo, and then climbed up onto the top rungs of organized crime—theft, drugs, extortion. By the late twenties, he was known in France as "the king of crooks," yet he moved on into even larger fields—international-finance shell games. The extent of the corruption centering on him began to be revealed after his death, in January, 1934 (he was found with a bullet hole in his right temple and a gun in his left hand), and there were street riots, shootings, and a general strike; two governments were brought down. "Stavisky" only touches on most of this. Perhaps the film's theme is the relationship of character and history; perhaps Stavisky is meant to be the key to the general political and economic hypocrisy of the era that ended in 1939. But what one sees is a death song for thirties elegance: a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, a white plane with a red-circle nose, a white-on-white animal in the snow. Even the buildings and the skies are silvery white, and the slightly acrid neo-Gershwin score, by Stephen Sondheim, enhances the design. Resnais might have directed in white tie and tails. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his origins and his past, who lives as if he had no memories, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background and memory. Stavisky's adventurism, which weakened France and helped to destroy her in the Second World War, is balanced against the revolutionary hopes of Leon Trotsky, exiled by Stalin, who was living near Fontainebleau.

But all this is so desultory that the characters are no more than emblems. "Stavisky" has been made as if vitality would be a sin against art. The intricate plot provided by the screenwriter, Jorge Semprun, seems purposeless, except that Resnais needs the intricacy for the back-and-forth movement that he wants in the cutting. Resnais is a withholder of pleasure; you can feel it in the way he measures out the information and delays telling you what you need to know. His style here is like that of a melancholy Lubitsch; however, Lubitsch could move the camera through great hotels and richly appointed bedrooms for the sheer romantic delight in high living, while Resnais uses the luxury and beauty iconographically. Each shot, each camera movement, is thought out in design terms. The picture moves with superlative grace, yet it feels inert, because it hasn't been felt, except on a technical level.

"Stavisky" doesn't show what drove the magnetic con man or how he bribed his way to the top. Instead, we see Stavisky's confederates—despicable, muttering schemers—entering and leaving opulent hotel rooms like conspirators in a stage melodrama. They, too, are contrasts with Stavisky: we appear to be meant to feel that he, being madly profligate, charming, Jewish, and death-obsessed, isn't responsible in the same way as his more stable but less attractive associates (a distinction that his victims, who put their life savings into his forged bonds, probably couldn't appreciate). It shouldn't be really difficult to explain the Stavisky Affair, if one wanted to. The film prefers the approach that "to understand Alex you have to dream about him." But if we dream after this movie it's of hardware and fashions, and that, I imagine, is what Resnais thinks that dreaming about Stavisky means.

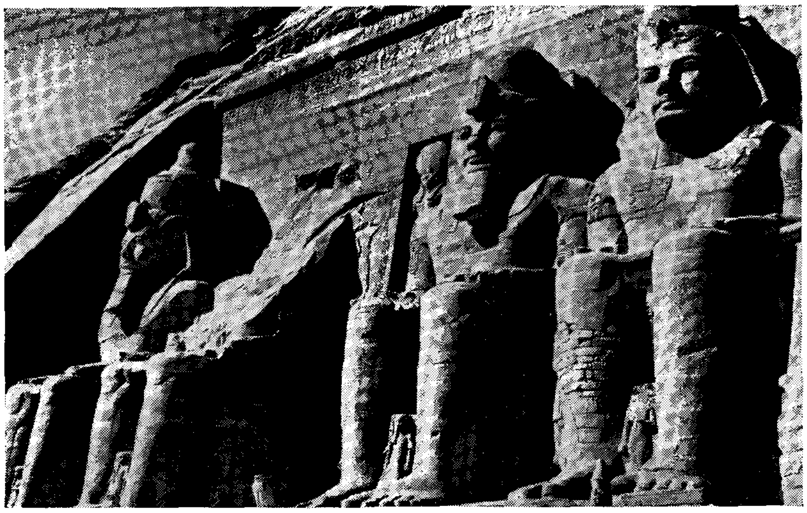
The film's affection for Stavisky's money-squandering gestures is slightly patronizing, and its true hero is Baron Raoul, who stands by his friend even when he learns what Stavisky has done. The Baron regrets that Stavisky lied to him, but forgives him. It would be one thing if the impoverished Baron, as a member of Stavisky's coterie, liked to fool himself with phony noblesse oblige by condescending to the man he was hanging on to, but the picture endorses the Baron's view and shares his complacency about aristocratic values. I get the feeling that Stavisky's lying is accepted (as the movie also accepts his thievery) because he, being a Jewish outsider, isn't really expected to be a man of honor.

It is not always clear how we are meant to read a movie; neither is it always clear wheth-



er the moviemakers are fully conscious of what they're doing. In "The Touch," for example, when Ingmar Bergman used Elliott Gould as David, a simian American Jewish archeologist excavating near an ancient church in Sweden and destroying the Christian serenity of Bibi Andersson's life, was Bergman expressing feelings of his own about the alien nature of Jews? When Gould shows Andersson the insect larvae that are eating up the centuries-old wooden statue of the Virgin, are the larvae meant to be the Jews? (David, the violently aggressive Jewish outsider, is larval, all right, and he is given an incestuous sister, who runs him a wormy second.) Bergman said that he had based David on the explosive, childish, even boorish side of his own split nature. (How perturbing that this explosive id should be represented as Jewish.) "The Touch" seems to be saying that the woman is brought to life by the suffering that David causes her, and that only by accepting the larvae as just as beautiful as the statue can she be a whole person. But it's a hopelessly inchoate movie. "Stavisky" goes to the opposite extreme: it makes one of the most destructive swindlers in history whimsical and charming. This Stavisky is childlike and irresponsible, though, and perhaps, like Bergman's David, he represents what Christians believe they have repressed or grown beyond. Since the French have different points of pride from the Swedes, this id isn't bestial—it's innocently immoral and uncivilized. If the filmmakers had shown Stavisky's crimes and the poor people he robbed, the film might have been open to charges of anti-Semitism. Yet their sentimentality about Stavisky turns him into a pet, and perhaps only the French—notoriously given to stroking their language and their culture—would assume a Jew to be without moral traditions.

The streamlining doesn't extend to the dialogue. "Stavisky" is one of those French movies in which the characters are stuffed with philosophical nuggets; as in an Eric Rohmer film, they all think they're La Rochefoucauld. The Baron recites choice bits of wisdom, Mme. Stavisky (Anny Duperey) makes speeches about oaths of fidelity on the golf course at Biarritz, and Stavisky himself goes in for ponderous distinctions between pleasure and happiness. Did Resnais and Semprun give any thought to the episode in which Stavisky courts a bejewelled provincial woman, sweeps her off her feet, and, after seducing her, buys her jewels from her—at a tenth of their



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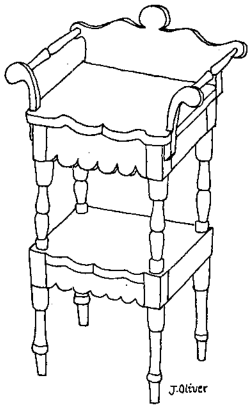
value—in order to present them to his (supposedly) smashing wife? It's intended to show not what a low bastard Stavisky is but, rather, what an adorable, sophisticated rascal he is, and we're meant to share his contempt for the provincial woman's passion and for her gaucherie in quoting Baudelaire. And, indeed, people in the audience laugh as if they wouldn't be caught dead doing anything as gross as quoting Baudelaire. People partake of the film's connoisseurship and savoir-faire. So the provincial woman who quotes the wrong poet and doesn't know she's supposed to be discreetly passive is the target.

Resnais surrounds the women in this movie with so many baskets of white hothouse flowers that his ideal feminine position must be rigor mortis. The corpselike Mme. Stavisky is introduced posing for the rotogravures, and she never stops; Anny Duperey is a former mannequin who cannot be said to have changed her profession. When Hollywood told the Stavisky story, back in 1937, in the Michael Curtiz film "Stolen Holiday," Claude Rains was the swindler and Kay Francis was the clotheshorse. Though she changed her ensembles even more frequently than Duperey does, she wasn't just a shell of a woman. Resnais buries Duperey in feathers and white ermine and deploys her as he did Delphine Seyrig in "Last Year at Marienbad." But she isn't meant to be a mysterious pawn—she's meant to be an ideal wife, and at the end of the picture this walking death mask is celebrated for the joy she has brought into everyone's life. The only joy Mme. Stavisky could give would be visual, and that at a distance. She's a frame to hang the dresses on. Pure chrome.



The sole character who has any life is Baron Raoul, and that's because Boyer, at seventy-five, understands that the Baron should be a simple, happy man. And Boyer himself seems to be laughing at how easy acting has become for him. He has shown his artistry wherever he could—in such unlikely roles as the noble Japanese naval commander with a pencil-line mustache in the 1934 "Thunder in the East;" as the sane, smart Napoleon in "Conquest" (he acted circles around Garbo's Marie Walewska); as an authentically shabby, graying Graham Greene hero in "Confidential Agent." He was a fine actor even in his heart-crusher roles, with the lights trained on his liquid gypsy eyes—as the sensitive, unhappy Archduke Rudolph in "Mayerling," and as Pépé Le Môko in "Algiers." Perhaps the only screen role he has ever had that was worthy of him was in the great "The Earrings of Madame de . . . ," in which he also played a French aristocrat—a very different sort of man, a general who tried to cure his wife of her passion for another man by military discipline. And Boyer has carried over some of the general's character into the role of the Baron—his belief, for example, in style and manners as the civilized protection that class provides. Boyer's performance is so light—a series of reminiscent gestures—that it makes one suffer a little for Belmondo, who works very hard at a role to which he's unsuited. Belmondo is always someone to watch, and he does all he can—there are suggestions of a schizoid rift between Stavisky's smiling mouth and distressed eyes. However, the picture treats Stavisky as victim more than as protagonist, and Belmondo seems rather ineffectual, and uncertain as to what is wanted of him. The audience accepts him, I think, as charming, sexy Belmondo; he goes well with the furniture.

Early in "Stavisky," in the sequence in the offices of the theatre Stavisky owns, I realized that I wasn't paying any attention to the dialogue, because the posters on the wall were more alive than the people talking. Resnais has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique; I'm not sure what it's good for, and I don't think he's found out yet, either. "Stavisky" is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie, and it's a waste that this is his first film in six years. Maybe the only way Alain Resnais could ever get to be an artist rather than a master craftsman would be by relaxing and thinking he was doing something commercial. Possibly some instincts could then come into play. There isn't a whole man at work in this movie; if he thought he was whoring, he might warm up enough to be human.

Michel Drach's "Les Violons du Bal" gets off to a fast start as the bearded, intense-looking Drach tries to persuade a fat-cat producer to back the autobiographical film he wants to make. The moneybags complains that the subject—what happened to Drach's well-to-do French Jewish family under the Occupation—isn't commercial. Determined, Drach gathers his cast—his son David to play him as a child, and his wife, Marie-José Nat, to play his mother—and then, when the investor gives him the go-ahead if he will get a star to play himself, Drach is replaced by Jean-Louis Trintignant (it's very deft visual sleight of hand) and the story proceeds. But not on the same level. Once Trintignant takes over as the filmmaker, the movie loses its playful movie-within-a-movie spirit, and the technique, which had been a sprinting, jump-cutting shorthand that didn't take itself too seriously, turns glassy smooth. After a while, you think back to the somewhat disingenuous savvy of the opening sequence—to Drach's complaint that it's too bad you need money to tell your own life story and to the moneybags' saying the idea isn't commercial—and you think, What a hoax.

"Les Violons du Bal"—the title is Drach's private slang for "The others call the tune"—is a romantic memoir about the efforts of Drach's gracious and beautiful mother to save the family from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period as he remembers it—in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy. And his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. Drach has such a tastefully selective memory that I didn't believe a word of the movie, or any image, either. A man might well remember his mother as supple and sad-eyed, but would everything else be toned up, too? You don't really feel that you're seeing the past through the child's eyes. The incidents—his older brother's sexual fling with a fashionably pale and mysterious refugee woman, his older sister's affair with a wealthy Gentile and her subsequent career as a Paris fashion model, his escape to Switzerland with his mother—have a warmed-over old-Hollywood look. The smartly tailored hat that Marie-José Nat wears for the flight across the border and the fine gloves with which she parts the strands of barbed wire are the height of refugee chic. If this is what the child experienced, he must have had the soul of a couturier.

Was Drach such a precocious, doted-on, and protected child? Why does he want to share this innocuous vision with us? The moneybags refers to the project in terms of Proust, and that

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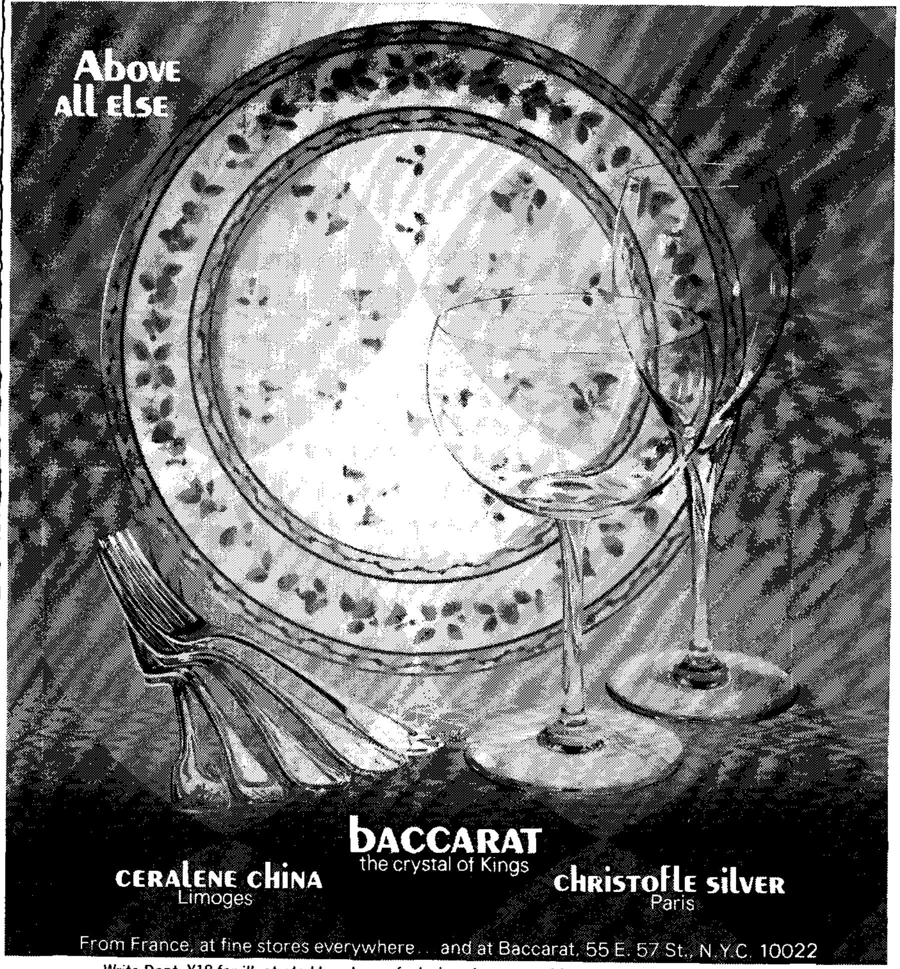

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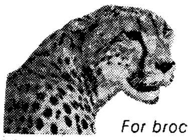

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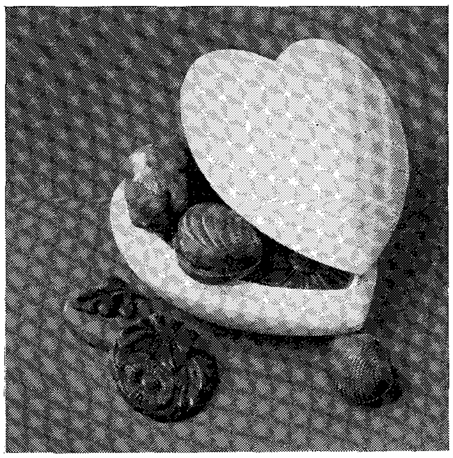

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must be how Drach intends it. There are analogies in the way the mother and the grandmother function in the household; the apartment atmosphere is more than gently inviting, it's orchidaceous, and the compliant mother suggests the faintly Eastern sensual indulgence of Marcel's mother. (In case we should miss it, Drach puts her in a turban.) I don't know anybody who remembers *his family and childhood* as lyrically as Michel Drach does. He has managed to make a movie about himself without telling us a damn thing about himself. Drach shifts from black-and-white to color with elegant fluency, but the concept of using black-and-white for the present and pastels for the past may be a key to his romanticization of his childhood. What can this concept tell us but that he finds the present colorless compared to the delicate tones of the past; that is, that he loved his mother so much that, Nazis or no Nazis, he was unscathed by the terrors and dangers his family was exposed to? I find something airless in all this, especially since Drach has cast his own wife as his mother and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. (Was he also unscathed by the love he received? Marcel wasn't.)

In the early scenes, Drach, playing himself as filmmaker, has a self-engrossed quality that is consistent with the rest of the movie, but he doesn't create any character for Trintignant to play, and so when Trintignant takes over the role of the director he's a blank. It's easy to forget he's in the movie; he seems separate from it, going through the motions in a void. The child and his mother, and the sister (Nathalie Roussel), who appears to be lifted from every betrayed darling that Natalie Wood ever played, aren't characterized, either, but Drach has drenched them in a sensitivity that he can't quite pour over the dry-eyed Trintignant. "Les Violons du Bal" isn't a child's vision; it's an adult's security blanket of soft illusions. —PAULINE KAEL

•

NEW ORLEANS (AP)—The Braves have acquired righthanded pitcher Roger Alexander from the Brewers, completing the trade that sent all-time homespun king Henry Aaron to Milwaukee.—*The Post.*

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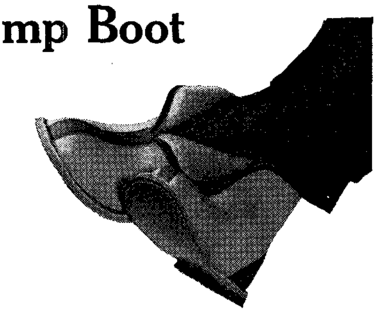

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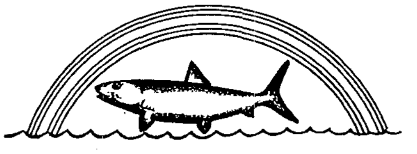

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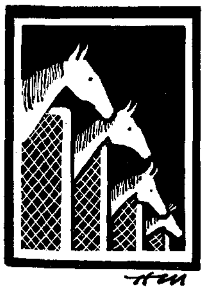

EAST OR WEST, opening days are pretty much the same everywhere: the crowding at the entrances and in the aisles; people shaking hands as if they hadn't seen one another for months, though they may have gone racing together somewhere else the day before; superstitious horseplayers looking for their lucky seats. At Santa Anita, where I attended the recent opening day, they added a few new touches. For one thing, there was the Anheuser-Busch eight-horse team of Clydesdales doing their thing in front of the stands, and, for another, there was the unveiling of a bronze bust of Joe Hernandez, the track announcer who had described every race at Santa Anita (15,587 of them) from the first opening of all, on Christmas Day, 1934, until he had a fatal heart attack while calling one a couple of years ago. If you ever heard it, you'll never forget his clarion "And here comes Malicious!" as that darling of the Santa Anita grandstanders began one of his spectacular runs down the homestretch. To this fugitive from Aqueduct, the stand, the paddock gardens, and the landscaping never looked more attractive, and the crowd of more than thirty-eight thousand appeared to be enjoying everything, too.

It was a day for long-shot players. After an 18–1 shot and a 37–1 shot brought off a $1,207.60 daily double, five other long-priced runners clicked. (Only two favorites won, and Pincay rode them both.) Ancient Title, probably the best of the older horses on the grounds who don't work for trainer Charlie Whittingham, galloped off with the feature race—the Palos Verdes Handicap. He hadn't been out since he ran second in the Hollywood Gold Cup last June, and he was carrying 126 pounds, seven more than anyone else, but Keith Stucki, who trains him for Mrs. Ethel Kirkland, said he was all right, and he was. The six furlongs were run in 0:22⅕, 0:44⅘, and 1:08⅘; they step right along at Santa Anita when the track is fast. Which reminds me: there are a hundred and thirty-nine nominations for this year's Santa Anita Derby, on March 29th, and among them—I mention this only in the interests of thoroughbred nomenclature—are Rock of Ages (I wonder how the registrar of the Jockey Club came to accept *that* one), Coffee Grounds, Al the Doctor, Ruma Tum Tum, Horifiya, Bolerover, and Udonegood.

WELL, Pincay made it again. He's the money-winningest jockey in the country for the fifth year in a row, his mounts in 1974 having earned $4,235,244. His contest with Cordero was a close thing, but the whole affair seemed as dull to me as a success story. At the end, Cordero went to Santa Anita to ride in the San Gabriel Handicap, but his mount was scratched because the track was muddy, and the next day a suspension he had acquired a short time before at Aqueduct went into effect. Still, the horses he rode last year earned $4,223,991, and since a jockey's cut is ten per cent, he did all right. There must be some consolation in the thought that his take-home pay was more than Catfish Hunter will get this year pitching for the Yankees. Speaking of champion jockeys, McCarron, who is still an apprentice, rode the most winners—five hundred and forty-seven.

Tejeira, a popular rider on the Coast, was the hero of the weekend racing at Santa Anita, winning the Sierra Madre Handicap, at six and a half furlongs over the turf course, and the El Monte Handicap, on the main track, on Sunday. In the former, Century's Envoy won by five and a half lengths, and in the latter Chesapeake won by six.

NEW YORK'S longest season came to an end quietly at Aqueduct with the Peter Pan Stakes, won by Singh, and eight other races. I can't say it was a happy season, but we did see a very good filly in Ruffian, who was voted the best two-year-old of her sex, and Forego, the Horse of the Year, ran some smashing races. And, elsewhere, the next generation is already here, Secretariat having sired a thoroughbred daughter, who was foaled on New Year's Day, and his old stablemate Riva Ridge having sired another, who came along the next day.

INFLATION INDEX: At their meeting in Louisville last month, the directors of Churchill Downs voted to raise the price of admission to the infield for the Kentucky Derby from five dollars to ten.

—AUDAX MINOR

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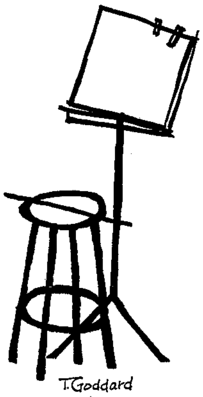
MUSICAL EVENTS

Notes on Notes on Notes

THE Composers' Showcase concerts at the Whitney Museum, put on in conjunction with the Fromm Music Foundation at Harvard, continue to draw full houses. The museum itself is oddly inhospitable—its galleries and restaurant remain closed to these new guests—but for the George Crumb concert last Thursday the line for admission stretched down Madison Avenue, and the large room on the second floor was then packed to overflowing by an eager audience, some of it on chairs and most of it on the floor. The small corps of familiar faithful who follow contemporary music at Carnegie Recital Hall was swelled by cohorts of the young. Such events are exhilarating, provided the music is good. Crumb's music is.



Three works were played—"Madrigals, Book I," "Lux Aeterna," and, for the first time in New York, "Music for a Summer Evening (Makrokosmos III)"—and then the composer, not very audibly, answered questions from the floor. The compositions span a decade: the "Madrigals" are dated 1965, and the "Music for a Summer Evening" was completed last year.

In lieu of program notes, there was an essay by Paul Fromm entitled "How Useful Are Program Notes?" The question is perhaps in the "How ripe are strawberries?" class, and Mr. Fromm's answer is like that of someone who throughout his life has encountered only tart and tasteless fruit. After "a lifetime attending concerts," and as "a connoisseur of sorts of program notes," he concludes that those for concerts of contemporary music, "even those written by the composers involved, rarely offer any aid for the listener." My experience has been different. In defense of program notes, let me simply adduce some that I believe to be useful, to have helped people to listen to new music in ways that its composer intended: Elliott Carter's introduction to his first two String Quartets, and Crumb's to his "Ancient Voices of Children" and to his "Makrokosmos, Volume I." Those notes appear on the covers of Nonesuch recordings; I have deliberately chosen checkable examples, in a format less ephemeral than that of the leaflets given away at, and often thrown away after, concerts. They place the works concerned in time and in relation to other pieces by the same composer. They cite any extramusical sources of inspiration and, in terms easily understood, limn particular musical problems tackled and methods essayed. They describe the form of the works. (Of course, after playing the discs repeatedly a listener can discover this for himself, but it is usually helpful to consult a map before setting out into new territory. At a concert, where the listener is given but one chance to find his way to the heart of a work, the map is even more necessary.) They tell whether the art of a particular interpreter influenced the creation of the music. Additional information is appended: the publishers of the scores; notes on the artists who perform; pointers to other chances of hearing them, and of hearing more music by the same composer.

If all program notes were of this quality, and all concert promoters could afford the space for them, then I imagine that Mr. Fromm would answer his question differently. With his main thesis, that "clarity of context in programming and active involvement in listening . . . are the concert-goers' true aids," there can be no disagreement. The concert was admirably planned, and was listened to in a silence so intense that a few invasive sounds from the world outside cut in with shock effect. The works were mutually illuminant. I regret only Mr. Fromm's rejection of the subsidiary aid that a few wise and informative words in advance can afford—regret the lost chances of making the music a little more vivid still to listeners encountering the pieces for the first time, of helping them to enter Crumb's imaginative world, and of directing them toward the further adventures there that the phonograph can so readily provide.

I tried to say something about Crumb's world of sounds and images after the première of "Makrokosmos, Volume II," in November. In brief, his music found its first images in lines of Lorca: proud, prime, hard earth imagery, forceful equine evocations, gentle yet pungent lament, and sweetly sensual tenderness often associated with children. A black horse with wounded legs, frozen mane, and a silver dagger in its eyes; sleeping branches oblivious of rain that falls on them; a child's yearning for the warm touch of a mother's garment—these are among the Lorca images that Crumb took up and set. In later works, his gaze moved to contemplation of the stars, as symbols of immense, eternal silence, and this contemplation mingled with mystic, romantic dreams: of unplumbed ocean depths melodious with the song of the whale, or of strange Druid rites enacted softly behind veils of awe and antiquity. Anyone who walks easily and willingly amid the dream imagery of Western art is likely to be drawn to Crumb's music; anyone who finds reflected and intensified in both "Beowulf" and "Pelléas" his own feeling that we move in a small, lit area ringed by unknowable darkness; anyone who, when he hears Nannetta's attendants in the last act of Verdi's "Falstaff" liken the dense, scented air of Windsor Forest to some green haven far below the waves, senses both the soft incense and embalmèd darkness of Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" and the flowers so sweet which, in Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," quiver within the wave's intenser day. ("Dull . . . Lethe-wards . . . ease," in the "Nightingale," and the "oozy woods" and "sapless foliage" of the "West Wind" then come together to suggest the Ghost's lines in "Hamlet"—"And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed / That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf." Boito, Verdi's librettist, may unwittingly have revealed a common source. It has now just struck me that, unconsciously, I drew on Keats's ode to find words for an English translation of that scene in "Falstaff," and that Boito may have used it, too.)

This gets us away from Crumb—but not too far, for a similar clustering of related images goes into the making of his music. In "Ancient Voices" he quotes from "Bist du bei mir" (now ascribed to G. H. Stölzel, but emotionally charged for us by its inclusion in Anna Magdalena Bach's "Notebook") and from the Abschied of Mahler's "Lied von der Erde;" in "Makrokosmos, Volume II" from Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" Sonata; in "Music for a Summer Evening" from the D-Sharp-Minor Fugue in the Second Book of the Forty-eight. By alterations of timbre and tempo, and because of the different lights thrown by the new contexts, Crumb makes the images his own. Moreover, someone ignorant of "Das Lied" should still understand the sense of that plangent oboe cry as it pierces the final movement of "Ancient Voices;" similarly with the soft rapture of the Beethoven and the tight-woven Bach threads. Nevertheless, these quotations are obviously meant to sound larger resonances, drawn from the listeners' whole understanding of music. A particular performance of a particular work or group of related works is not—and should not, I believe, be regarded as—an event in itself. This particular Crumb concert forms part of a musical experience that ranges from "Madama Butterfly" at the Metropolitan to audio-visual high jinks at The Kitchen, on Wooster Street—and then out through time and through space to comprehend everything that its listeners may have heard, read, gazed at, dreamed of, and been moved by. I love Crumb's music, as I love Michael Tippett's, because it draws life from and gives new life to sounds, sights, ideas, emotions, poems dear to me, and at the same time reveals others, unfamiliar, which the composer is eager to share. Tippett works by addition, and his larger compositions would be a fine old jumble if his genius did not give them order and form. Crumb works by distillation, finding small, precise, quintessential symbols, created by an ear that can distinguish, as it were, between five different qualities of pianissimo on a single note, and make listeners aware of them, too. On his scale, an outburst from four players can be as shattering as another man's *ffff* from a thousand.

Book I of "Madrigals" opens a series of four, each containing three brief pieces based on a fragment of a Lorca poem. By strict musical definition, madrigals are compositions for two or more voices. In Crumb's madrigals there is only one voice, a soprano, joined by two accompanying players in the first three books and by four in the fourth. But the instruments often "sing" and "utter," and the singer is often treated "instrumentally," ticking and tocking, humming, huffing, without words. At the Whitney concert, Jan DeGaetani, to whose "enormous technical and timbral flexibility" Crumb has paid tribute, Glenn Steele (vibraphone) and James Freeman (double bass) gave a performance of great beauty and delicacy, on which the audience hung hushed, intent, and—given the incantatory nature of Crumb's music, one is tempted to say "literally"—spellbound. During "Lux Aeterna" (1971), for soprano and four players, a single candle burned on the dimly lit stage. Flutist (bass

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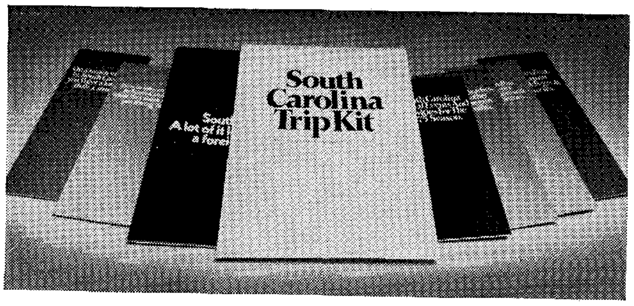

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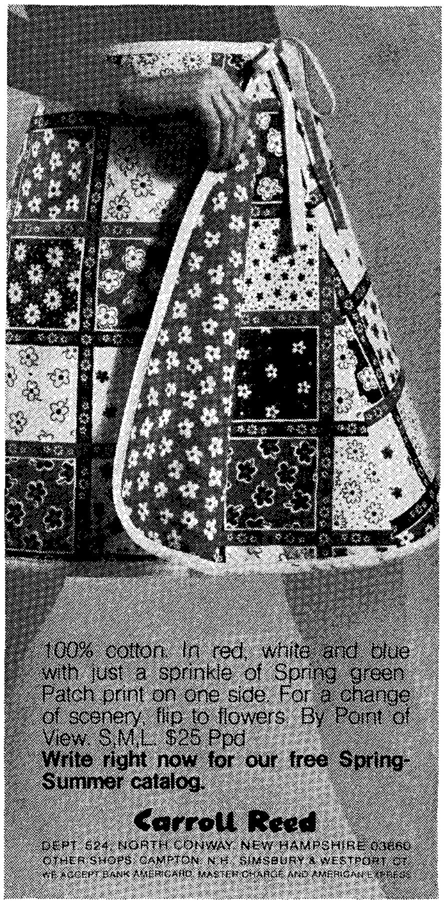

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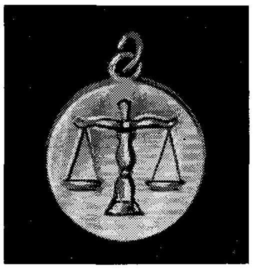

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flute and soprano recorder) and sitar player sat in the lotus position; they, two percussionists, Miss DeGaetani, and the conductor, Richard Wernick, all wore half masks (as do the players of Crumb's "Vox Balaenae"). At question time afterward, Miss DeGaetani said that the masking not only helped an impersonal interpretation of music that is ritual in quality but also physically imposed stillness and concentration; a turn of the head, and eyes would miss the next entry. In Crumb's fanciful requirements, picturesque elements and sound, practical musicianship are usually combined.

The first two volumes of "Makrokosmos," for solo piano, amplified, paid tribute to Bartók in their title. "Music for a Summer Evening (Makrokosmos III)," commissioned by the Fromm Foundation, employs the forces of Bartók's Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion, and will no doubt become a companion piece to it in recitals. The pianos are gently amplified, and a far larger *batterie* than Bartók's is called for. There are five movements: "Nocturnal Sounds (The Awakening);" "Wanderer-Fantasy;" "The Advent" (a very slow, majestic introduction, "like a larger rhythm of nature," reaches a climax and leads to a "Hymn for the Nativity of the Star-Child"); "Myth;" and "Music of the Starry Night" (a "fantastic, oracular" introduction leads to a "Song of Reconciliation," marked "Joyous, ecstatic; with a sense of cosmic time"). The work lasts about forty minutes. In "Wanderer-Fantasy," the percussionists play slide whistles over the undamped piano strings. "Myth" is mainly for the percussionists; the first pianist conducts, striking a crotale and striking the strings and crossbeam of his piano with it or its beater, while the second pianist interjects bursts from an African thumb piano, held against the crossbeam of his large instrument to simulate its resonances. The third and fifth movements are headed, respectively, by the Pascal and Rilke quotations that provided inspiration for "Makrokosmos, Volumes I and II." There are direct musical links between "Makrokosmos III" and its predecessors; for example, the "Hymn for the Nativity of the Star-Child" is a transposition of the "Hymn for the Advent of the Star-Child" in "Makrokosmos II." Instructions like "as from afar, gently wafting" or "like a sound of nature" (a Mahlerian echo) are frequent. Directions for performance are both precise ("A 'Vibraslap' may be substituted for the Quijada") and

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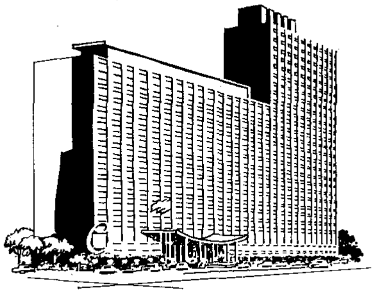

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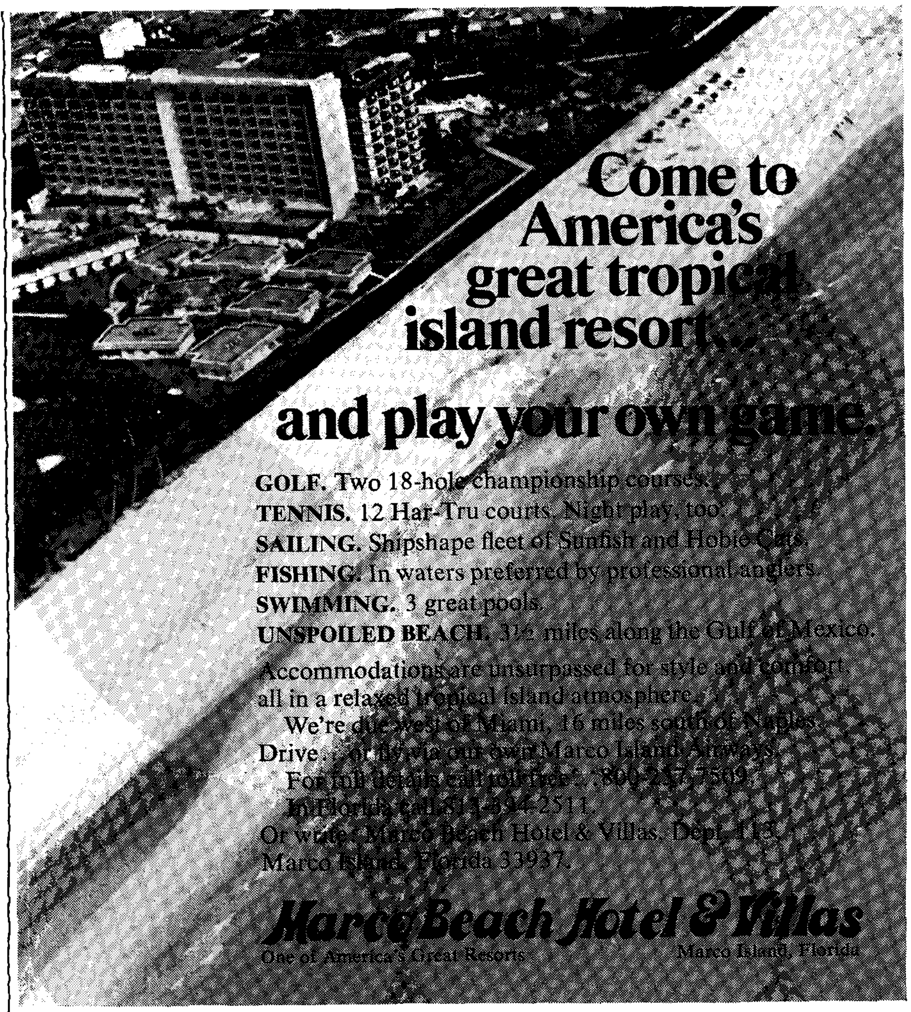
stimulant ("a groaning sound . . . deep in the throat: eerie, uncanny").

All that may help to suggest the kind of music that "Music for a Summer Evening" is. Only hearing it can reveal its eloquence. The work sinks at last to silence from a deep G-flat pedal that underlies most of the last movement. Throughout the final "Song of Reconciliation" there murmurs an "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking" figure that many composers have used to evoke the sea, the sea's lullaby, the sea as symbol of limitless immensity and of cradling peace. The Nirvana waves into which the passions of "Tristan" subside, Gustav von Aschenbach's embarkation on Plato's "vast sea of beauty" at the close of Mann's "Death in Venice," the dream visions of the deep in Crumb's "Vox Balaenae" are aspects of the same dream—each of them distinct yet related.

The instrumentalists in the first two pieces were Penn Contemporary Players. James Freeman, double bass in the first and sitar in the second, then joined Gilbert Kalisch as pianist in the "Music for a Summer Evening;" the percussionists were Raymond DesRoches and Richard Fitz. All the performances were very beautiful.

George Crumb's music is published by C. F. Peters. A list of the available recordings appears in the Schwann catalogue, and the "Madrigals," unlisted there, have been issued on both the Acoustic Research/Deutsche Grammophon and the Vox Turnabout labels. Recordings are in preparation of "Makrokosmos, Volume II" (Columbia), "Lux Aeterna" (Columbia), and "Music for a Summer Evening" (Nonesuch).

THE next day, at the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center concert in Alice Tully Hall, Earl Kim's "Earthlight—Romanza for Violin, High Soprano, Piano, and Lights" was given its first New York performance, flanked by Brahms' Clarinet Quintet and Mendelssohn's C-Minor Piano Trio. On the Brahms and the Mendelssohn there were fairly long program notes; information about the Kim was limited to its date (1973), its composer's birth date (January 6, 1920), its commissioner (the Serge Koussevitzky Foundation in the Library of Congress, for the Society), the titles of the Beckett works from which the texts are taken, and the fact that the violin is "con sordini" (no further explanation; here it means that the fiddler alters his tone between paragraphs



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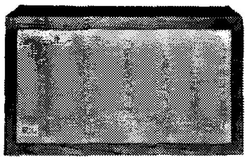

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by using five different kinds of mute). Since the writer, Harris Goldsmith, can hardly believe that Kim is a household name to an audience whose main fare is classical and romantic, he must subscribe to the Fromm theory that when new works are in question listeners can be thrown in at the deep end and left unaided. By those lights I cheated, glancing through a score before the performance (and then spending rather longer with it afterward).

The forces and the setting of fragmentary texts may suggest a comparison with Crumb's "Madrigals" but nothing can be made of it. "Earth-light," which lasts about sixteen minutes, seems to me to be made of a handful of dull, simple ideas dully and finically assembled. Six people—the composer and three operators, and a consultant and a technical assistant of the Harvard Electronics Design Center—were given credit for the lighting; during the performance three spotlights shone with varying degrees of brightness on the three executants while they played or sang, and were switched off when they were silent. The effect was that of a "visual aid," kin to the gray screen in the Norton scores which lets only the main musical lines through. The sudden blackouts certainly emphasized the stop-and-start progress of the music; that may have been the composer's intention.

The work could pass unchronicled if the astonishing prowess of the soprano did not deserve a note. Merja Sargon (or Saragon; the program used both forms) is a young virtuosa who combines the velocity of a Rosalia Chalia or Maria Galvany with the altitude of a Meliza Korjus or Mado Robin; and since her timbre is more delicate, less whistly in altissimo than was theirs, the name of Maria Ivogün can be thrown in as well to suggest the charm of the sounds produced by this swift, sweet Circe. Kim has written a vocal line stretching from the B flat below the staff to the C *two* octaves above it (a full fifth above the Queen of Night's summit). Miss Sar(a)gon in fact avoided that topmost C, but the A below it held no terrors for her. She hit it spot on, and then ran down a two-octave chromatic scale, defining each note along the way. She oscillated in portamento between the A on the staff and the C sharp above it, swinging pendulum-true. She matched the violinist, Itzhak Perlman, in rapidity and precision of spiccato and saltato sallies. When someone wants to revive Meyerbeer's "Pardon de Ploërmel," a Dinorah is at hand.

—ANDREW PORTER

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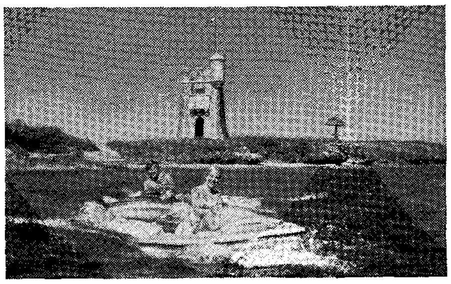

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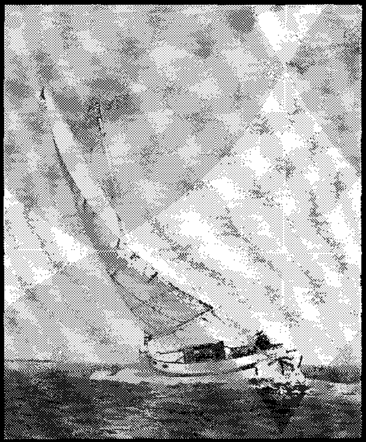

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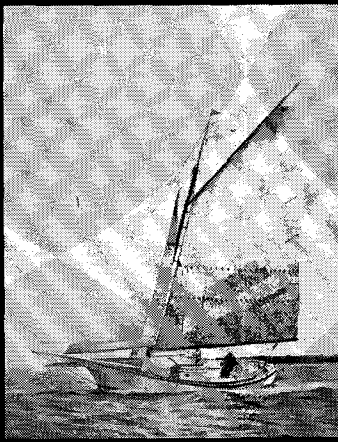

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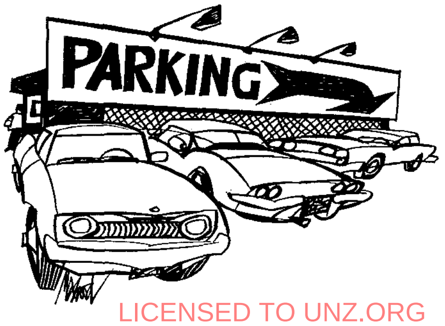
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 12

WATERGATE, the longest-running flop on record, is not yet behind us, and probably will not be for as long as the Republic endures. Now that the main trial is over, however, and three of the coöperative defendants have been sprung from stir, we appear to be entering a period in which it need no longer distract us, as it has for most of the last three years. True, the Rockefeller commission's investigation of the apparent maladministration of the Central Intelligence Agency may bring to light horrors as yet undreamed of; moreover, the composition of the examining body has itself caused an uproar even in advance of its first meeting. Still, there is nothing currently on the horizon that promises to be of the magnitude of Watergate; indeed, the C.I.A. affair is only a part—and a relatively minor part—of the same mess, and if the President has erred in choosing his commissioners, the error can be rectified if he or one of his appointees insists on a competent and independent staff. In the past, it has almost invariably been the rule that if a commission of this sort has only one honest member, and that if that member has a strong voice in choosing the staff, the good and the true will be upheld. Commissioners, who for the most part attend meetings infrequently and are often inattentive when they do show up, are responsible only in the most formal sense for the end product; a bad staff can wreck a good commission, and a good staff can be the making of an indifferent commission. Furthermore, there are now many nongovernmental agencies—the press, for example, and such enterprises as Ralph Nader's Public Citizen and John Gardner's Common Cause—that, even without the power of subpoena, can often outdo the official bodies.

In any event, the banking of some of the political fires has been welcomed by just about everyone—perhaps including the convicted and the as yet untried Watergate participants, who believe (and, it may be, quite properly) that a lessening of tensions may be accompanied by a lessening of public vengefulness and imbue even Maximum John Sirica with the unstrained quality of mercy. What most others see in the stilling of the storm is an opportunity to devote ourselves once more to the orderly and peaceful development of our society. By no means all members of the Administration or of the Congress have ever known such a time—and, indeed, there have been relatively few such opportunities in American history or in the history of most other nations. It can be said of the Second World War that the bloodshed was a lesser evil than the political carnage that would have been visited on the Allies if they had not prevailed. It can also be said that the war greatly increased our scientific and technological knowledge, but there are many who in retrospect would gladly exchange all the thermonuclear weapons in Christian and pagan arsenals for a single crossbow or tomahawk. There was a five-year interlude after the war in which we managed a fair job of demobilization and economic stability, and contributed handsomely to the reconstruction of Western Europe and to some of the countries that now regard themselves as part of the Third World. But that period came abruptly to an end, in 1950, with the onset of our "police action" in Korea and the emergence of Joe McCarthy. Korea may or may not have been the site of a "just" American war, but it had, in any case, little to do with improving the quality of life in this country. McCarthyism was an affliction that somewhat outlasted the war, and though its fatalities were considerably fewer, it was far more divisive. When McCarthy was condemned by the Senate, in December, 1954, and quickly abandoned his quest for glory, there was a blessed period of quiet for about six years. But the country was quiet because it was asleep, and although somnolence is preferable to bloodshed, there are limits to what human beings can do when locked in the arms of Morpheus. The Kennedy years were a period not of activity so much as of limbering up, or spring training, and they were punctuated by the Bay of Pigs and the Cuban missile crisis and terminated by the young President's assassination on November 22, 1963. Lyndon Johnson promised much and delivered much of what he promised, but his war in Vietnam was the most divisive event in our history, and it aborted his own great expectations. The gunning down of Robert F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King aborted two careers from which many great things were expected. The White House was a disaster area during Johnson's last two years, although, compared to what was to follow, Washington in those two ghastly years was Fun City South. Richard Nixon was bolder by far than Johnson in escalating the war, and though Johnson at times seemed the most slippery and slithery of our Presidents, Nixon, for a while, beat him at his own game. Fortunately, Watergate was not, except in its first few months, divisive. Indeed, it forged national unity of a sort we have rarely experienced. The country is not quite unanimous in its judgment of the Nixon Administration, but it is closer to unanimity than it seems ever to have been in the past. And although President Ford has not yet been able to win the vote of confidence that would give him the mandate he wants, he is almost universally liked and is still a repository of hope.



IN three days, the President will deliver his first State of the Union Message, and in it will deal with the state of the economy. He has not denied reports that he will call for a tax cut, increased public works, and either a levy on gasoline or rationing. In the face of the "veto-proof" Ninety-fourth Congress, he has made what appears to be a complete turnabout, and not with the speed of a turtle turning. Before last November's election, he insisted that he would call for none of the things he is evidently about to request. To be sure, they would almost certainly be provided by Congress with or without his approval. A veto-proof Congress may be, as the Vice-President said of his family's muscle, a "myth," but no more than a few think that this Congress would follow the lead of a conservative President. Indeed, Ford has run most of his program up the flagpole in order to beat the Democrats at their own game. At any rate, there is something close to unanimity on the proposition that while these measures may not be entirely adequate, most of them will be valuable in and of themselves. There are those in the fifty states—excluding the unemployed and underemployed and soon to be jobless—who might welcome a nice, fat, friendly depression. One has only to wander about the country to observe that some of the finest publicly owned properties are the products of hard times. Some people on welfare in the last depression may have leaned on their shovels and boondoggled on their rakes, but more were occupied putting up buildings—schools, post offices, court-

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houses—and the Federal Writers' Project, the Federal Arts Project, the Federal Theatre Project, and the like were the universities without walls for a whole gifted generation. The F.W.P. state guidebooks were far better than those distributed before or since by the oil companies and Chambers of Commerce. The theatre projects helped keep Broadway from dying and served as midwives for Off Broadway. The Civilian Conservation Corps was a stunning innovation and did just about as much in the line of reforestation, beautification, and environmental protection as all our dozens of current federal and state agencies, many of which arrive at the fire just as the barns have turned to ashes. Despite all the suffering, it is difficult to think of a more innovative period in our history.

If we are about to enter another such time, we will be superbly equipped for it. Almost no one nowadays sees any shame in the concepts that made such tough sledding for the New Deal. The welfare state is here to stay, and few see any shame in accepting government handouts. One wonders why any politicians should ever have complained, since all of them have always been on their own self-administered breadlines. Public acceptance of the value of federally funded subsidies to the arts, the sciences, and the humanities has long since been established, and there are probably few states or cities that do not have programs of their own. Moreover, there is on every hand a heightened sense of the urgency of the need for environmental protection. No one thinks that those administrators of public lands are simply guzzling at the public trough. In short, most of the battles have been won long since and will not have to be refought.

The great fear now is that we will stumble into a confrontation with the Soviet Union over Israel or into a raid, led by the Secretary of State, on the oil-producing nations of the Middle East. The second seems more likely than the first. Dr. Henry Kissinger sees "circumstances" in which armed intervention may be required. Actually, there has been talk of war in government circles ever since the price of oil began to shoot up, more than three years ago. Doubtless we could win such a war rather quickly if the Soviet Union stood aside, but the cost would be staggering in loss of American prestige—now in far shorter supply than petroleum. In the Middle East itself, no one except the fanatical Syrian leaders and the even more fanatical Palestine Liberation Organization, led by Yasir Arafat, seems eager for combat over Israel. And in

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this country some political leaders seem to be asking themselves whether preventing the death of Israel would be worth another tangle like the recently resumed one in Vietnam. There is a deplorable upsurge of anti-Semitism in the provinces and in this most provincial of capitals, and intervention might lead to forms of resistance on a far greater scale than those at the height of our assistance to the government in Saigon. The Birchers and the rest would be joined by some of their ideological opposites—the anti-war people who mobilized in the late sixties. Moscow seems just about as dovish as Washington, and perhaps more so; no one has many clues to what goes on in the Kremlin, but local Moscow-watchers appear confident that Leonid Brezhnev and his fellow-subversives are not going to commit any further subversion in the Middle East. At the same time, they urge against any undue provocation by the United States.

FORMER Senator Fred R. Harris, of Oklahoma, is now the third Democrat to announce his candidacy for his party's nomination for the Presidency in next year's elections. The two others are Representative Morris Udall, of Arizona, and former Governor Jimmy Carter, of Georgia. (Diminutives and nicknames are much in fashion now: Udall is commonly known as Mo, and Harris and Carter seem to have been christened Fred and Jimmy.) Harris had a brief go at the Presidency in 1971 but was compelled to withdraw for lack of legal tender. He is a rock-ribbed populist and served as chairman of the Democratic National Committee in 1969 and 1970. He is married to a handsome Comanche named LaDonna, and in Oklahoma, for some reason, a few drops of Indian blood or marriage to an Indian often constitute a one-way ticket to success. Many politicians not thus favored have been known to appoint themselves Cherokees or Comanches and sport feathered headgear whenever the occasion arises, which they see to it is frequently. Harris seems to have more money now, and while to most his chances look wafer-thin, on a track as crowded as next year's promises to be it would not be very smart to rely on the handicappers. Even Secretariat could win. Harris's prospects for the Vice-Presidential nomination are excellent. It could be another year for an Easterner, and a Southwesterner could provide nice ballast for the ticket. Anyway, Harris will lend spice and zest to the preliminaries.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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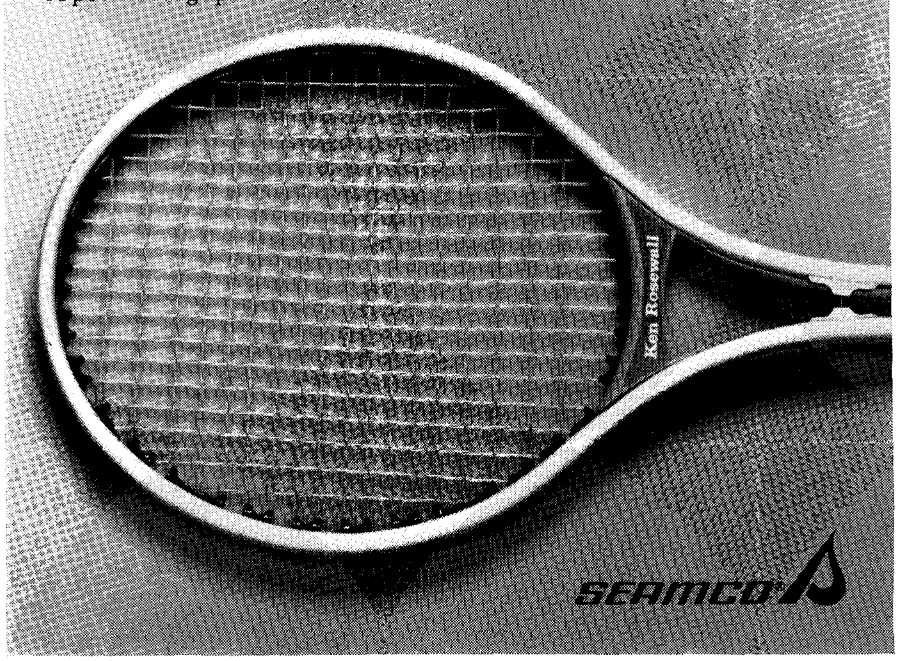

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DANCING

Old Acquaintance and New

THE orchestra for Rudolf Nureyev's performances at the Uris is amplified in the bad Broadway fashion, but otherwise the evening, which is called "Nureyev and Friends," is in quiet good taste: a little too quiet and—except for that gnawed hambone "The Moor's Pavane," which I had hoped never to see again—a little too good. Nureyev is no longer the bounding Tatar, nor at the age of thirty-six could he be, although audiences still gasp hopefully at his every jump. Such hopes might be satisfied if Nureyev were doing, say, the third-act pas de deux from "The Sleeping Beauty" instead of the one from "Flower Festival in Genzano." Bournonville has never been comfortably within his powers, but he is still magnificent circling the stage in Florimund's coupés jetés. And I wish that for the nine other dancers he has gathered about him he had selected an ensemble capable of performing some such rousing classical excerpt as Balanchine's old "Pas de Dix" from "Raymonda." Nureyev seems to have chosen his program to display his versatility, and his choices are overexquisite. A Broadway audience would, I think, have preferred a hotter show, and so would I.

The hit of the evening is Paul Taylor's "Aureole," and this is due as much to the Taylor dancers, who share the performance, as to Nureyev, who is much looser and more elastic than he was with the Taylor company last fall. He's better, too, in "The Moor's Pavane"—less inclined than he used to be to convert Limón's lunges and straddles into carefully placed ballet positions. The hollowly booming "epic" style, of course, is quite opposite to the paper-kite lyricism of "Aureole," and, if you like, both these pieces on one program show Nureyev's flexibility as a "modern" dancer, just as, presumably, "Flower Festival" is coupled with "Apollo" to show his range as a classical dancer. Actually, "Apollo" is more modern—it is even more "modern-dance"—than "The Moor's Pavane," which might reasonably turn up any day now as a Bolshoi "Highlight."

Nureyev's version of "Apollo" is the one he gave last spring with the Royal Ballet, and it's a misrepresentation. Not that he takes liberties with the choreography; he is in a few passages inaccurate, but this is a minor fault compared to the one overriding sin of slowing down the tempi to the point of extinguishing all life from the ballet. "Apollo" has succumbed to misplaced reverence in the past, but never has it taken so long to die. Nureyev is not actually bad as Apollo, and he might be fine if he quickened his pace, relaxed his oversculpted phrases, and cut loose with some of the swinginess of "Aureole." But probably he'd consider that sort of treatment sacrilegious. "Apollo" to him is obviously a great and exalted ritual whose mysteries must be unfolded at maximum leisure. Meanwhile, the Broadway crowd is going numb and hating every minute. Who could, given the spectacle that Nureyev puts on, hope to persuade a patron of the Uris that Balanchine's youthful masterpiece is not overrated tediola? If Met audiences yawned through Nureyev's rituals last spring, why should a Broadway audience cheer? And where the Met audience was provided with an explanatory note on the ballet's subject by Eric Walter White, the Uris audience, which must include many people who have never seen "Apollo" before and many others who have never seen a ballet, is given a few facts on the ballet's history. It's always wrong to present "Apollo," even to a ballet-wise audience, without identifying the characters and explaining something of the story. Most people are familiar with Apollo and Terpsichore, but Polyhymnia and Calliope?

It was good to see Merle Park dancing so well in "Flower Festival" and miming so intelligently as the Emilia figure in "The Moor's Pavane." I thought her grandly misguided as Terpsichore. And except for "Aureole" the rest of the casting was subserious.

NOTHING galvanizes the general public like the advent of a new male star in ballet. Baryshnikov evenings at the American Ballet Theatre are sellouts and surpass in the feverish excitement they arouse even Nureyev's first American season with the Royal Ballet, in 1963. In those days, the hard ticket was Nureyev-Fonteyn. Nureyev by himself didn't sell out the Met until the Hurok office released its publicity barrage in 1965, and it must be remembered, too, that Nureyev's star had already ascended partly via network television. If Ed Sullivan and the "Bell Telephone Hour" were still in business, Mikhail Baryshnikov would be known to millions more Americans than know him today. As it is, he's on the verge of becoming a national household name, and only New York, Washington, Houston, Denver, and

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Atlanta have seen him. In the current City Center season, the clamor is as much for Baryshnikov solo in "Les Patineurs" as it is for Baryshnikov-Makarova or Baryshnikov-Kirkland in the ballets he performs with either or both ballerinas—"Coppélia" and "La Fille Mal Gardée" and "La Sylphide" and "Giselle."

So far, if I'd had to give my scalp for one ticket, I'd have given it for "Les Patineurs." In this transcendent Baryshnikov performance (which, alas for the scalpers, he gave exactly twice), one didn't have to wait around for him to dance. Each appearance was an instantaneous string of firecrackers, a flaring up of incalculable human energy in its most elegant form. The Ashton ballet, thirty-eight years old, is still a model of construction. The central role is so well designed that a dancer can get by on neat execution alone. Baryshnikov embellished it like a bel-canto tenor, and, as often happens, he made the choreography look as if he had invented or at the least inspired it. A now famous Baryshnikovism, the split tour-jeté, looked right for the first time in the context of this ballet about ice skaters, and Baryshnikov produced the step as none of his imitators so far have done—coming out of a double air turn. Curiously, in the performance I saw (the second of the two), the role had none of the brash extrovert character that is associated with it. It had instead a sense of spiritual disassociation, as if the Green Skater's isolation were to be attributed to his genius. He—the "character" as Baryshnikov assumed it—suggested a boy who builds dynamos in his attic; he had that kind of tragic happiness.

Up to now, "Patineurs" is the only role in which Baryshnikov's dazzling dance power and the diffidence of his personality seem to fit together, but it isn't the role Ashton created. (Not that it matters.) As it happens, Ballet Theatre already has a superlative show-off Green Skater in Fernando Bujones, and Bujones is dazzling in an altogether different way—sharp and arrowy, while Baryshnikov is soft and sinuous. With Bujones leading what is now the strongest male corps in American ballet, and with Natalia Makarova and Cynthia Gregory and Martine van Hamel leading a female corps that includes such exceptionally talented soloists as Kim Highton and Marianna Tcherkassky, the company didn't need Baryshnikov to put over its winter season. But it has got him, and it has Gelsey Kirkland, too, who left the dwindling Sugar Plums at the New

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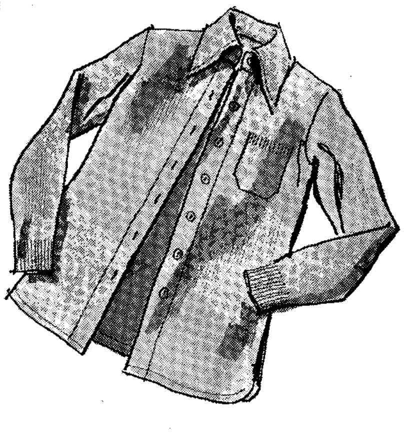

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York City Ballet to be the icing on Ballet Theatre's top-heavy cake. How Ballet Theatre was to handle its load of talent was a problem *before* Baryshnikov and Kirkland joined; the company's ability to attract stars isn't matched by an ability to attract choreographers, and the disproportionately small shareable repertory means that dancers are either waiting to get into a part or waiting to get out of one. A Makarova-Baryshnikov "Coppélia" this season wrung the material for all it could give, shook out a few extra gags (Makarova popping an elastic band under her chin), and wrung some more. Makarova's showmanship doesn't fail her even when her dancing does. Baryshnikov's dancing *is* his showmanship. His acting tends to be a cover for his personality, not a revelation of it. In comic roles, he's less guarded than he is in roles like James and Albrecht, in which he contorts his face and his playing is heavy and confused. He hasn't Ivan Nagy's gift, in "La Sylphide," of putting the audience in his place. Nagy, the company's best actor in classical roles, is also Makarova's best partner. Makarova's solos were finer in the "Giselle" with Baryshnikov, but in the duets she didn't have the unearthly halation she had when Nagy lifted her.

And Baryshnikov is better with Kirkland. They did one "La Sylphide," he in his kilt and Frankenstein makeup, she looking like a French chambermaid, yet it was wonderful—the evident climax of this first phase of their partnership. In the first act, Baryshnikov seemed to be trying out different interpretations of the role in a kind of Stanislavskian attempt to make sense of it. James is a character of stormy temperament, but his dances are light and airy. Ironies of that sort, which abound in Romantic ballet, make contemporary Russians impatient. They gave us a Stanislavski "Giselle," and they probably can't understand how we can live with that and the light insincerities of "La Sylphide" at the same time. In the second act, Baryshnikov actually forced a new element into James' solos. That element was passion. James' buoyancy and speed were overtaken by the fury of frustrated desire. This was dark "Russian" Bournonville, but it was very different from the undirected violence that marks Nureyev in the same part. No other dancer alive could have done it.

Kirkland's Sylph is the first great performance this production has seen since Toni Lander's. She has a lot of

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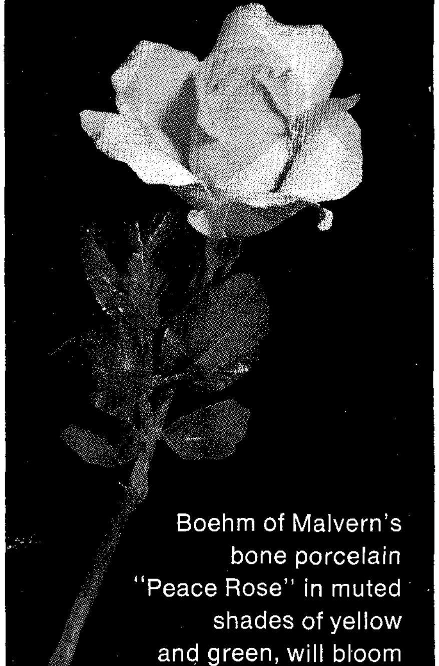

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natural assets for the role—her size, her years, her baby face—and she has the boneless arms, the plastic waist, and the light, springy jump, which got lighter and higher as the ballet went on. But Kirkland wasn't only physically right, she was theatrically perfect. Unfortunately for the company's star-rotation system, not everybody was born for "La Sylphide." Cynthia Gregory, for example, can outdance any other woman in the company, and her Bournonville style is admirably conscientious. In the second-act crescendo variation she was unbeatable. But the Sylph eluded her. The tilted head positions, the capricious transitions in mood, made her look dotty, and the character lost tension. Makarova gave us the lightest and most billowy jumps of all, and she's one of the finest actresses on the ballet stage. But although this season she was playing with a new simplicity and directness, she still looked like much too sophisticated a woman to be taking such a part. She's about as at home in it as Gertrude Lawrence playing Peter Pan. Kirkland has the total unity that one wants to see in a stage character. She's a true sprite—a particular kind of imaginary creature with an imaginary nervous system. No one else showed such musical mime, such distinct, untrivial pathos in the death scene, such an unclouded consistency of movement in every aspect of the role. A weakness at the moment is the vague port de bras in jumps, but this performance—as I had to remind myself forcibly throughout it—was, after all, a début.

The City Center—which, incidentally, has too small and dark a stage for "La Sylphide"—is full of stargazers, and this annoys some of the dance addicts. But the general public that buys into a dance event only when some new comet is passing across the heavens knows what it is doing. It is looking to have explained to it something about an art form which it has never understood. True, it can't be counted upon to "support ballet," but people to whom most dancing is meaningless can't be in on the struggle; they can be in only on the glory. The better dancing is, the more nearly universal is its appeal. —ARLENE CROCE

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BOOKS

Through Seas Forlorn

JUST when did the first astronauts step gingerly onto the moon? How many have been promenading or buggying between craters? In the marvellous cold light of the moment, Mr. Nixon qualified the event as being the most uncanny, the most charged with grandeur since the Creation. The simile may have been characteristically cunning as well as inept. But the implied dimensions, the hammering at the heart, were not baseless. The traverse of stellar night, the image of lunar anchorage, had haunted the human imagination since the beginning of myth. Once the incredible had happened, only the menace of disaster on a later mission brought back the tense blaze of excitement. Now, trying to recall precise dates or names, trying to resuscitate wonder, let alone pride, the mind fumbles. The prospect of further voyages of the same sort generates suspicion, even a curious edge of embarrassment.

A good many guesses have been made as to why this should be, as to the motives for so rapid a disenchantment with what was unquestionably the quintessential adventure, a prowess of human intelligence, discipline, sheer physical splendor beyond anything but dreams. It has been argued that the very perfection of mechanical device, the long-studied calm of machine and man, of man almost machined, had undermined that sense of risk, of personal terror and identification, which makes experience memorable. It took the torn flank of Apollo XIII to restore human credibility. Others have pointed to an obvious political or social ambiguity. Was it defensible to invest such immensities of resource in a venture not directly beneficent to the increasingly deprived condition of the human community? Did NASA's schedule of moon landings not embody—transcending any other externals of arrogant wealth—the incapacity, the unwillingness of the technological West to devote its good fortune to humane needs? Did the banality of statement cultivated by the astronauts and their dense retinue of engineers, physicians, spokesmen contribute to the rapid curve of ennui? Most subtle yet corrosive of all: Did the directness, the candor of participation—made possible to countless millions by television, by a sense of vocal contact more casual, more reliable than that offered to most of us by a decaying, overloaded urban telephone system—create a spurious sense of distance, a routine blur?

No doubt all these factors are relevant. Nevertheless, that so enormous a gesture, and one so crowded with the genius of danger heroically mastered, should have proved so ephemeral, should have evoked so little response in the arts, in the general climate of feeling, is a profoundly engrossing, perhaps scandalous fact. It suggests fundamental changes in our very sense of what constitutes adventure, of what there is in mortal enterprise to justify the spell, the lasting innocence of myth. These changes, so far as they affect Western literature, are the subject of Professor Paul Zweig's "The Adventurer: The Fate of Adventure in the Western World" (Basic Books).

The necessary start is the "Odyssey." Here, in a way both matchless and perennially imitable, the elements of the Western recognition of adventure are set out. Though homecoming is Odysseus's ever-repeated purpose, we know that he will not stay put. Other voyages await him. Odysseus's loyalty lies inward, in the inexhaustible maze of chance. Adventure, be it murderous or profitable, is its own reward. In an epic such as "Beowulf," says Professor Zweig, this autistic vein of adventurism is joined to a second tradition, somewhat less ancient. It is that of the hero: a glorious, charismatic being such as Aeneas or Galahad, whose quest has a clearly defined, selfless end. But although the two prototypes are often mingled, particularly where Christian and civic values mask an archaic, subversive root, "The hero and the adventurer are opposite figures. One stares at us from army recruitment posters all over the world. The other flits across the screen in forgettable pirate movies." Of the two, it is the adventurer who has more deeply marked the literary imagination. It is the adventure story, the telling of the tale, which has kept the heart awake from the time of the Greek bards to that of the professional storyteller, holding an audience in the magic circle of his voice in a marketplace in Macedonia or Marrakesh. Himself a poet, Zweig suggests that the adventure of storytelling is itself in fact the supreme saga.

But from the seventeenth century onward, the Western

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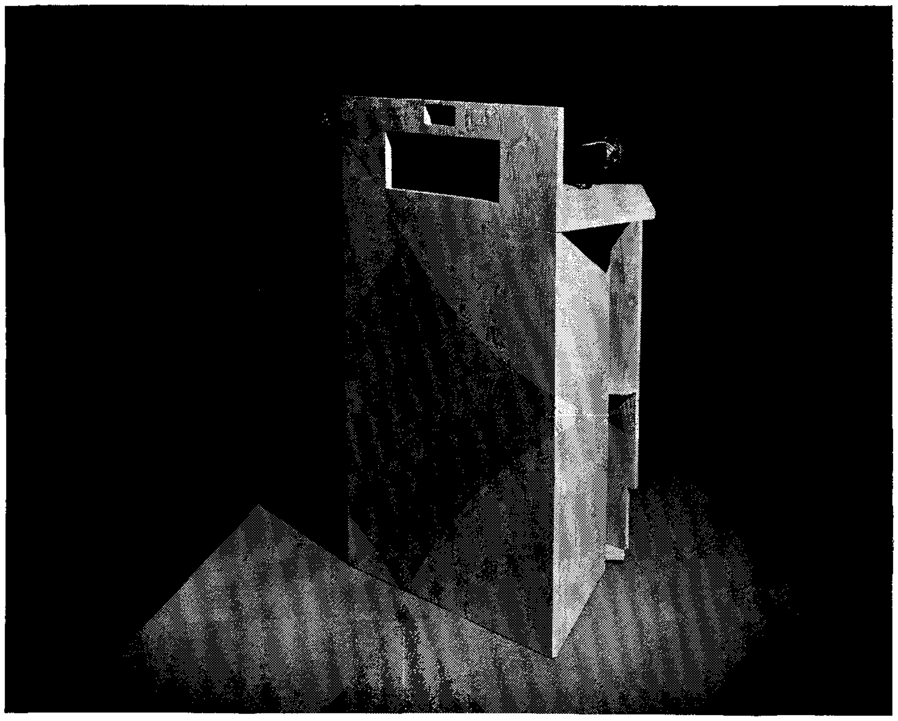
concept of "action" and of what constitutes true adventure alters radically. The antique routine of journey and battle, of supernatural opposition or aid, yields to entirely new social, psychological perspectives. "Robinson Crusoe" marks the obvious turning point. Even the most exotic episodes "are flattened relentlessly into the ordinary by the ordinary character of its protagonist." What we have is not the tale of an adventurer but the autobiography of a marvellously common man endowed with the constraints and ideals of the mercantile middle class. Soon Voltaire can inform none less than Frederick the Great, "I do not like heroes; they make too much noise in the world. . . . The more radiant their glory, the more odious they are." In the celebrated adventures of Casanova, writes Professor Zweig, the entire mechanism of ingenious flight, of disguise, of the brutal alternance between high prosperity and nakedness, is fundamentally domesticated. Or, more precisely, adventure is allowed at a frivolous, histrionic level. Even this will all but disappear with the triumph of technology. In the modern sense, adventure has become internal; it lies in the play of consciousness. The wanderings of Odysseus have become Leopold Bloom's peregrinations, primarily mental, through a deliberately ordinary Dublin.

The atavism of violence, of genuine action, of shock, remains vital in the lower reaches of art and literature—in the Gothic novel (of which Professor Zweig gives an acute analysis), in pulp fiction, in pornography, in the action film and the television play. There were powerful challenges to the prevailing trend. As Zweig sees it, Poe's "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," published in 1838, "recreates the epic world of the 'Odyssey' and 'Beowulf': a world in which acts speak for themselves, more powerfully than words. In a culture which had begun to believe that sensibility and not action was the true field for spiritual accomplishment, Poe reverses the current. In 'Pym,' emotion loses its purely psychological quality, becoming a pathway into a world in which actions are still possible."

In his closing chapter, Professor Zweig looks at some of these possibilities. They include the heroics of T. E. Lawrence and Malraux, the flailing energies of Norman Mailer and the shamanistic voyages, so "literary," so "epic" in their fabric, of Carlos Castaneda's Don Juan. But it is Nietzsche's philosophy of adventure, and the tragic adventure he made of his own existence, that finally crystallize Pro-



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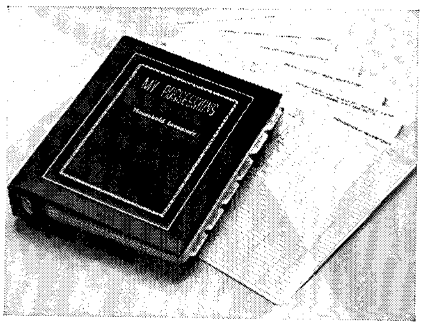

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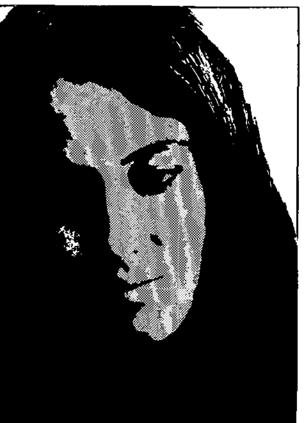

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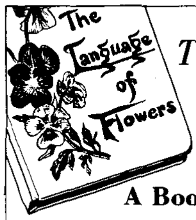

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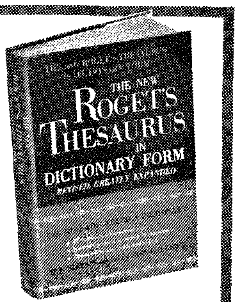
fessor Zweig's theme. It is from Nietzsche that our culture inherits its great paradox—"its longing for great acts, combined with a sense of their irrelevance." Our navigations have become those of mental, moral extremity; too often the drugged voyager does not return to tell the tale.

There are in this book stretches of synoptic chitchat. Centuries fly past in a sentence. The Tudor-Elizabethan crises over the enclosure of rural lands are telescoped onto the urban confinements of the Romantic and Victorian periods. Names cascade: "Two centuries later, William Blake would speak of 'mind-forged manacles.' Hegel, Marx, and Nietzsche would formulate the modern worry about 'alienation.' Freud and the early Wilhelm Reich would develop their view of character as a form of interior wall-building or 'repression.' " There are damaging omissions. A lengthy consideration of Casanova's marginal existence, of the revealing terrors he confessed to during some of his own dabblings in the supernatural, ought to be aware of the possibility, examined by scholars, that the rogue was of Jewish origin. It is surprising that an argument that culminates in the congruence of Nietzsche's intellectual heroism with the structure of the Homeric epic should not even allude to Kazantzakis's "Odyssey." It is precisely in this prodigious and modern work that the theses of "The Adventurer" would be most thoroughly tested. But these are minor reservations about a book that shows real verve and perception. One's uneasiness arises from more basic issues.

The demand for originality is, in literary studies and the history of ideas, often shallow. Every man builds on the shoulders of or by the side of his predecessors. But he ought to make the fact absolutely plain. The problem Zweig has set for himself has its own long history. The question as to the loss of narrative force in Western literature, as to the shift from outward action to a scenario of consciousness, was already being debated in the eighteenth century. The classic supposition was proffered by Hegel, who theorized, with particular focus on Homer, that modern industrial processes had alienated the human imagination from the immediacy of the physical world. The bard of the "Odyssey" knew how to bake his bread, forge a weapon, carpenter the logs for his hero's raft. The specialization of productive functions which follows on the Industrial Revolution, the estrangement of the intellectual classes from manual labor, have



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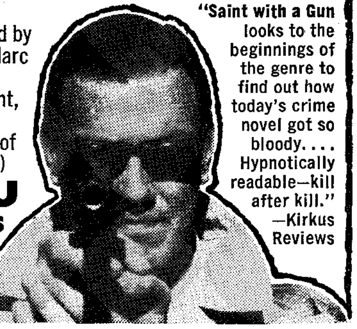

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broken the ancient bond between hand and sensibility, between material process and poetic account. Hence the internalization of action and adventure. These ideas were in turn taken up and deepened at the start of our century by the great Hegelian-Marxist critic Georg Lukács. His "Theory of the Novel" has been the most interesting exploration we have of the relations and differences between the epic and the novel, between the protagonist of the deed and the "experiencer" of inner states. Neither the author nor the work figures in Zweig's index.

Nor does the name of Faust. This is key. One must at least test the hypothesis that the adventure *par excellence* of modern man, beginning precisely at the time when the chivalric epic loses its grip, is that of the sciences. It is through the dramatic unfolding of scientific advance that Western feeling enacts and locates those attributes of daring, risk, distant journeying, struggle against disbelief and mockery which characterized the traditional legacy of high adventure. The great navigators, astronomers, geologists, medical pioneers re-create and, in the image they have of themselves, often parallel the ancient motif of the quest perilous. Like Odysseus, they are driven past every haven and achievement to seek out new mysteries. The fruit of their labor may well be, to use Professor Zweig's distinction, selfless and of benefit to mankind, but the compelling spur is, as in all true adventurers, autonomous, playful, and sometimes beautifully irresponsible. This, of course, is the substance of the Faust story, whose multitudinous versions fill our art and literature and have made of the personage the emblem of modern man. This is the recognition dramatized by the playwright Max Frisch when he turns Don Juan into a passionate lover of mathematics, a hunter of theorems. Though there are, as Professor Zweig rightly emphasizes, modern voyages into the subconscious, into the enigmatic lands of drugs and emotional extremity, the foremost of our epics is almost certainly that of the hunt for scientific knowledge. It is in science fiction, which he all but ignores despite its crucial derivations from Poe, that Zweig would have discovered those great currents of action and adventure he finds lacking in the modern novel. And what better example of the adventurer's obsessive gaiety, search for risk, even trickery and mask, than Dr. James Watson's saga of "The Double Helix"?

Which takes us back to our starting point. The boredom that followed on the moon landings may not, fundamentally, signal an indifference to adventure. It may, on the contrary, have sprung from the fact that in this instance the part of technology was so much more emphatic than that of genuine science. In scientific terms, the unmanned probes have performed as much and, probably, a good deal more. As with Marlowe's Doctor Faustus, it is the secrets of meaning, of the world's design, that we would wrench from the night. The Devil's flying machines and parlor tricks leave us cold. Though they may be the proof of Fermat's last theorem or the mapping of the molecular chemistry of the nervous system, our Ithacas are no less spellbinding, no less surrounded by storm and error, than was Odysseus's.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE UNDERGROUND WOMAN, by Kay Boyle (Doubleday). A reflective, well-written novel about a forty-two-year-old widow and professor of literature named Athena Gregory. The story tells of her arrest and incarceration following an anti-war protest in Oakland, and the special texture of the story derives from her detailed observations, her gentle caricatures of the people she meets, her memories, her self-doubts (many of which are expressed by an inner persona called "the underground woman"), and her anxiety concerning the youngest of her three daughters, Melanie. Melanie has fallen in with a frightening Charles Manson-like figure called Pete the Redeemer, and the book's climax comes when Athena, after her release from jail, confronts Pete's lieutenant. Despite the contemporary trappings of her story, Athena is a distinctly old-fashioned woman, for she is very much a mother, and feminine in her frailty. She is, nonetheless, an intelligent, affecting, and memorable creation.

TWILIGHT OF THE DAY, by Mervyn Jones (Simon & Schuster). Don't be put off by the cadaverous title. This is not a tearjerker about an autumnal Philadelphia love affair; it is, rather, a sophisticated and lively chronicle of a London working-class family from the turn of the century to the present. The very real personal dramas of the Wheelright family (Charlie, a stevedore at the Albert Dock; Ann, his inde-

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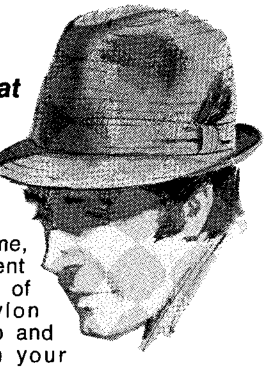

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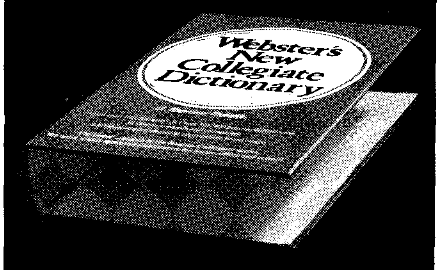
pendent-minded wife; and Harry and Ted, their sons) are so successfully interwoven with the major social upheavals of the period—the abortive general strike, the Depression, the two World Wars—that the result is a novel as fascinating for its social history as for its characterizations. More than we realize, most of us inherit our idea of how the English working class lived and lives from Dickens, D. H. Lawrence, and those self-conscious films of the sixties in which women were always called "birds" or "dollies" and men usually referred to one another as "mate" or "bloke," and both were invariably treated as bits of comic (or tragic) exotica. Mr. Jones neither glamorizes nor caricatures his characters but shows us how several generations of people who lived in a now defunct sort of East End community led and thought about their daily lives.

GENERAL

THE LIFE OF EMILY DICKINSON, by Richard B. Sewall (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The author has shrewdly divided his work in two, devoting the first volume to what might be called the ecology of Emily Dickinson—the town and the time she lived in—and the second volume to the poet herself. The Dickinsons ranked among the most prominent citizens of Amherst, a college town of books, music, and good conversation. But for Emily, from girlhood on, the religious atmosphere of the community was repellent: a harsh *theology that insisted upon the* certain damnation of most human beings was balanced against a pervasive smugness and self-righteousness among the believers. Religious intensity did not guarantee impeccable behavior: when Emily's brother and sister-in-law, both church members, cooled toward each other, he embarked on an affair that created considerable public scandal and enormous private bitterness. His mistress, Mabel Todd, edited and published Emily's poetry after her death. In his first volume, Mr. Sewall expertly guides us through this biographical maze. In his second, we see Emily as a personality who was always recognized as remarkable and original yet was never given the appreciation she wanted, either as a thinker or as a poet. Mr. Sewall shows that she fell in love with, or sought assistance or admiration from, a string of bustling, powerful, worldly men who



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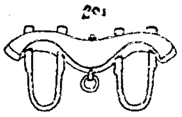

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could go only so far in comprehending her or her poetry. The author is not certain that Emily's withdrawal from ordinary life was the result of a single heartbreak, as has been alleged; her peculiarities—wearing only white, refusing to leave her house and grounds, refusing to see visitors—developed gradually. Mr. Sewall eschews diagnosis in all this, preferring to emphasize the importance of her work in her life and its value to us. His own work is indeed impressive—fair-minded, reliable, of fine literary quality, and utterly engrossing.

PICTURES AND CONVERSATIONS, by Elizabeth Bowen, with a foreword by Spencer Curtis Brown (Knopf). This collection left behind by the late author (Miss Bowen died in 1973) is at once delightful, because it is so good, and saddening, because that's all there is. The book includes lovely memories of Miss Bowen's childhood transplantation from Ireland to England; the first chapter of a novel one badly wants the rest of; an acute and entertaining essay on one of Proust's characters, the writer Bergotte, which tells a lot about writers, about life versus art, and about Proust; and a Nativity play. The last must be among the very best of this difficult form: reverent, poetic, touching, and not a bit sugary.

NOTE: "Global Reach," an exploration by Richard J. Barnet and Ronald E. Müller of the economic and political influence wielded by multinational corporations, has been published by Simon & Schuster. Some of the material was first printed in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Denison's Ice Road," Edith Iglauer's firsthand account of the construction of a three-hundred-and-twenty-five-mile winter road connecting two Canadian Arctic lakes, has been published by E. P. Dutton. A part of the contents originally appeared in this magazine.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Omaha World-Herald*]

CADILLAC, Mich. (AP)—Armed with 12-gauge shotguns, patrolmen drive around the city in the dead of night, checking areas where "invaders" have been reported.

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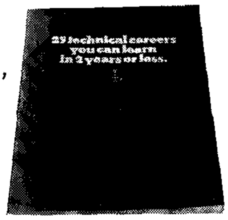

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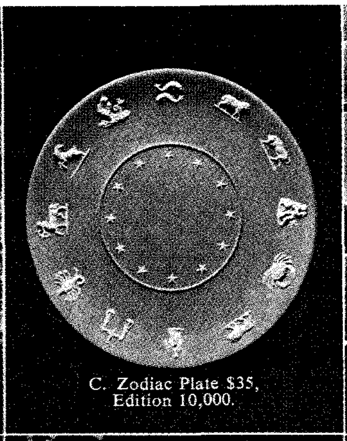
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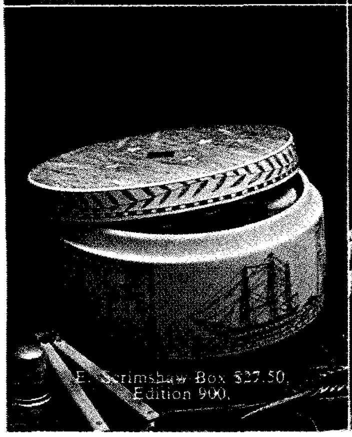
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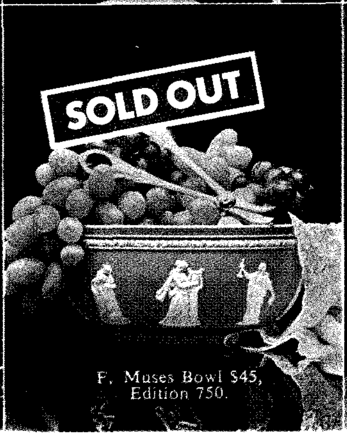

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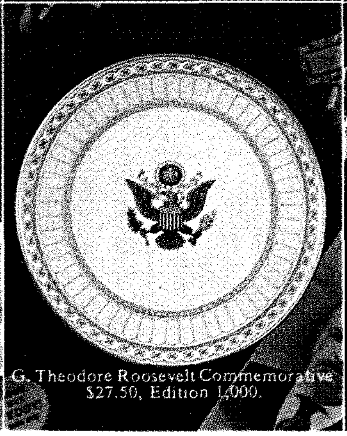
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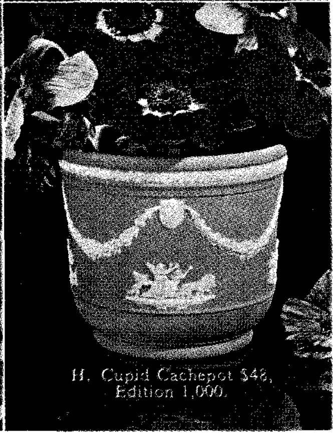
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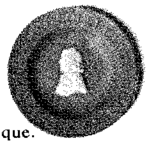
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